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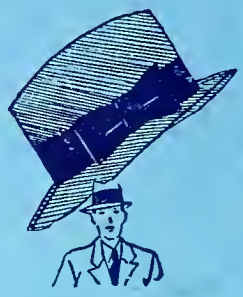
THE TWIG

University of Toronto Schools

Christmas 1930



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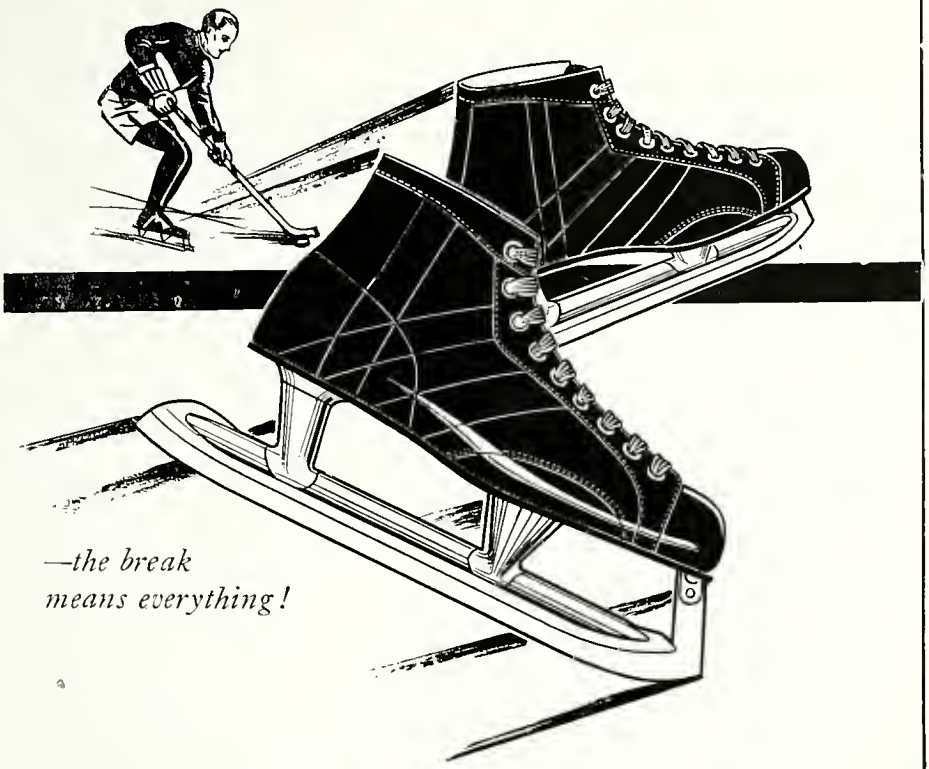

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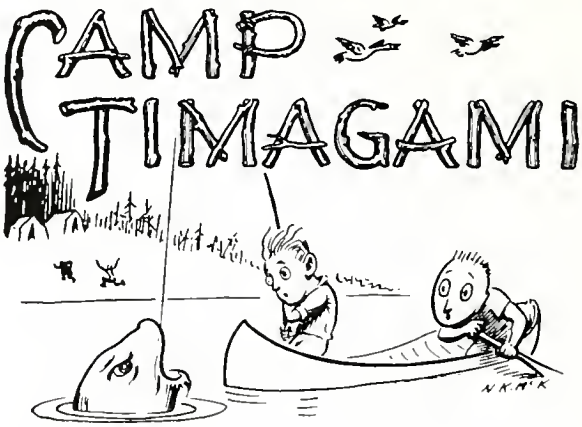

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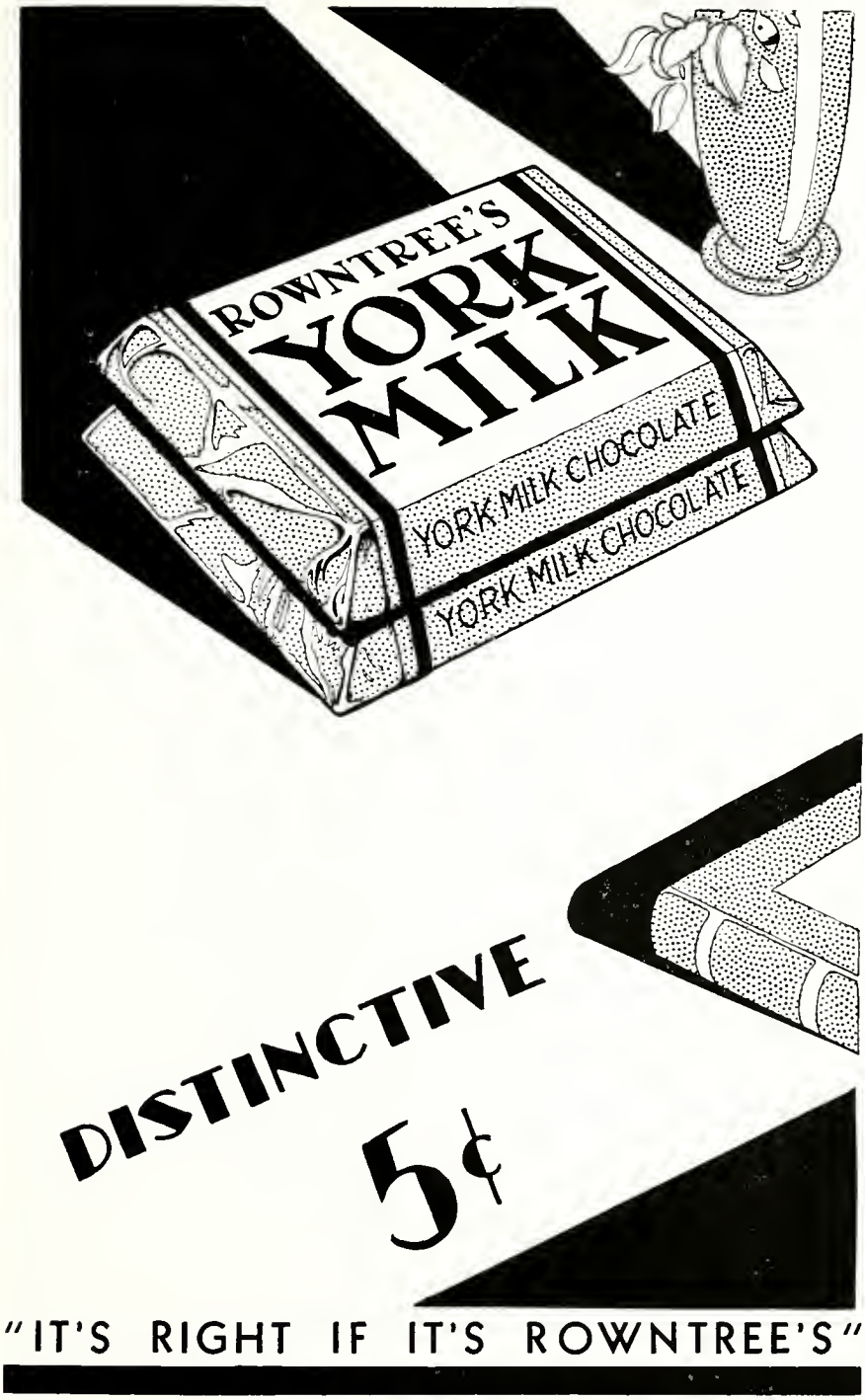
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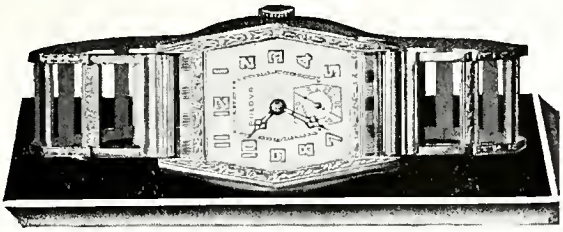

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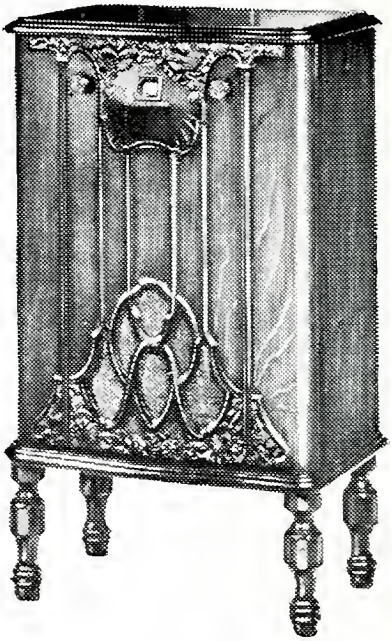

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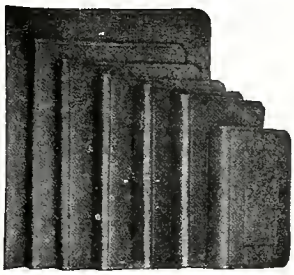

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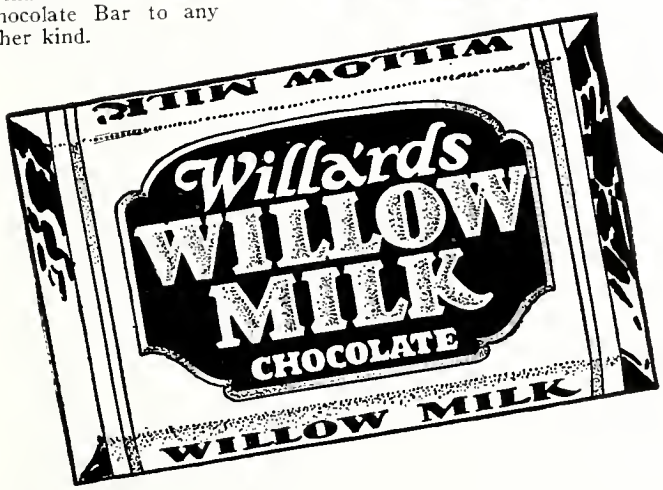

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How Jacky Canuck became Grand Wazir of Khorassan

"Let him approach at once. Hold back these envious hordes. What ho! — a princely Gift. O marvellous! — a package more rare than jewels. O gold-and-white covered cubes of ecstasy! Long have I wanted a box of that great Western comfit "Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate" and never could I get one through because of the greed of my attendants. Let this thrice welcome stranger be rewarded above the first of my subjects."

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University of Toronto Schools

DECEMBER 1930

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TO THE

OLD BOYS

OF

THE SCHOOL

Greeting

ON behalf of the Old Boys of University of Toronto Schools it gives me great pleasure to send greetings to this year's "TWIG". There is a definite place for the U.T.S. Old Boys' Association in the life of the School and it is a matter of regret that the Association has, left the place unfilled for a period of years. The present committee has endeavoured to build for permanence and it is to be hoped that a more continuous and useful existence will be maintained in the future.

I am very grateful for the opportunity to send these Christmas Greetings to the individual students and masters of the School, and the opportunity to offer best wishes for continued success of the School itself, as evidence of the active presence of the U.T.S. Old Boys' Association.

KENNETH F. NOXON,

Chairman of the Committee of Management.

In Memoriam

"He scarce had need to doff his pride, or slough the dross of earth;
E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness, and gentleness, and honour, and clean mirth."

* * * * *

By the sudden passing of Neville Mould this school has lost one of its most loyal and lovable members. His life among us revealed a genius as modest as it was rare—without jealousy, utterly without ostentation. Of his one great talent he gave unstintingly, often at the sacrifice of his own interests. Since his Junior School days he was accompanist to the orchestra, in the services for Armistice and Empire Days, and on every other occasion where music was in order. Nor did he consider this the sum of his duty to the school; none who knew him ever had reason to doubt his ready and cheerful response even in activities where his talents were not so conspicuous. To few has it been given in so short a life to spread such a wealth of artistic enjoyment; of none of us could it more truly be said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

To his parents and brothers THE TWIG offers its deepest sympathy.

Back again! This greeting does not perhaps contain the same interest for the reader as of old, since by now, the publication of our school magazine is no longer an innovation but an old friend to be expected about Christmas every year. THE TWIG has become an integral part of the school life and has become so immersed in this routine that it is looked upon as an institution founded since the establishment of the school in 1910. The 1930 issue of THE TWIG is but the eighth to appear yearly in the form of a magazine. Begun in '19 as a monthly paper, changed in '22 to a bi-yearly magazine, it did not until 1923 take on any semblance of THE TWIG of to-day. The 1929 issue was exactly eight times the size of the first copy and this edition is further augmented.

This year we enter a new decade in the history of U.T.S. When 1940 is reached we hope that THE TWIG will have increased in circulation, quality and size, by the same ratio as during the past ten years, that the high standard set in the past will not only have been lived up to, but surpassed, and that the school will look back on this issue as we do now on our small but firm foundation stones of 1919.

Before our next publication U.T.S. will have attained its majority; established in 1910, the school will in the fall of 1931, be twenty-one years old. Old enough, it is thought by many, to have an Old Boys' Association for which it will not have to make excuses, and in preparation for U.T.S.' coming of age, the Old Boys were last fall re-organized and re-marshalled.

We have dedicated the 1930 TWIG to the Old Boys, and have, through the help of the executives of this association, enlarged our Old Boys' section to such an extent that the editor was doubtful at times whether it would not be advisable to publish, exclusive of THE TWIG, an Old Boys' paper. Needless to say, we welcome this co-operation, as such has been sadly lacking in former years, and we extend our heartiest congratulations

to the blower of Gabriel's horn who has been so successful in raising the Old Boys' organization from its grave. We express the hope on behalf of future magazines that this interest in THE TWIG will increase with the passing years.

One of the big stars of this year's rugby team was missing for the first four games of the season. His co-operation would have gained yards many a time, when only a few feet were lacking, would have pepped up the players greatly, yet he was absent for the two exhibition contests played and half of our regular games. His presence on the field is as important as that of the captain, his absence more serious than the crippling of all the halves.

Where was our cheerleader?

His absence was conspicuous at the U.C.C. game when the vocal efforts of the Upper Canada College students were incited by Oscar Key, an ex-U.T.S. boy. At the first game against St. Michaels, Doug Young, another U.T.S. old boy, incensed by the silence enveloping the U.T.S. rooters, went into action for the school, but was given poor support.

In future years it should be seen to either by the school executive, or by the members of the staff, that a cheerleader is not only chosen but that he is given adequate support. For a school the size of ours, perhaps, a single cheerleader is not sufficient. As was ably demonstrated at the close of the season two leaders were more successful, but even then, they were deserving of better support.

An event in the history of THE TWIG that should be commented upon is the honour bestowed on our school by E. A. Dobson in his winning of the Macmillan Short Story prize. This contest is open to all high school writers, having their stories published in their high school magazines. Stories are submitted to the Sigma Phi Fraternity, the Women's Journalistic Association, which choses the ten best essays entered and these in turn are submitted to Mr. Hugh Eayrs, President of the Macmillan Publishing Co., for final judgment. This is the school's premier achievement in this field and should act as a stimulus to those literary-minded scholars of the school. We extend our congratulations to the London Collegiate, winners of the Daily Star Shield for the best high school magazine for 1929.

THE TWIG

Because of the fact that THE TWIG is dependent for financial support on our advertisers, we again beg you to help to reiterate the truth that "It pays to advertise." Despite the financial depression this year, more ads. were solicited for THE TWIG than ever before and we ask you to show our advertisers that their confidence was not unjustified. Read the advertisements, buy goods at the houses advertised, and most of all tell them that you came to their place of business through their advertisement in THE TWIG.

EDITORIAL BOARD

"Things will hold together till my death," Louis XV was in the habit of saying complacently and Madame de Pompadour would add (as we do now), "After us, the deluge."

And now to all those who have been conscientious enough from motives good or bad to read these editorials, and to all those who, having once read the editorials in a high school magazine, decided never again, we wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

THE TWIG

SEZ ME!

It usually commences about the beginning of the last week in September.

Up till then the days have been lingering with a summer warmth. The skies have been azure and fleecy fragments of clouds, pure white, have been drifting lazily in the wake of a playful zephyr. The trees have not yet begun to shed their leaves, the World Series has not commenced. Birds have not started their southward journey; the grass still has to be cut every Saturday morning.

And yet an indescribable change seems imminent.

There is an emotion one feels that Monday of the last week in September, that one experiences but once a year.

The air grows warmer, the atmosphere sultry, somewhat suggestive of an oncoming thunder storm. The clouds scud across an ashen gray sky and the morning wind whines through the trees, taking its toll of the now withering leaves which have mysteriously folded up over night.

People walking along the south side of Bloor from Huron to Spadina, perceptibly quicken their pace. They stride along as if fighting some invisible tempest, heads thrust forward, hands deep in their pockets, chins resolute.

Even the masters come under the influence of this strange phenomenon. The slightest mistake brings down a torrent of wrath upon the culprit's head. They pace up and down the front of the classrooms nervously, their hands clenching and unclenching behind their backs, harrowed lines wreathing their faces. Their hands twitch and fidget when they are teaching, their ties are creased and crooked. They continually keep breaking the chalk and dropping it on the floor, forget the answers to the questions they have assigned for homework and neglect to portion out further work for the morrow. One of the masters who habitually walks with a brusque, military gate, slouches along, chest sagging inwards, head drooped, boots unpolished.

Tuesday, all is slightly worse. Everyone is more dejected, more haggard. The masters look as though they have not had a wink of sleep all night.

Wednesday, the panorama is more pitiable. The masters' hair is unbrushed, trousers baggy, vest buttons undone, mouths take on a droop that is not customary. Even the scholars have come under this mystical

influence. Groups gathered at the foot of staircases whisper in subdued tones. Boys, old and young, peek furtively around corners, and pull back their heads forlornly. Masters close the study room doors and shut out the circulation of air, while they bury their heads despondently in their arms. Their voices take on a strained, croaking tone, harsh and unnatural. By Wednesday noon everything seems to have reached the breaking point.

Then the main Bloor Street entrance is opened, a faint thud of feet is heard.

Ah, yes, to be sure, the O.C.E. students have arrived!

* * * * *

But all joking aside, the staff of THE TWIG, welcomes the large body of teachers-in-training and wishes them every success in their trial teaching, for all joking aside, they'll need it. Along with this wish we might note that the number of Ontario College of Education students this year has been increased by over 50, and we extend to the masters our sympathy.

W. H. C.

SEZ YOU!

BY T. J. KEENAN
University of British Columbia

We student teachers at the Ontario College of Education come from the many universities of Canada. The great majority of us, however, are from the University of Toronto and in our undergraduate days we met many Old Boys of the University of Toronto Schools. With great interest we looked forward to the opportunity of "watching the wheels go round" in the "machine" that turned out such quiet, gentlemanly, good fellows.

Observing classes and looking forward to teaching them was a bit terrifying at first. When we realized that we must teach subjects which we had not studied since high school days we experienced the sinking sensation of wondering just what we would do about it all.

As we sat back "listening in" on those first few lessons, you did not strengthen our peace of mind with your ready answers. Zounds! how

the hands flew up when questions were asked about subjects studied in our distant youth!

These past few weeks, we have been getting better acquainted with you fellows. You were described the other day, by one of our professors as, "As fine a bunch of gentlemen as you'll find anywhere."

We agree with him.

So here's luck and a Merry Christmas to the boys of U.T.S. from the university graduates training for the teaching profession at the Ontario College of Education.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

Two men went into a church one day,
And they bowed their heads and they
both did pray.
One was a Pharisee, so they say,
The other a Publican, by the way.

The Pharisee lifted his eyes to Heav'n,
Saying, "Lord, I thank Thee for that Thou
hast giv'n
Me: that I am not as other men be,
Robbers, unjust, quite different from me."

But the Publican standing far away,
He smote his chest as he did say,
"Lord, be merciful unto me,
Wretched sinner that I be."

And Jesus said unto all that were near,
"I say unto all of you that be here:
For everyone that exalteth himself,
Shall lose all his name, his power, his pelf,
But he that humbleth himself before God,
Shall rise from the dust like a flow'r from sod."

J. M. Moore, 3a.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS 1930

Two scholarships at the University of Toronto, and three in the affiliated Arts Colleges were won by candidates from the University Schools at the June examinations. J. K. C. Legge maintained the family tradition of excellence in Mathematics by securing the First Edward Blake Scholarship in the Mathematics Proficiency Group, and ranking for the Second Edward Blake Scholarship in Mathematics. By Victoria College he was awarded a Moses Henry Aikins Proficiency Scholarship. To Legge goes the Governor-General's Medal for the best standing at graduation from the school.

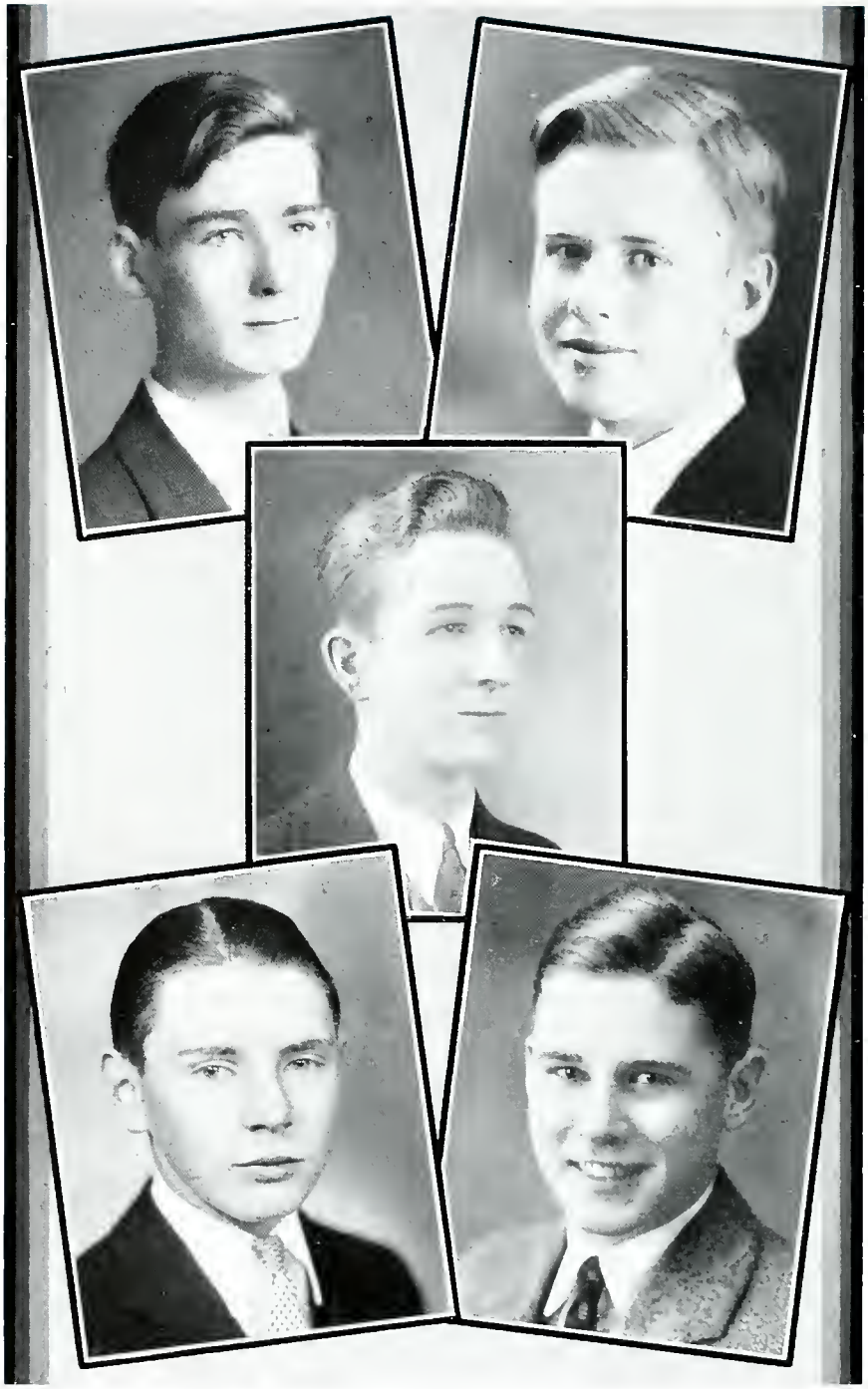
P. E. G. Beckett selected the field of Classics in which to excel. He won the Second Edward Blake Scholarship in that department, and ranked for the Third Edward Blake Scholarship in the Classics Proficiency Group. It is particularly gratifying to note that Beckett also won the Maurice Cody Proficiency Scholarship at University College, as this prize commemorates the career of one of our most distinguished Old Boys.

J. V. McCutcheon was another U.T.S. candidate who simply had to live up to a remarkable family tradition of scholastic achievement. His success was marked by a Special James Harris Scholarship at University College.

All of these scholarship winners exemplify the ideal toward which this school strives:—keen intellectual power combined with wide interests and modesty of demeanour in success. To each of them THE TWIG offers heartiest congratulations, and every good wish for the future.

NEW SCHOLARSHIPS WITHIN THE SCHOOL

The unbounded generosity of Dr. T. M. Porter towards the University of Toronto Schools is equalled only by his ingenuity in devising occasions for fresh benefactions. This year the coming of age of the school gave Dr. Porter his opportunity. Early in the term he announced his intention of celebrating the event by the gift of Special Scholarships to reward the achievements of the best boys entering the Honour Matriculation forms. No less than eight of these special scholarships have been provided for the year, covering the following groups of subjects: Middle



J. V. McCutcheon P. E. G. Beckett

J. R. Follett

J. K. C. Legge D. F. Dadson (Lit. Soc. Pres.)

School Science; Middle School Mathematics; Middle School Classics; Middle School English, Moderns and History; and Upper School English and History.

The winners of these Special Scholarships, as well as the recipients of the seven regular scholarships also the gift of Dr. Porter, are listed in the Honours Record. To have a special interest in fifteen of our brightest scholars is Dr. Porter's unique distinction. His greatest reward will lie in observing the continued success of those whom he has encouraged, but THE TWIG speaks for every member of the school when it voices the hope that our best beloved master will accept the grateful thanks of us all.

SCHOLARSHIPS WITHIN THE SCHOOL

Governor-General's Medal for best graduate—Kenneth C. Legge.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Scholarship for Captain of School—Jas. R. Follett.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Scholarship for passing highest into Second Year of Upper School—Douglas V. LePan.

Thos. Marshall Porter Scholarship (F. S. Corrigan) for Mathematics—J. Carson Mark.

Henry Job Crawford Scholarship (T. M. Porter) for Classics—J. Spencer Carlisle.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Scholarship in Science—Donald C. Baillie.

Langford Rowell Memorial Scholarship—J. H. C. Copp.

Edward Booth Memorial Scholarship for passing highest from Pass Matriculation to Honour Matriculation form—A. Goggio.

Allan Crawford Scholarship in Chemistry and Physics of Middle School—John B. Withrow.

Sir John C. Eaton Scholarship in English, Canadian History and Mathematics of the Middle School—Philip R. Wallace.

Maurice Cody Prize in History in the Middle School—Jas. C. Taylor.

Geo. Horning Jones Memorial Scholarship in Algebra, Physics and History of the Middle School—Wm. R. R. Sutton.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Scholarship for passing highest from Form II to the Middle School—Donald C. MacNeill.

Sir John C. Eaton Memorial Scholarship for passing from Form II to the Middle School—John C. Grover.

Maurice Cody Memorial Prize in History of Form I—Gordon L. Fortnum.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Scholarship for passing highest from Form IC—Eric Muir.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Scholarship for passing highest from Form IB, after spending not more than two years from the date of leaving Form 3A—Robert MacMillan.

The F. H. Coombs' Prize in Latin Prose—D. V. LePan.

Winner of the Nesbitt Gold Medal—G. D. M. Boddington.

Winner of the Nesbitt Silver Medal—B. T. Rogers.

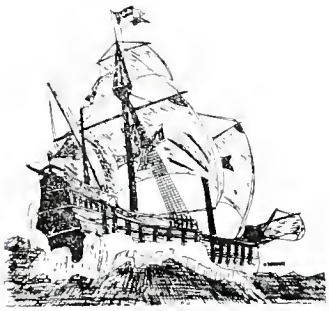
Dr. T. M. Porter's Special Scholarship in Pass Matriculation Mathematics—W. M. Gray, C. G. Levy, equal. Each candidate granted a full scholarship.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Special Scholarship in Pass Matriculation Classics—A. E. Robinette.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Special Scholarship in Pass Matriculation English, History and Moderns—D. F. Dadson.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Special Scholarship in Honour Matriculation English and History—J. G. Reid.

Dr. T. M. Porter's Special Scholarship in Pass Matriculation Science—E. A. Dobson, A. J. Skey, equal in 1929; D. L. Turner, 1st in 1930. Each candidate granted a full scholarship.



A questionnaire has been issued to the staff of our school by two impertinent scholars. It was designed to illustrate the sublimity of that time when one looks no longer before, but behind. In fine, it asked for a confession on the savant's part, of: What their favourite subject was when they sojourned at school: What that subject was which harried them all through their days: but most personal of all—what was their naughtiest trick which made 19th century teachers claw the air. Each master and mistress responded sportingly. Go ahead, and see what they have written.

W. H. C.
B. M. W.

Amid the recollections of High School days, the two or three which follow seem particularly vivid.

1. One's chagrin at discovering the fallacy of the popular tradition that the English master never read the monthly essays which were exacted. He read them . . . . or, at any rate, a dummy of blank pages failed to elude his scrutiny.
2. The rigorous nature of High School games—vigour was prized above finesse—about the only regulation of competition was the unwritten rule that a team must not win away from home—if an outfit broke that rule what a strange assortment of missiles showered upon it—for civic garbage collection was not yet in vogue!
3. Writing lessons from a veteran of 60 years' service in the same town—lessons which were enlivened by five minute sketches of the early

failings of the parents, aunts, uncles and even grandparents of the pupils of the current vintage—for the writing master had known them all and could discern hereditary trends in the escapades of almost any evildoer.

Favourite subject—languages, Reasons—the late R. A. Little, Esq., and Mr. (now Professor) W. C. Ferguson
Subject liked least—Art—Reason—Natural dumbness therein.
Pet failing—stubborness. Teacher's aversion was quite justified.

J. G. A.

My High School days ended so long ago that it is difficult for me to recall my impressions of them with any degree of accuracy. As far as I remember, my best, and therefore my favourite subject was Algebra; my worst was certainly English Literature. Algebra I liked because it was definite, English Literature I abhorred because I could understand only the most elementary poetry and it did not seem to me to justify its existence, much less its being taken seriously. This regrettable state of affairs was, I think, due to the fact that the first poems I studied were Casabianca and Excelsior, both of which I regarded (I haven't changed my mind) as unmitigated tripe. As to whether I was "a cause of apprehension and disgust" to my teachers, I can't say. I recall only one occasion on which I attracted much attention in class. That was when I alone, *mirabile dictu*, could offer a solution for an exercise in Geometry which had stopped even the Mathematical star of the form. Since I was normally very stupid in this subject, the master eyed me askance and third-degreed me as to whether I had received outside help. As a matter of fact the solution really was entirely my own and I had felt some pardonable pride in it but never again did I essay to don the mantle of genius.

J. O. C.

No subject afforded me more enjoyment than English Grammar. This particular form of torture had the unique advantage that it was incapable of being disguised. It was a downright, out and out piece of villainy which one could not help admiring for its honesty. Strange to say, there can be pleasure in racking your brains and in watching others rack their brains when there is no hypocrisy about it. On the other hand, the subject I liked least was English Literature, which was much the same thing but which pretended to be something else.

As for causing annoyance to masters, I shrink from confessing so heinous a sin. They were, however, unable to appreciate the high aims of certain organizations of which I had the honour to be president. The most notorious of these was the Anti-Dog-Collar Association, formed with the object of suppressing a certain feminine fashion of the time. The Association succeeded in suppressing the dog-collar habit in the third form by giving all the girls free dog-collars and making the fashion not only common but universal. Unfortunately, the meetings were held by correspondence in the Algebra period, and at the very moment of victory the officers were forced to resign through pressure of other unsolicited literary labour to the extent of fifteen hundred lines.

C. E. P.

As a student at High School, I used to think that the Mathematics teachers had the greatest snap on earth. Since then I have changed my mind; nevertheless (and thanks to them) I really enjoyed their subject most. On the other hand, if the amount of effort expended varied inversely as the square of the amount of progress, I should say that in Latin I had reached the point of negative acceleration. To divulge to the budding youth of to-day the failings and pranks of the students of bygone days would, of course, be disastrous to the teaching profession—the less said the better.

P. A. P.

It is a far cry back to the days when I attended a secondary school. To me it seems so far back that in one way I do not like to reminisce, for it only serves to remind me that "tempus fugit" (I insert this to show that I still remember some Latin). In another way I enjoy thinking back, for it brings to mind most happy memories of youthful days.

So different were the conditions then from the almost ideal conditions under which present day pupils now work (?) that it might be interesting to note some of them. At that time we actually thought of a High School as a place in which to study and learn as much as we could in four short years. That was why our parents sent us; we were not pampered and they usually saw to it that we did study, or they knew the reason why.

Our school was a big red brick building with four ordinary class rooms and a basement where very elementary experiments in Physics and Chemistry were performed. There was no such thing as an assembly hall, gymnasium, literary society, etc. Such a thing as a swimming

tank was unheard of. Our P.T. we got by playing soccer, and we usually had a good team.

When I look at the wonderful equipment U.T.S. boys have, especially in Science, I chuckle to myself when I think of what we called our "laboratory", and I cannot help but wonder whether the boys and girls of to-day appreciate, as they should, the great advantage they enjoy over those of a generation ago.

I do not know that I had any subject that might be called my favourite, although I must say I was always fond of languages.

Of my teachers I have only the most pleasant memories. Most of them are still living, and it is always an extreme pleasure to me to meet them and talk over "le vieux temps".

W. H. W.

My choice of subjects in Collegiate was varied. In the Mathematical group, I liked Algebra and Geometry. For this preference my teachers were largely responsible. They made them so simple that my mind could grasp them without undue strain; and besides, these branches were so remote from anything in real life that they did not add to my troubles out of school. Latin, like Mathematics, had much in its favour; it, too, could be forgotten at the school door without any sense of loss. English subjects, which were always meeting us in our efforts to conceal our thoughts, gave me much concern. Moreover, my teachers were continually finding mistakes in the way I did not express my thought. The net result was disgust all round. The conclusion forced upon me was that teachers expected too much and therefore got very little. With Science, however, it was quite different. Grasshoppers, fishworms and frogs; these things were necessary to complete living. Without them the fish would have nothing nice to bite, and then, how tame life would be! Yes, Mr. Editor, Science was popular in the good old days. If teachers were more considerate, or eliminated altogether, school would be an ideal place, a suitable preparation for the enjoyment of life at the movies and other places of high emprise.

A. N. S.

My life from ten to eighteen years of age was spent at an English boarding school of some repute. I was one of those unfortunates cursed with enough brains to "get by" in class without effort, and not enough to realize the opportunities they are letting slip—a breed by no means

unknown in U.T.S. The only time I stood head of my form was when, at the age of fourteen, I had violated so much of the school decalogue at once as to earn a "gating" for the term and twenty-odd strokes of the cane from the six-foot Governor, being hailed from bed in my pyjamas for their better appreciation. There were two tangible results of this experience: first, I had to sleep on my "front" for a week and sit on the caps of my sympathetic classmates in school hours; second, I settled down to work to temper the welcome I expected when I reached home at the half-year's end. A repetition of this incentive at the beginning of the next half-year might have confirmed me in a brilliant academic career, but unfortunately my conduct was exemplary. Therefore I conclude that the greatest boon to a careless boy is an apparently brutal licking from one whose authority he fears and respects.

G. N. B.

Languages held first place in my affection probably because I was not quite so "dumm" in that branch as in some others, and also because of the influence of Mr. John Houston. He was instrumental in creating this liking away back about 1900 in the old Clinton Collegiate Institute and for four years he fostered it while introducing me to the intricacies of French and German Grammar.

In those days twelve or thirteen subjects were required for the mid-summer departmental examinations. If a failure was recorded in one of those papers the whole lot had to be tried again the following year.

This serious curricular arrangement was materially counteracted by the fact that I "wanted" to attend school and was not merely "sent". In weak moments during homework hours I used to be frequently reminded of this wish by my parents and this acted as a helpful stimulant.

The subject I liked least? Difficult to say. I was fond of them all, although I could do better in some than in others. Mathematics was probably my greatest stumbling-block—if further information on this is required, apply to Professor W. J. Lougheed.

My most obtrusive failing? My teachers never agreed on that.

N. L. M.

The editor of THE TWIG may be searching for some apology on his own account when he asks the members of the staff to state their favourite subjects when they were boys at High School. At any rate he must be

convinced by this time that his teachers were once boys very much similar in their likes and dislikes to the boys of to-day.

If I remember rightly, my favourite subjects were English Literature, French, English History, and Chemistry. Our text-book in English History was J. R. Green's "Short History" of more than eight hundred pages. Its bulk was relieved by an interesting, picturesque style and a vivid recital of historic events, such as one never finds in the text-books issued to-day. I enjoyed the work in Chemistry chiefly because, on account of time-table complexities, I had the laboratory to myself alone, and performed experiments on my own initiative. I could use any apparatus and chemicals I wished. These conditions were ideal for the work of chemical research, but I must admit that many experiments failed to "come off" properly, and countless test tubes, glass jars and beakers were wrecked in spectacular and explosive experiments. But I had a good deal of fun out of the year's work, and finally passed the Departmental examination in Chemistry.

In those days the boys had to take complete pass Matriculation in one year after promotion from Form II. That meant real work for them. The present piece-meal system tends to mental laziness. Many boys consider themselves martyrs, if they are required to write on more than five or six papers after one year's work.

On the whole, the High School days were pleasant days. Our drill instructor was a Sergeant-Major of the British army who regaled us with stories of British valour of the Crimean War, and whose chief aim was to teach us sword and bayonet practice. He was a good old soul whose life was absorbed in the traditions of the British regular army.

Then the Headmaster was an expert boxer. Not that he displayed his proficiency in that game while in the classroom. But many a time, whenever a professional boxer happened to come to town, he would invite him up to the school gymnasium, and, much to our delight, would take him on for a bout or two. To the credit of our worthy Head, it must be added that he often floored his opponent. The same Head taught interesting lessons in Geography and History, adding to them his own impressions gained from years of travel abroad. Moreover, he was an L.L.B. and I believe he is now a Unitarian clergyman. Versatility and a lively imagination checked any tendency he might have had to degenerate into a mere pedant. We boys were his friends.

J. F. V.

THE TWIGS

I have been asked what my favourite subject was when I went to school. What a question! Although I have been at U.T.S. a good many years, I think I may still lay claim to being the youngest member on the staff. Yet my school days lie buried in the far distant past. However, to get back to the point, I think my favourite subject was debating. This might be accounted for by my having had four sisters who were, and still are, always open for an argument. Latin I liked the least. Enough said, I will not elucidate. Let the dead rest. I have also been asked what peculiarity of mine my teachers took the greatest aversion to. That is rather a hard question to answer. The master objected most to my going to shows in the early afternoon; at that time "talkies" were unknown and the silence of a good movie after the morning classes was heavenly.

G. W. C.

I shall always remember the feeling of insignificance and awe that I experienced when I first entered high school.

Commencing in the second form, I spent several months searching for the hidden Latin pronouns. Having located a few of these, I felt rather important.

My first great success was recognized by a motion of the whole school. At the end of every corridor was a large bell which was rung for fire drill. Happening to be near this when a messenger delivering to the school asked how he would locate the janitor, I replied: "Ring the bell." After the general exodus, I again was made to feel insignificant.

A. G. C.

The History teacher entered old L.C.I. Form I
And took review most thoroughly of all the work we'd done.
I sat there vainly hoping it might not be my fate
That he would turn to me and ask for some important date.
He did—and waited patiently for me to answer him.
When no sound came his eye grew stern, his mouth was very grim;
"Miss M. I've noticed frequently your slowness in replying,
As time goes on I must confess I find it very trying.
Your History lesson you recite, your eyes with interest dance
But when I say 'What was the date?' at once you're in a trance."
"I'm sorry sir," I answered him, "my history dates fall down.
I have to stop and calculate just like good Farmer Brown.

When asked how old was his son John he said, 'Now let me see,
The spring that Molly had a colt my little son was three.
That colt I kept till eight years old, then sold to Neighbour Green,
It was as fine an animal as I have ever seen.
Well two years later Neighbour Green had a bit of real hard luck
In a very bad electric storm you know his barn was struck.
The barn was burned with all the crop; the loss went to his heart,
He died the next year, sad to say, but the best of friends must part.
'Tis ten years now since Neighbour Green passed to the other shore,
Which means that this spring my son John is exactly twenty-four.'
Now sir my history dates I get in just this simple way.
If you will give me time I'm sure I'll reckon to a day."
"Time! time!" he cried, "there is not time for lengthy calculations,
Stay in to-night and memorize these dates of wars of nations!"

A. M.

I am of those unfortunate or fortunate ones, to whom no particular school subject was as nectar, and none as hemlock. But I consoled myself, that if I missed the delectable mountains I also escaped the despondent quagmires. My Grammar and Latin teacher always appeared to me to be entertaining unreasonable expectations regarding my powers in those subjects. She seemed much harder to please than was I, and this gave rise to many little misunderstandings. Nevertheless I must not fail to record that, because of qualities of mind and heart, she lives in memory as one of the truly great teachers of my High School Days.

E. L. D.

Mr. Editor of THE TWIG: although open confessions are good for the soul, yet I hesitate in complying with your request that I state the school studies for which I had an aversion and how that aversion was overcome.

For me, Arithmetic was a source of delight and gave me power. I could tell the merchant in the village at what price he should mark his goods, so as to deduct a certain percentage to induce customers, and still make a gain of a certain percent. The farmer could readily be told the quantity of wheat in a bin. For the carpenter, the price of lumber could be quickly computed. Arithmetic was practical, and, therefore, King of studies. Other subjects received only sufficient attention to enable me to escape detention, or a flogging or both. But a change came.

THE TWIG

Just at a period when school had become irksome, and I was compelled to attend by threats of punishment if I dared to absent myself, a teacher, small in stature but wonderfully skilful with both hands, was appointed principal. Discovering that he was not strong in Arithmetic, I paid little attention when he was teaching. One day, when he was really presenting a good lesson in Grammar, he suddenly shot out his left hand and then his right. I saw sufficient stars to have enabled me to study astronomy in the day time; and when I came to my senses, I concluded it would be much better to pay attention and avoid repetition of such attacks. During the remainder of the lesson, I discovered that Grammar, like Arithmetic, required careful thinking before drawing conclusions. Since that hour Grammar has been a charming subject.

Then I discovered that Geography, History, Literature, Science and other subjects were quite as important as Grammar and Arithmetic and were quite as good mind-trainers. I have never ceased to like arithmetic which was, for me at least, an anchorage for the other subjects.

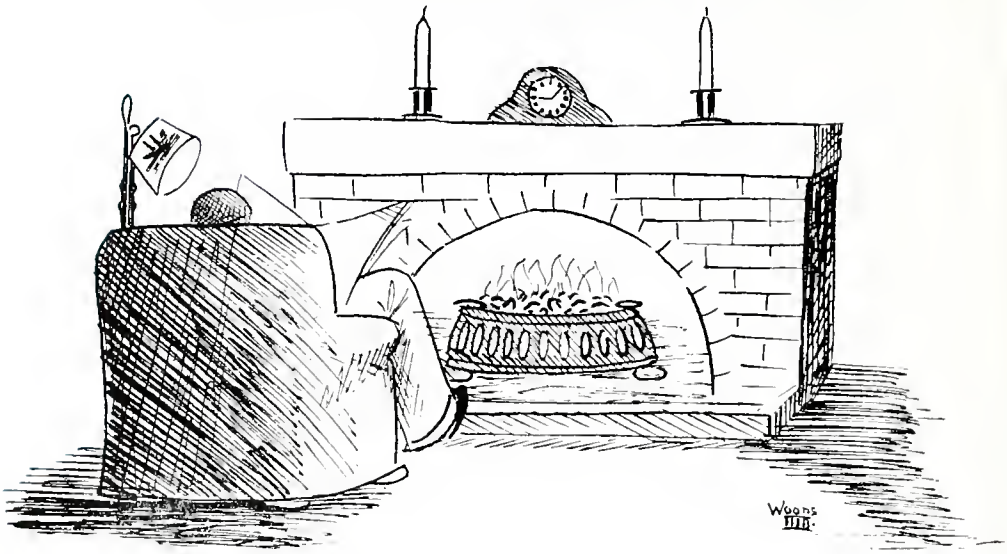
In conclusion, may I not say that when one realizes that one's studies are equipping one for the battles of life, aversion is thrust out and love enters?

T. M. P.

I do not remember harbouring a dislike for any subject studied in High School; each one had its own particular charm or puzzle, and there was always the reward of achievement. If I did not believe in miracles, however, I could not explain how I ever passed the Algebra examination. But I have the audacity to presume that my teacher was proud of what I could do in Chemistry. How any boy can find Geometry, Trigonometry, or Ancient History less than fascinating is a mystery to me and doubtless a problem for the psychologist. When time was plentiful, I found a real pleasure in writing compositions, but of all the subjects studied, I believe I derived least benefit in school from English Literature. Success in English meant vaguely and sentimentally acquiesing in the so-called inspiring resignation of Enoch Arden. The gentle, wistful few who formed the circle of the teacher's tea-time friends somehow got in the secret, but the rest of us heathens spent most of the Literature periods discovering the map location of a busy principal. To that patient gentleman for his wise advice and kindly correction, I owe a life-long debt of gratitude.

B. C. D.

LITERARY



MOONSHINE AND ROSES

R. C. Carlisle

Few people in this city know the queer places tucked away along our waterfront. One of the strangest is the habitation of Shiner Perry. Located almost on the water's edge at the eastern end of the bay, Shiner's domain covers an area of about two hundred feet square. It is fenced with a stockade of tin and corrugated iron held more or less vertical by the bodies of ancient automobiles. All the surrounding area is covered with huge heaps of sand and gravel while steam-shovels, stone-crushers, pile-drivers and other equipment necessary for dock and harbour work stand about in apparently hopeless disorder. Shiner is left in undisputed possession of his private corner by the contracting company in return for his keeping a vigilant eye on their property.

But, if the outside of Shiner's place is unsightly, the inside, on a bright summer day, is a paradise. Roses, roses everywhere. Ramblers stray over the tin stockade and the superannuated box-car which is Shiner's house. Roses of every colour, size, and variety cover all the available space between the fences, hardly a trace of which can be seen through the masses of green, red, pink, and white. Not a weed mars the

perfect surface of the rich black soil, not a leaf shows a trace of insect ravages.

The owner of this fragrant bower is in strange contrast to the beauty around him. He is little, very round-shouldered, and thin to the point of emaciation. His face is covered with a sparse and scraggly growth of ginger-coloured whiskers and around one eye is a queer dark-blue area which accounts for his nickname. His dress is a pair of faded blue overalls and a smock from which his scrawny neck projects, giving him much the appearance of a mud-turtle. He makes a living by selling roses to the hotels but he could make a great deal more if he could bring himself to cut the long-stemmed beauties just as the buds begin to unfold. It is only dire necessity that makes him cut them at all and he murmurs lovingly to a bush while he snips off the minimum number of blooms.

Shiner had lived here happily for several years when into his paradise came the serpent. One June evening, as the last light was fading over the bay, he was busy with a Los Angeles which had, of late, shown its roots, a hoarse voice said, "Stand up, kid, and turn around slow."

With a violent start, Shiner obeyed. He faced a huge, swarthy, over-dressed man with a cold eye.

"Lisson, bo, you don't know me but I'm one of Flynn's gorillas, see. What I mean, we don't aim to do you no harm unless you holler or double-cross us. We need your dump to store booze. Now, keep your trap shut," as Shiner was about to protest. "We'll only use one corner behind your Royal York over there. Our launches will pull up in front and load the stuff. We need your roses just as much as you do. The bulls'll never suspect this place 'cause they think you're too nutty to be a crook. All you gotta do is keep on growin' roses an' we'll slip you the odd case and note to show our gratitood. But one crack outa you an' there'll be another accidental droundin', what I mean."

"I don't want . . . . ," began the terrified Shiner.

"What you want ain't in the picture at all," replied the muscle man, "It's just whether you go on growin' roses from above or supplyin' fertilizer for them from below. And," with a grim chuckle, "I don't believe you'd supply so much fertilizer at that. We got it all fixed, see; we'll run a load in to-night and ship to-morrow night. Better go to bed early and stay there. And," with a snarl, "remember what I said about the bulls, what I mean."

For the next month Shiner's life was a night-mare. He was in mortal terror of the lawless rascals who used his place as a trans-shipping point;

day and night he was haunted by the fear that the police would get wise and implicate him in the "racket". But most of all he dreaded damage to his roses. Shipments came and were cleared at irregular intervals, generally on very dark nights. Since no kind of light could appear, Shiner laid out a path from the front door of his box-car to the sea-wall before his stockade and bordered it with stones which he whitewashed. Then the rum runners would be more likely to avoid his precious bushes.

Gradually fear faded into vague discomfort and Shiner's heart began to beat more or less normally when suddenly black disaster befell. A case of bottles slipped from a truck driver's grip as he handed it over the fence to his mate. The latter, trying to recover it, stumbled and fell headlong among the roses. In the morning three bushes were broken and flattened wrecks. Shiner went mad with rage and grief. Then he began to plan. Here was a new Shiner who surprised even himself. Among the miscellaneous junk of the contractor's yard, he found a steel bar half an inch thick and a little over a foot long. On one end was a cog wheel two inches or so in diameter. This he wrapped tightly with strips of rag, making a truly formidable weapon. As he swung it experimentally an almost cruel look lighted his pale blue eyes.

Two nights later a truck drew up behind the stockade and one of the occupants hopped from its tail to the ground inside. Almost as he hit ground, Shiner swung his mace and the rum runner fell without a sound. A moment later his partner climbed to the back of the truck to begin passing over the cases. After waiting a minute he said cautiously, "Hey, Bill, where are you?" Receiving no reply, he leaned far over the fence peering about. Again Shiner's mace connected and the second man dropped on top of the first. Then the little man, his teeth chattering with terror dragged the unconscious runners out of the stockade and fastened them with yards and yards of wire to the wheels of a steam-shovel. It took all his strength for he was puny and his prisoners were husky and helpless. As a final precaution, he removed an automatic from a holster under the arm pit of each sleeper.

This finished, he returned to the rose-garden to await the arrival of the launch. It seemed an eternity before a soft, regular throbbing told him that the craft was near. His only fear was that both the men in charge might come up the path together, but he relied on the fact that usually one came cautiously around to the back of the shack while the other stood by on the sea-wall, holding the lines, the engine running, all ready to be off if there was a slip-up. So it was to-night. As the

leader rounded the corner of Shiner's box-car, he suddenly saw a vision of Sunnyside on a busy night and then someone turned off the lights. Presently his mate called, a trace of anxiety in his voice, "O K., Tony?"

"O. K.," answered Shiner, trying hard to make his thin voice sound gruff. About one minute later the fourth rum runner had joined his comrades in dreamland, and soon afterwards each wheel of the steam-shovel had its wire-bound captive.

Shiner's next problem was to dispose of his prisoners. Gingerly raising the muzzle of one automatic high in the air, he pulled the trigger. The crashing roar frightened him badly but, gritting his teeth, he went on pulling. He hadn't long to wait. Presently a uniformed constable came running, picking his way with a flashlight among the machinery and gravel piles. A tearful and hysterical little man almost embraced him and pulled him by the sleeve to where four figures lay huddled about a steam-shovel.

"Sufferin' catfish," said the cop in amazement, "did you do this?"

"Sure," said Shiner, "an' you can hang me if you like; they ain't gonna bust down my rose bushes an' get away with it."

SHADES

C. H. Acheson, VI.

Shades of Horace, Shades of Virgil, Shades of Caesar
Help a bloke!
When he rises and translates you,
Wishes that he hadn't spoke.
When the master waxing wordy,
Wonders if such things can be,
Shades of Horace, Shades of Virgil, Shades of Caesar
Succour me!

Shades of Horace, Shades of Caesar, Shades of Virgil
Rally round:
Stand about us in a circle,
Show us all your thoughts profound,
Show us how they should be rendered
Into English fair and free,
That is—come and stand around us
Till we find our Latin Key!

THE TWIG

THE SCARLET SLIPPER

FRANK WOODS

"Nero, I'm going to run away."

The speaker, a small wire-haired terrier, looked a picture of absolute despair. His black ears, both hanging limply, gave a woe-begone expression to his usually pert face. Tail drooping, footsteps lagging, he seemed as one deserted by the whole world.

Nero, having examined in every last detail the marvellous contents of an overturned garbage can, withdrew his moist and shaggy head from its intriguing depths. He licked his chops and queried hoarsely:

"What d'ye say, Bud?"

The disconsolate one, casting a side-long glance into the ravaged garbage can, repeated in a more raucous voice his first statement.

"Why?" demanded the large Airedale.

"It's a long story. Let's look up Rover Wilson and go some place together. I'll tell you why I'm leaving home as we run along. Come on, Nero."

You know (began Bud, the terrier) I haven't been with the Master long. He's a peculiar man, very hard to understand. Very set in his habits. I've made a few mistakes and now he's mad at me. Boy, I feel low!

It all began the night before last. I had been talking with that yellow dog over on the next street. We were discussing home life. He was boasting about a slipper, an old one his master had given him. Said he had a wonderful time with it every night. After listening to his ill-bred boasting as long as I could, I wished him a curt good-night and walked home, thinking longingly about slippers. It would be wonderful to have one. Surely the Master would give me one if he knew I wanted it. I decided to show him that I did want a slipper.

After supper I sneaked into his room. Nosing about in the cupboard, I could only find hard leather slippers that he wears to the office. They're called shoes, I think. I looked especially at a pair of shiny black ones with pointed toes, but after gnawing one for a while I began to feel dizzy and dropped it. The polish must have been poisonous, as it made me rather woozy. Poking about the room, I at last found under the bed a lovely pair of red slippers. Very soft and appetizing, no harmful dyes

could be found on this pair. I lay down under the bed and began chewing.

Half an hour later I carried the slippers, now rather shapeless, but beautifully broken in, down to the living room and laid them in a moist heap at Master's feet. He didn't notice me. With a final chew, I put the finishing touches to my work and, scraping my Master's leg hopefully, looked up smiling. He was sure to give me the slippers, I thought.

I'm not quite clear as to what happened next. As I dashed for the cellar with the Master at my heels, poker in hand, roaring angrily, I knew a horrible mistake had been made. I tumbled down the stairs and hid, shivering behind the furnace. Above me, in the living room the Master was carrying on terribly, walking about, talking loudly about "that darned dog" and "my slippers ruined". So I'd ruined his slippers. I sighed and went to sleep.

The next morning, although still very blue, I managed to eat my usual large breakfast. Incidently, do you believe in a light or a heavy breakfast? Yea, that's right, the heavier the better, eh?

As I wandered aimlessly about the streets, I tried to think of a way out of my difficulty. Just as I had treed that tough cat down the street I hit upon a scheme. Forgetting the cat, I dashed around the block, looking for the yellow dog. The one with the slippers, you know.

I found him at last in Fitzgerald's yard, digging holes in the flower beds. Of course I wished to appear friendly, so I helped him in the excavating. Soon we were the best of pals. We began talking about slippers. I said he was lucky to have one. He agreed and in a derogatory way intimated that my Master was a skinflint and wouldn't give me a slipper. Raging within and just dying to bite his ear, I swallowed my anger and agreed. I said that I'd love just to see his slipper since I couldn't have one for myself. The poor sap, wishing to make me jealous, went and got it. It was really a beauty. Just the kind that makes such good chewing on a cold night, beside a roaring fire. He dropped it proudly on the ground. I looked at it for a while, then turned quickly, bit his ear, picked up the slipper and ran. In my haste I tripped over a rock and fell sprawling. The slipper flew from my mouth into a large mud puddle caused by the previous night's rain. I pulled it out and ran home. That yellow coward didn't even follow.

I felt great, returning home to replace last night's demolished footwear with this choice article. The Master wouldn't be angry any more. I could sleep under his chair again. He might even take me for a walk

in the afternoon. I seemed to be one big piece of happiness, if you know what I mean.

Gaily humming, I galloped into the living room. There he was in his arm-chair, reading a book. With a happy shout, somewhat muffled by the sopping slipper, I leaped into Master's lap and deposited the muddy thing on his white shirt.

I don't know why, Nero, but he got madder than the night before. Threw things at me! Tried to kick me! Swore a good deal! Believe me, it was awful! I leaped over an upset chair and beat a retreat in a hurry. This time my place of refuge was the lilac tree in the yard.

"And that," concluded Bud, "is why I am leaving. I hate to do it but since Master doesn't seem to understand. . . ."

Bud stopped talking. Someone was whistling. His Master, striding down the street, was calling and waving his newspaper in a very friendly fashion. The terrier, overwhelmed with joy at these friendly advances, almost knocked Nero over, so eager was he to meet his once more amicable Master.

Nero, the Airedale, before setting out in pursuit of a daring chipmunk which had crossed his line of vision, gazed after the gamboling terrier and shook his puzzled head.

THE BEACON

On a rocky windswept island,
  Overlooking reef and scar,
Stands the ever-faithful lighthouse,
  Flashing out its beam afar.

Pharos on the shores of Egypt
  Guided Grecian sailors home.
Pharos by whose flaming beacon
  Roman triremes clave the foam.

Trusted through the nights of ages
  Penetrating fog and night,
Ever-watchful, never failing,
  Shine forever, beacon light!

DONALD MACRAE, IIIA.

THE TWIGS

BACKSTAGE

BRUCE MARSHALL

Every actor has a different attitude toward his profession.

I took note of this fact last year when I made the acquaintance of several members of the Stratford-upon-Avon Shakesperian company. Apparently no two actors interpreted their parts in the same way. The prospect of further observation seemed interesting so I decided to find out how far the rule held good. To this end I compiled a list of questions. With them, I confronted members of Ivor Novello's company, and the cast of "Marigold".

My first question was: "What is the Secret of Acting?" The answers were variously expressed, but they all developed the same idea. Ivor Novello said, "The secret of acting is a capacity for being natural. The moment you do something unrealistic that the character you are portraying would not do under similar circumstances, you have lost the illusion."

Lillian Braithwaite, of Ivor Novello's company, thought that "It is studying the character you are attempting to portray and finding the little mannerisms that go with it. Each character should be made radically different from any other you have played."

Ellis Irving, who played in "Marigold" said, "Realism and sincerity." And Sophie Stewart, a member of the same cast, summed it up in two words: "Don't act!"

The answers to the second question, "How do you take the stage, from a standpoint of pleasure?" were fundamentally different. Ivor Novello, who so brilliantly took the tragic lead in "Symphony in Two Flats", exclaimed, "The stage is my life. I could not do without it. To use a very trite expression 'I am married to it'."

On the other hand, Miss Stewart thinks the stage is fun. Then again, Lionel Gadson and Ellis Irving both agree that the stage should be taken seriously.

Since these companies were on tour from England, I next asked if touring was more difficult than long stands at home. Miss Stewart said it was more tiring because of the different types of audiences every evening. Mr. Irving said emphatically, "It's a damn sight harder."

Even in the best companies accidents sometimes happen. During a

matinee performance of "Marigold" one of the actors forgot to come on the stage. Archie Forsythe and Marigold were stranded, with nothing to say. Forsythe sent Marigold off to get the truant, while he himself walked over to the table and picked up a newspaper. The whole thing was done so smoothly that no one in the audience noticed anything amiss.

Nearly every actor desires to play a certain type of character. Mr. Irving's ambition is the juvenile lead, which he is now playing. He considers it the hardest of rôles. Sophie Stewart likes a fantastic and sympathetic part like Marie Rose in "Marigold". She considers any type that is quite different from your own to be the most difficult to portray.

Nearly everyone, at some time, has had stage ambitions. It is to them especially that I pass on the following advice. The requirements of an actor, Mr. Irving believes, are personality, money, and good looks. Miss Stewart said, "A natural instinct for acting is essential. Money and influence are great assets; without one of them, success is practically impossible." Antony Hankey, of the Ivor Novello Company, gave me the following warning: "To go on the stage, one must have plenty of money so that he will not have to carry on outside work. An actor must devote his entire time to the stage and not have outside interests. The stage is not a place to make money; it is a place for the lovers of the drama."

CYNTHIA

Shadow maid of even,
Floating 'cross the sky,
Bathing in your radiance
Half the world doth lie.
As you pass my window,
And come sailing by,
Pause in your pale orbit,
Wait and hear my cry.
Wed by the Immortal
To the regal sun,
Serving ever faithful,
Your dim life begun;
Serving ever faithful,
Till your life is run;
Faithful to your consort,
Till millenium.

When the day is dawning,
You are sinking low.
With fond kiss you wake him,
And in bondage go
Beneath the fleecy clouds,
To your greatest foe
Darkness, you surrender,
Uttering not of woe.
At sunset returning,
When his work is o'er,
Victor over darkness,
From damask dusk once more
You rise, and don his robe
Of aureole, and soar
To the stars, your handmaids,
Your light on earth to pour;
Keeping his dark vigil,
When his strength is gone;
Yet the earthly mortals,

Sing when comes the dawn,
Thanking not your gold light,
Gossamer, and wan,
For shining down upon them,
Nightly, ever on.

W. H. Cranston, VI

FROM THE BAY OF NAPLES

Pendant in cloudless sky the burnished sun
Draws brilliant patterns on a sparkling sea.
Small fishing craft still cruise on listless wing
And dream of quaint sun-blistered docks that hang
Miraged above a bay of deepest blue:
And houses bleached white that raise their warm red roofs
Against the soft grey green of olive groves:
And vineyards twined in sleep. Deep silence reigns,
Save where the murmuring sea creeps up to wash
The crystal pebbles of the long low beach.
A winding road climbs the high terraced slope
Where clustered flowers tinted gayest hues
Fall tumbling in cascades o'er mottled walls.
Here in the sun a small brown lizard basks,
His drowsed eyes half closed by drooping lids,
His sleek round body quickly palpitating.
Only a cicada from some flat-topped pine
Shrilly sounds his vibrant buzzing call
To which a donkey's quavering bray replies,
And all is still once more. Thus aged Capri,
Forever bathed in glorious mellow light,
Has heard the symphony of time drift in
And watched the years sift out in golden sands.

Alfredo Goggio, VI.

THE TWIG

THE VERDICT OF THE SUPREME COURT

L. Gage

It was in one of London's gayest night clubs. Off in one corner in a dimly lit alcove, sat an elderly lady, rather shabbily dressed, talking to a man. Although he was still young, he had a face furrowed with wrinkles, as if he were overburdened with care. He was in evening dress. If one could have approached near enough to listen to their conversation, he would have heard something like this: "But I tell you I must get money, mother; if I don't, I'm absolutely ruined. If the auditor ever sees the books they're sure to send me up the river—I'll not get off so lucky this time." The mother leaned over and in a whisper scarcely audible told the boy a plan which made even this lad, schooled as he was in the ways of the world, shudder. The woman was Lady Holingsford, of Plymouth Hall, with her son Richard. . . . .

* * * *

I was lying awake on a small bed, in the Police Headquarters at Plymouth Junction, a remote village some fifty miles outside of London. A terrible storm was raging without and the lightning at intervals lit up the little room in which I lay—trying to sleep. The rain beat against the window panes like thousands of small fists and the roaring wind dashed the shutters and howled through the trees. I looked at my watch, which registered one fifteen. Suddenly my senses were electrified by a vague ringing of the telephone in the next room. I jumped out of bed and hurried to the 'phone, and taking off the receiver, I heard a flow of almost incoherent language—of which the only words I could catch were "Murder" and "Plymouth Hall". That was enough, and with a call to Captain Harding, I hurriedly pulled on my clothes, meantime telling him of the 'phone call. Once dressed, we stepped outside and were almost blinded by the flashes of lightning, which slashed the black heavens, and by the rain which poured down almost obliterating everything. Splashing through the mud which oozed about our feet, we finally reached the small garage at the back of the station. The old Captain was greatly excited and kept muttering, as he started and climbed into his car, that he hoped that Lord Medford had not, in a fit of anger, killed his widowed sister, Lady Holingsford, who was living at the Hall with him.

As we drove along the muddy road, the Captain related to me how meanly the old Lord treated his sister and how he deprived her and her son, Richard, of any pleasures which he could amply have afforded them. Finally we arrived at the Hall, a huge building of dark stone overrun with vines. Practically all the lights in the house were lit, and from the outside they appeared like glowing eyes contrasting with the blackness of the night.

The rain and wind united tore with fury against the old house, as if they detested its owner. We wound our way up an old flagged path overgrown with dank weeds. Knocking upon the ponderous door, we were admitted by a pale and terrified servant, who led us through the vaulted arches of the Hall to a small room where a fire was glowing in the grate—and beside which sat an elderly lady whose name, when I was introduced to her, I found to be Lady Holingsford.

She said very little and appeared to be overcome with grief. Motioning the butler to lead us on, we crossed the threshold and entered a long hall, dimly lit from occasional glass candelabras hanging from the high inlaid ceiling. Along the walls stood old suits of armour which, lit up by stray beams, glimmered and glowed like spectres. From time to time we would pass long rooms, through the half-open doors of which we could catch a glimpse of magnificent pictures, faintly illuminated, beautiful marble busts, or of rooms filled with ancient weapons. Turning a corner we were met by a long winding marble stair-case and at the bottom of the stairs lay the sprawled figure of a man—dead. I bent down to examine the body. With a start I recognized it as that of Lord Medford, whom I had often seen striding through the village. The manner of the death was evident, as a large cut appeared on the back of his head.

The next hour was taken up with examining the servants and the occupants of the house, and finally at three o'clock we withdrew. By this time the storm had somewhat abated and a wan moon was shining down upon a black and drenched world, lighting up the puddles with a silver whiteness. . . . .

* * * *

It was in the Supreme Court of Old Bailey. All morning long, people had been crowding into the little room until the doorman finally had to lock all doors. This morning was to be given the verdict in the death of Lord Medford, a case which had created country-wide interest. Inside the court room the seats were packed. The judge, with his crisp,

gray wig, was looking over some documents, the rattling of his papers and a muffled whispering throughout the crowd was the only noise to break the silence. . . The door leading to the jury's room opened and a string of weary men filed in. A breathless hush settled upon the crowded room. The head of the jury rose and in a loud sonorous voice, said—"We declare the death of Lord Medford accidental."

Slowly the people filed out, leaving the room empty—except for two people—an elderly mother and her son.

"UND DER PAH"

The sky is coldly grey,
As through the tingling blast
I stumble on.
Over the green fairway
I see the flag at last.
My strength is gone!

I gain a hill-top now,
My progress is so slow!
I tremble there.
I hover on the brow
Uncertain where to go
Through the cold air.

Until at last I see
A frothing stream before.
My glazed eyes clear.
Between my goal and me
There is one hazard more
I know no fear.
With my last breath, it seems
I leap in soaring flight—
And I have won!
While he behind me screams,
With putter grasped so tight,
"A hole in One"!

P. G. R. Campbell, IVB

CONSTANTINOPLE

J. R. L. Crawford

Where the Sea of Marmora meets the Bosphorus stands a great city; a vast, magnificent city of domes and turrets and minarets all aglitter and afire in the rays of the sun. The city is Constantinople, the great metropolis of the Mohammedan world, on the borderline between Europe and Asia where east and west mingle, and where all the races of the world have their meeting place.

Constantinople is divided into three sections: Stamboul, the original city, where are the mosques and bazaars; Pera, the modern section where the hotels and principal shops are located; and Galata, the commercial and shipping centre, joined to Stamboul by a bridge across the beautiful inlet of the Bosphorus known as the Golden Horn.

First we visit the magnificent mosque of St. Sophia, numbered among the wonders of the world. The exterior appearance is rather disappointing but the interior is undoubtedly the most magnificent creation of Byzantine art. It was first built as a church by Constantine in 360 A.D. but was burned during the reign of Emperor Arcadius and thirty thousand revolutionaries were massacred within its walls. Before entering the mosque we must first remove our shoes, according to Moslem custom, and put on the sandals provided. The building contains over one hundred columns which have come from all parts of the ancient world, from the Sun Temple in Rome, the Temple of Diana in Ephesus, from Palestine, from Troy and Athens. The Christian mosaics on the walls have been covered with gilt burlaps on which are painted Arabic texts from the Koran and the names of Moslem saints. From the ceiling and the dome hang many ornate chandeliers which are composed of thousands of lamps. To the right of the altar are two marble slabs, the joint of which forms an effigy of the devil which, tradition says, was the intentional work of atheists employed in building the structure.

Only a few steps from St. Sophia are the Basilica Cisterns, a vast subterranean lake with the city overhead, supported on columns. The lake contains millions of tons of fresh water and has enabled Constantinople to withstand siege after siege. Even now the water is being used. Out of the dark, cold depths nearly four hundred columns rise, and give the reservoir the appearance of a vast underground forest.

From the Basilica Cisterns we proceed along the narrow, dirty streets of old Stamboul to the Imperial Museum. The most interesting feature of this museum is the wonderful collection of sarcophagi and statues in pure white marble, the work of the Greek sculptor who made them centuries ago. They were buried deep in the catacombs near ancient Sidon and so escaped all the ravages of time and war. Here we have Greek art in its original beauty, each statue pure white with its most delicate chiselings unchanged. This collection is truly unique, one of the wonders of the world.

From the museum we walk past St. Sophia once more and cross a great open square to the mosque of Ahmed or the Blue Mosque, as it is sometimes called. After entering the beautiful portico with its twenty columns, we go in one of the three doors opening into the mosque proper. It was built by Sultan Ahmed I, who wished to surpass in art the beauty of the neighbouring mosque of St. Sophia. It is chiefly famous for the superb tile work of its interior. The inside walls and ceilings are literally lined with gloriously tinted tiles of blue, arranged in a bewildering series of patterns which reflect the light from hundreds of small windows and give the great dome the depth and azure beauty of an Eastern sky, which contrasts weirdly with the rich red colouring of the Oriental rugs on the floor.

From the mosque we go out into the street once more. Such a contrast it is after the peace and quiet of the mosque. The whole scene is enveloped in the babble of incessant Eastern tongue, the cries of beggars and the shouts of peddlars, the crack of whips, and the clatter of carriages over the cobblestones, all combine in an endless din. Dirt and filth are everywhere and the heavy, pungent odours of the numerous lower-class cafes permeate the air. The progress of the world seems to have little effect on old Stamboul and except for the European dress of many of the people, we might imagine ourselves back in the Middle Ages.

We next pay a visit to the Grand Bazaar. It is an amazing place, a whole town of shops under blue-coloured concrete arches. There are streets of rugs, of brass, silk streets, amber streets, silver and gold streets, streets of Cather work, weaponry, and junk. We are literally besieged by dealers who, seeing that we are Inglezi, beg us to come in and buy. Their wares, though very beautiful, are really rather expensive, and we soon find that we have spent much more than we intended.

From the Bazaars we go to the Palace of the former Sultan. On our way to the gates we pass the famous Janissaries tree where 636 soldiers

were hanged by the order of Mahmoud II. After entering the main gateway, on our left is seen the court of the Divan, where ministers discussed the problem of the state whilst the Sultan listened by a small latticed window. To the right are the immense Imperial kitchens. Then comes another gate which leads to what was once the Imperial Palace with its harem. It was through this gate that Murad IV, in 1632, walked alone to face the rebels and cowed them to obedience. In the palace we see the Throne Room, built by Suleiman I, where ministers and foreign envoys were received. An ingenious fountain was kept running to drown the private conversation of the Sultan with envoys or ministers when such a course was desirable. Of special interest is the Treasury, where the throne of Shah Ismail of Persia is on display. It is constructed of solid gold, engraved exquisitely, and set with innumerable diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The entire western portion of the palace is taken up by the former harem of the Sultans. For four centuries this section of the palace was jealously guarded against the intrusion of outsiders by massive walls, doors of bronze, and thousands of soldiers and slaves.

Much of the oriental splendour and magnificence has disappeared from old Constantinople. The Sultan is a thing of the past, the government has moved to Angora. No longer do the men we meet wear baggy trousers, gay sashes around their embroidered jackets, and red fezzes. No longer are the women seen with veils covering their faces. Western customs have superseded the quaint and bizarre eastern ones. A republic has replaced the old monarchy, but still the visitor to the Gateway of the East will find much of beauty and much of interest and much to make worth-while his visit to the centre of the Moslem world.

MISAPPREHENSION

J. C. Taylor

"Frankly," said Morgan, "I like your looks. The old dog is getting to the place where he likes his share of comfort and yet the business keeps growing. Now, if I could get someone on whom I could depend, to share some of the responsibility, I'd jump at the chance. From what I've seen of you, I believe you would suit extremely well. If you are agreeable, I'll take you on, at a reasonable salary for a year or two, your work being to learn the lumber game from A to Z and back again. After that, if you make good, I'll give you a responsible position in the business. What do you say, Dick?"

He took the boy completely by surprise; in the three days he had been in the city, Morgan had given him no intimation of what his work would be. He groped for words to express the overwhelming joy and gratitude which surged within him.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir. Of course I accept. I—I can only say that I'll do my very best to justify your confidence in me."

"That's the spirit. And, Dick, you seem almost like one of us already, but for your father's sake, I want you to feel free to come here just as often as you care to."

Dick walked back to his lodgings in an ecstasy of happiness. His life in Beachford, his father's sudden illness and death, the offer of his father's friend to get him a job in the city, all seemed removed from the present by an impassable gulf, over which hung a mist of pulsing hopes and eager fancies, obscuring everything on its other side. Only the pure joy of life in the city, the racing consciousness of his great opportunity, and thoughts of Morgan and June had a place in his mind. June was Morgan's daughter and already she came very near being synonymous with Dick's notion of the perfect woman.

Out of it all, a resolve to do his best and to make good grew and wrought itself a place in his soul.

In the weeks that followed, life took on a new colour. His days were busy but he was happy and contented in his work and Morgan was more than satisfied with the progress he was making. His evenings were spent chiefly at his employer's home, and it was seldom when he came, that June was not there. A close friendship sprang up between the two.

In the girl, he found an unusual wealth of character. Attractive and vivacious, she could yet take a delight in the discussion of the most serious of topics. She had well developed opinions on every possible subject and Dick had many a friendly tussle of words with her, delighting in her naivete and ingenuity. Most of all, he was struck by her startlingly Puritanic conception of moral obligation. She was striking, different from anyone he had known, and for him, she had a charm all her own.

At the office, he became intimate with a man named Hunt, a few years older than himself. Dick thought him a bit over-sophisticated but was attracted to him by his friendliness and by his knowledge of city life.

"I'm throwing a little party to-morrow night," he told Dick one day. "Want to come?"

"Why, sure. Thanks very much. Are you asking anyone else from the office?"

"No," said Hunt with a wry face, "I like my parties lively."

"Perhaps you had better leave me out, then," laughed Dick, half in earnest.

"No, no. You're all right. Come right along."

Dick had not consciously missed the occasional party to which he had been accustomed, but he found himself looking forward with anticipation to being among a crowd of young people, pleasure bent. Rather shyly, he asked June to go with him.

"I'm sorry, Dick," she answered and her manner told him she meant what she said, "but I've already promised to go to a dance."

He spoke to Hunt about it in the morning.

"I don't know anyone else I could ask," he concluded, "I guess you'll have to count me out."

"That will be all right," came the careless answer, "I'll book up a girl for you."

The party was all that Hunt had claimed for it and far more than Dick had expected. Liquor flowed freely among a crowd which quite evidently appreciated the value of liquor in contributing to an evening's merriment. Dick was surprised and delighted to find how much surer of himself he was and how much wittier he could be, after a few cocktails. This was life, he told himself gaily, and set about enjoying the evening to the full. As the revelling went on, he became more and more boisterous and when the affair finally broke up it was only with Hunt's assistance that he got back to his room.

The next day, although he assured himself that such a party was nothing out of the ordinary in the city, he could not help feeling that June would have been disgusted, had she been there.

Very naturally, invitations to similar parties began to come and Dick, asking himself what harm there could possibly be in it, accepted them all. He met much the same hilarious crowd at each one and was gratified to find himself accepted as one of the set. In spite of the feeling that no good would come of it, he took to gambling a little with the others, in the hope of augmenting the sharply limited sum of money at his disposal. Meanwhile, although neither suspected the truth, Morgan and his daughter each noticed a subtle difference in him; the business man missed the quick, sure judgment that had drawn him to the boy, the girl those trivialities which would tell her that his thoughts were centering around her.

Then, one night, a little the worse for liquor, Dick came to the realization that he owed nearly fifty dollars to Hunt who was something of a card-shark. That jerked him to his senses. He made an excuse, and left the apartment where a poker game was in progress. In the bracing night air he decided to cut it all out and save until he was able to pay back the money. Miserably, he thought of June and of what her opinion of a drunken gambler like himself would be. For he knew she would consider his conduct inexcusable.

After about a week, finding that Dick could no longer be induced to keep company with him, Hunt began to be insistent.

"I must have that money, at once," he told Dick, "What's the idea? Are you trying to do me out of it?"

"I tell you I haven't got it," returned Dick angrily, "You know you'll get it if you wait."

"Listen, boy, I need that money. If you don't get it for me tomorrow, I'll send an anonymous letter to Morgan telling him what you owe me."

A cold terror clutched at Dick's heart. If June should find out. . . .! He felt that Morgan would not blame him severely for what he had done, but he knew that it would turn June away from him. And just then, June's love meant more to him than anything else in the world. He could not realize that the man would never dare to send such a letter.

"You can get it easily enough," said Hunt as he turned away. "You handle money almost every day."

Dick flushed crimson. Did that cur dare to think he would steal it?

He, Dick Paine, steal? It was horrible, unthinkable. Yet what could he do? Was not June's love at stake? Besides, would it really be stealing? He would return the money. All that day, the conflict raged back and forth within him and that night he did not sleep. In the morning, he came to Hunt with the money and left him without a word.

Feverishly he tightened up on his saving. It might be to-morrow, it might be a month from to-morrow but the day would come when he would have to square accounts with Morgan. There was no one from whom he could borrow such an amount and he dared not ask for an advance for he felt sure his face would betray him. He could only hoard the few dollars that trickled into his pocket each pay-day, and wait. For a week he waited and lived in the shadow of incessant, paralyzing fear; doubt settled on him and his face grew lined and dull. Then came pay-day and hope began to seep through the clouds of despair which enveloped him. One more pay-day, he calculated eagerly, and perhaps a few dollars borrowed from an acquaintance and he would be free of it all. Life became a thing of time-intervals, each one filled outwardly with duties, inwardly with the anguish of apprehension but each one bringing him surely nearer the time when his torment might cease. The day before pay-day arrived and the glimmer of hope had grown into a pulsing eagerness which constantly threatened to burst its gloomy bonds. He was leaving for the night when Morgan spoke to him. His heart began to pound madly and he struggled for composure.

"Make up your accounts, to-night, will you?" asked his employer. "I'd like to get the books straightened out to-morrow."

Dick forced a curiously pitched "All right, sir. Good-night" through his trembling lips and stumbled off.

So this was how it would end. How harmless his dissipations had seemed only a week or two ago, he mused, rather numbly. But was it the end? An obvious plan had flashed into his mind. At least it was a chance and he seized it eagerly. He sought out several of the youths whom, so short a time before, he had counted among his friends and organized a poker game. Hope ran high in his breast, but luck was against him. Little more than an hour later, he got up and left, stripped clean.

Obsessed as he was by the haunting fear of to-morrow, he could see but one avenue of escape. He had a key to the office door and he knew the combination of the safe in which lay to-morrow's pay-roll. Images of June, mystically beautiful, maddeningly desirable, floated before him

as he turned the question over in his mind. Again came the fatal query "What else could he do?"

Half an hour later, he was back at the game, fifteen crisp ten dollar bills in his pocket, his face unnaturally flushed, his hands a-tremble. Surely he could win a paltry fifty dollars. But, somehow, the conviction that he could not persisted and with uncanny regularity, he lost as he had lost before. Recklessly, he raised the stakes but he could not change his luck. Fate herself seemed to be stacking the cards that night. It was near eleven when the last of the greenbacks melted. Dick rose slowly, his face ghastly, and somehow found his way out.

One thought cudgelled his brain, hammered and pounded and beat at it until his reeling senses shrieked for mercy. In the morning—what? He pictured the scene—Morgan, his generous faith in the boy shattered, June—Oh God! What had he done? Vehement words of the girl sounded like a knell in his memory. "The most despicable thing I can imagine is the man who betrays a trust reposed in him. I'd sooner associate with a murderer." He groaned aloud.

"I can't face it. I CAN'T."

With that came the thought of the money he had seen a few hours before. More than a thousand dollars there would be. That money would enable him to get out of this hell and make a fresh start. The temptation was too great; he had been under a terrible strain for too long. The fierce desire to get free of the ever-tightening toils which gripped him swept aside all other considerations. Where he would go he did not know or care; he would get far from this place and the torment it had bred in him and begin again and forget.

With almost frantic haste, he turned his steps once more towards the office. Reaching it after a walk which left him panting, he fumbled hastily with the lock and swung open the door. In the uncertain light, he made his way across the room to the dully glistening handle of the safe. In spite of his haste, he paused beside the dim hulk and listened apprehensively, filled with a strange sense of foreboding. Partly reassured, he bent and twirled the dial rapidly, pulled open the door and drew the drawer which held the money towards him. Suddenly, a slight sound reached his straining senses and whirling and springing to his feet, he made out the figure of a woman at the door. In the same instant the light flashed on.

"Dick!. . . .oh DICK!"

It was June. Without a word, he glanced towards Morgan's desk.

On it lay June's purse which she had left at the office earlier in the day. Morgan had forgotten to take it home with him. He sank into a chair and pressed his head into his hands. With a cry, she was beside him.

"Oh what have you been doing, Dick?"

He did not answer. She caught his arm.

"You must tell me, Dick. Tell me everything. I know something terrible has been happening to you. Tell me—sweetheart."

Dick raised his head and wonderment mingled strangely with the despair etched on his face.

"You call me that—now?" he asked amazed.

And then he poured out the whole bitter story. From time to time, he glanced at her uncertainly, but although her eyes were wet, she gave no sign to encourage or dishearten him. As he told her, a little shamefaced, of the reception he had expected from her, she smiled ironically at the change that night had wrought in her.

"I understand that everything between us is over," he concluded, struggling to keep his voice steady, "I realize that you could never respect me after this. I won't take this money—you've shown me what a cad I was to think of it—but you must let me go and start afresh somewhere."

"No, no," said the girl taking his hand, "you mustn't say that. Listen to me, Dick. I know that in all this, you haven't been intentionally bad and I know that never again will a thing like this happen to you. I can make up from my account what you have taken. So, why must you go away? Are you so anxious to get away from me?"

For a moment, Dick gazed at her wonderingly and then upon an impulse, he grasped her hands and kissed them tenderly.

"I'll go home with you now, see Morgan, and tell him everything," he said simply.

And as the pain melted from his features, a new light took its place.

THE TWIG

THE INSURANCE AGENT

C. H. Acheson

Scene I

Bill Oxenham and his wife Sally are in their dining room. Bill is sitting in a rocking chair on the left of the stage. The room has two doors, one centre stage, one left stage. Left stage is a fire place and mantle with clock. Centre stage is a table with two chairs. Right stage is a window, picture, and oak chest. Bill is sitting in rocking chair, reading newspaper. Enter Sally, who puts down hat on table.

Sally—'Ullo Bill, wot are ya readin'?

Bill—The Daily Mail.

Sally—Lumme, I know that. Wot are ya readin' in the Daily Mail?

Bill—Oh, I was just lookin' at the big bank 'old up. (Sally screams.) 'Ere it is. Wait I'll read it to you:—

"At 'arf past four this afternoon a bandit broke into the Standard Bank and 'olding up the teller escaped with £4000. Police are alarmed as this occurrence marks the fifth time a robbery has been accomplished by this bandit."

Then it goes on to describe 'im. A tough fellow, I'd say.

Sally—Bill——Bill (tugging at his arm), I think we should insure our furniture. We might be robbed.

Bill—There ain't a deuce of a lot we could be robbed of, Sally.

Sally—Ho! I like that, I do. There's my grandfather clock up there—

Bill (ironically)—And a fine clock it is. . . .

Sally—And there's that picture up there I shouldn't like to lose—it cost me 'arf a crown at the auction. And the rocking chair.

Bill—It says in the paper——

Sally—And then there's the old oak chest over there that me Uncle Oscar give me. If I even shut it I don't know 'ow I'd open it for we've quite lost the key!

Bill (louder)—I see in the paper——

Sally—I can't bear to think 'ow all this might be stolen.

Bill (still louder)—I see that Joe Bank's 'ouse was near burned to

the ground and that if 'e 'adn't showed great presence of mind, 'e might now be without a 'ome.

SALLY—Bill——Bill (tugging at his arm), my mind's made up. I didn't tell you before but I saw a fire hinsurance agent this morning and 'e told me that it was dangerous not to 'ave a policy. 'E was one of them with the 'orned-rimmed spectacles wery much like the one wot knocked your 'at in at the soccer game in London. . . .(Laughs). That was funny that was.

BILL—If there's anything to laugh at——

SALLY—And 'e had such deep, black eyes.

BILL—So did the chap wot bashed my 'at in, an a blood nose and (warming up to the subject and speaking bombastically) and a couple of chewed up ears too.

SALLY—You're a brave man aintya Bill? (Bill looks a trifle abashed.) As I was saying, I met 'im and 'e said 'e'd come along and see you some time: but first 'e made a list uv all the furniture we 'ad, even the pots and pans.

BILL—Why did 'e do that?

SALLY—'Owever do I know?

BILL—I'd like to meet that young feller. 'E's got more cheek than I like to see.

SALLY—Well, my mind's made up. I'm going to 'is 'ouse now—and you're comin' with me—to draw out a fire insurance policy.

BILL—But its eight o'clock.

SALLY—Get your coat on Bill—wait, 'ere's your 'at. (Bill rises slowly, flings down the paper and moved toward the door at the left. Sally folds paper and doorbell rings. Bill answers it.)

BILL—Sign 'ere? All right. 'Ere's a sixpence for ya boy! It's a telegram, Sally. Let's see wot is says. (Bill opens it, grunts, throws it down on the table with disgust and flies into a rage.) It's from Uncle Oscar! 'Ere's wot it says:—

"Cheated in business (Stop) Will arrive to-morrow (Stop) Coming to live with you."

And above all that, over an' above all that I say, 'e sends it collect. I won't 'ave it Sally—it's gone too far—Wot with telegrams and uncles and fire hinsurance, I'm beginnin' to wonder whether I. . . .

SALLY—It's a shock to me too, Bill. Well, come on. (Bill throws his hat on the floor. Then picks it up and stamps out, slamming the door.) By the way I'll 'ave ta get a key from Mister Solney for that

chest, uncle Oscar's that fussy, I'm sure I don't know wot 'ed say if 'e knew I'd lorst it.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

One Half An Hour Later: Same Locale.

Enter a simple old man—Well I arrived to-night instead of to-morrow. I wonder if Bill and Sally are around. Bill! Sally! (pause). They can't be in. (Sits down.) It fair 'urts my pride to come and live with them but when your partner leaves with all your money it's all an old man like me can do. . . . (chuckles to himself. A tread on the stair.) That's them now. I'll hide in the chest and surprise 'em. (Chuckling to himself, he climbs into the chest and shuts the lid which immediately locks.)

Meanwhile the door opens silently and a burglar enters, walks over to the clock and breathes heavily. Then toys with clock.

BURGLAR—'Alf past eight—hah. (Walks over to chest and sits down heavily, takes out a sack and looks around.) Let's see wot's 'ere. A clock wot aint right, a picture wich aint no good, a chest wich is too 'eavy to carry away. I'll 'ave a look in the kitchen. (Exit left.)

Another tread on the stairs. Enter Bill and Sally.

SALLY—Well, we didn't get that policy for 'e wasn't in. Oh dear!

BILL—Well, that's one piece of luck. Wot with that old fossil comin' 'ere to-morrow, I don't know wot to make of everything.

SALLY—You aren't any more worried than me Bill Oxenham. I don't like 'im any more than you. But I can't 'elp worryin' about that fire insurance. Ho-hum but I'm tired.

BILL—Blow the hinsurance. (Sits down on oak chest. That uncle of ours is a pest an' no mistake. Did you get that skeleton key?

SALLY—Yes, smarty, I did.

(Enter Burglar. Starts back.)

BURGLAR (aside)—I'll 'ave to use me bean now. Watch me. Fire! Fire! FIRE!

SALLY—Oh, Bill! (Bursts into tears.)

BILL (seizing burglar who has rushed for door)—'Ere not so fast young man, not so fast!

BURGLAR (faintly)—The house is on fire.

SALLY (sobbing, sits down on the chest)—Bill, quick! Carry out the clock!

UNCLE OSCAR—Carry out the trunk, carry out the chest! Leave everything else but carry out the chest.

BURGLAR (wild-eyed)—Lumme, guvernor, wot is it?

SALLY (jumping to her feet)—Quick Bill. See who's in there.

BILL—You 'ave the key.

BURGLAR (groaning)—Don't open it, governor. Blimme, I'm afraid.

SALLY (dangling the key at her finger tips is undecided what to do.)

UNCLE OSCAR—Carry out the trunk! Carry out the trunk!

BILL—'Ere you. (Flings burglar in corner and picture comes down and smashes into fragments.) 'Ere, Sally, gimme the key. (Opens trunk.) Wot in the. . . .

SALLY—Why 'ullo, Uncle Oscar.

UNCLE OSCAR—Where's the fire? Where's the fire? (Begins to run from room.)

BILL—Wait! (turning to burglar who is rising slowly from the corner) —Hey you, were's this fire?

SALLY (tearfully)—We aint got no insurance, neither.

BILL (to burglar)—Come into the light, you!

SALLY—Why it's the insurance salesman!

BILL—Why it's the guy wot bashed my 'at in at the soccer game.

UNCLE OSCAR—Why it's me partner Jim Smith 'oo ran away wit. . . .

Door opens and Police Sergeant enters.

SERGEANT KELLY—'Ullo, Bill. I just 'appened to be passing by and I thought——(starts) W'y 'oo 'ave we 'ere? Slim Jim, hisself. This is the feller, Bill, wot 'eld up the bank this afternoon. There's a nice reward for 'is capture, Sally. £1000, I think! Well, Bill, you're in luck at last. 'Ere you, come with me!

UNCLE OSCAR, SALLY, BILL (exclaim together)—Well, I'll be blowed!

CURTAIN.

THE TWIG

A HISTORY OF FLIGHT

John B. Withrow

FOURTH TALK. TUESDAY, NOV. 11, 1930. CFCA. 7.30 p.m.

Hello, everybody!

Last week I promised to tell you the story of flight, and here it is.

In these days, when new marvels of science follow on one another's heels, the miracle of man's flight has become commonplace. To-day, everybody does not leave his work and rush outside to stare up at a passing airplane, but rather complains about the noise of the motors. Nevertheless, behind this now commonplace miracle, there is a story of dreaming and experimentation, of study and toil, and unselfish acceptance of danger by the pioneers of aviation.

From the beginning of time there have been dreamers, men, who, after watching the birds have dreamt of the marvel and thrill of flight—indeed, who has not, when watching the smooth, effortless glides and turns of a seagull, as it wheels around a lake steamer? It was these dreamers who first started to make this dream a reality.

No matter how far you go back in the recorded history of this world, you will find evidences of man's dream of flight. In the ruins of ancient Cretan and Egyptian civilizations archeologists find images of their gods . . . .and finds them winged. When I speak of winged gods, I am not thinking of Cupid. You know, Cupid is rather old-fashioned. He should use a modern pursuit plane and machine gun, rather than trust to his own wings and bow and arrow. But, he seems to get there, just the same. But that is just my own private opinion, so don't repeat it. Well, let's be serious again, and proceed with our story of flight.

Go back into the history of the Orient for a few thousand years, and you will find that the Chinese were flying great winged kites that would almost lift a man from the ground. In myths and romances you find the story of the flying carpet of Bagdad, and even our own North American Indians believed in spirits that soared like eagles. Then comes the myth of Daedalus and Icarus. Many of my listeners might remember this story from the second reader in their public school days. That is where I remember it. Daedalus and his son, Icarus, were kept

captive at the court of the king of Crete, but always longed to return to their native land, Greece.

In order to return there, Daedalus fashioned great wings of bird's feathers and wax for himself and his son. They fastened the wings on their arms and set out for Greece. They proceeded very well, until Icarus dared too greatly, and flew higher until the sun melted the wax of his wings and he plunged into the sea—a failure. This myth however, continued and inspired future generations to look forward to the conquest of the air.

In the 17th century, a Jesuit priest, Lana, by name, drew a set of plans of a flying machine, but before trying it out, he gave up the idea, because he was a peace-loving man, and thought that it might be used for war. His idea was that he would have a boat suspended by four large, hollow copper balls, from which the air had been exhausted. He equipped this boat with sails and a large pair of oars, in order to propel himself.

Leonardo da Vinci, the famous painter, was the next to tackle this problem, and discovered the principle of the parachute. Roger Bacon, the English friar, who is said to have discovered gunpowder, then boldly prophesied that someday man's dream of flight would become a reality. He had a lot to say on the subject, but did not do anything of a practical nature.

A man who believed in doing, rather than saying, now appeared on the scene. Besnier, a French locksmith, designed a pair of paddle-like wings. In 1742, the Marquis de Barcqueville put these wings to the test. He launched himself from a house-top in Paris, as thousands watched, he failed dismally and injured himself.

In the 18th century, two brothers, the sons of a famous French paper-maker, watched pieces of charred paper being carried up the chimney and saw in this commonplace phenomenon the realization of the dream of flight. They made a bag of paper, and attached to it a basket filled with straw. They set fire to the straw, the bag filled with smoke, and the first Montgolfier balloon rose from the ground. Man's conquest of the air had begun. When the balloon descended, however, superstitious villagers attacked the monster with pitchforks and stones. Thus, ended the first balloon. Balloons were quickly improved, fabric was used instead of paper, and hydrogen gas instead of smoke and heated air.

A special ascent was made before the King of France at Versailles. The passengers on this flight were a sheep, a rooster, and a duck. Soon

after this, a balloon carried a man as passenger, and other successful ascents followed. The dream of the ages became a fact.

Man's conquest of the air, however, was incomplete. True, he can fly in the air, but he could not control his flight, and had to go at the beck and call of the winds. Larger balloons were made, and even greater ones planned on paper. Many were designed with vanes to direct their flight, and one was built by the Roberts' brothers, which was equipped with huge oars to propel it. It actually achieved fair success in calm air. A man more daring than the others, John Wise, designed a balloon in which he intended to cross the Atlantic Ocean. But when it was filled with gas, it ripped, and the inventor did not have enough money to continue. Thus ended the first attempt to fly across the Atlantic.

Even if men had partially conquered the air with balloons, some men still believed that only by wings would the air be completely conquered. Why men had failed in earlier attempts was because they copied nature too closely, but this new group of experimenters decided on using rigid wings. They built gliders and made many short flights from cliffs and hills.

In Germany, Otto Lilienthal made many gliders and through his 2,000 successful flights made careful observations, and when he was killed by a sudden gust of wind which upset his glider, he left a great wealth of aeronautical information for the many experimenters who were to follow in his footsteps. In America, Octave Chanute, aided aviation by his observations made through almost 1,000 flights. By these gliders man was only able to make short flights from the earth, so the next chapter in aeronautical development, was the applying of power to these man-made wings.

The first man who was successful in doing so, was Sir George Cayley, an Englishman. In 1808 he is said to have built a flying machine with some sort of internal combustion engine that used charges of gunpowder as the propelling power. He also gave us the beginnings of our knowledge of curved wings and is chiefly remembered for that work.

Next, came W. S. Henson who made a model, propelled by a steel spring, which actually flew, and then J. Stringfellow took up the work and built a model equipped with a steam engine, which he flew in a large room of a disused factory. It was not very successful outdoors, because of the many disturbing air currents. To Stringfellow, must be given the credit of being the first man in the world to operate an engine-driven

aeroplane. Mr. F. H. Wenham, then followed and his gift to future experimenters is mainly theoretical knowledge.

The scene of operations now changed to America. In 1900, Samuel P. Langley made a steam-driven airplane which he called an "aerodrome". These models were very successful, one flying as far as half a mile. Langley built a large airplane to carry a man but when they launched it, part of the machine caught in the launching apparatus and the airplane was wrecked. Lack of funds prevented him from carrying on his experiments.

Two bicycle mechanics of Dayton, Ohio, now enter our story and to them the world owes the final conquest of the air. When the Wright brothers started building gliders, they found that many of the tables of lift and wing curvature were wrong and they had to start from the beginning and formulate new tables. Then they experimented with gliders and developed a better system of controls. When they considered that they had learned all they could from gliders, they turned their thoughts to the building of a powered airplane. After many heart-breaking attempts they completed the machine and on December 17, 1903, man flew for the first time in a powered airplane. From then on, the problem of flying became one of development only.

Five years after this flight, Farman was the first man to turn an airplane around in the air. In 1909, Bleriot startled the world with his amazing feat of crossing the English Channel by airplane. He took only 31 minutes to make the trip.

Then came those dark years of dread and horror, 1914-1918. Ministries of war saw the many advantages of airplanes and began to build them in great numbers. Forced on by these urgent needs of war the airplane was very quickly developed.

Weakness was ruthlessly punished, and victory always went to the side with the stronger plane. Thus, development in aviation proceeded very rapidly in those terrible days, and when at last the armistice was signed, the airplane had become a dependable and well understood means of transportation, but the civilized world was not ready for it, and it took considerable time to place it in its proper position in the commercial world.

Marvel after marvel then followed. Airplanes conquered oceans and continents and have to-day become one of our safest and swiftest means of transportation. The next time you see an airplane flying above you, just remember that it, like Rome, was not built in a day, but behind it

is a story of privation and toil on the part of those early pioneers of aviation, many of whom are not even known to-day, but to whom the world owes a great debt.

In modern aviation there are many opportunities for improvement, and that is where the model-builders of to-day will come into their own. Airplane experts say "Planes of the future will be built by the model makers of to-day."

So, as model builders, you are preparing to carry on the work of those splendid men who have gone before, and I am sure that when you grow up, Canada will lead the world in aeronautical development. So, when building your models, that is the goal towards which you are working.

Well, they say "time stops for no man", and I gave up trying to stop it many years ago, so now our time is up, but before we go off the air, I wish to say that I will be back with you next Tuesday night at the same time with something else to tell you, and until then, goodnight everybody.

MOURNING DOVE

The Mourning Dove within this glade
Is sighing as the last lights fade;
A mystic note, full clear and low,—
A breathless tale of hopeless woe,
And measured, quite as if it weighed

Each sobbing syllable it said.
All else is hushed, the wind is stayed
To ask, "Is that which grieveth so,
The Mourning Dove?"

A share of wordly grief is laid
Upon us when the play is played;
We enter at our cue, and go,
But one bird rues all men below:
For them alone his dole is made,—
The Mourning Dove.

BLAKE WOOD, VI

THE DECISION

D. F. Dadson

Milord Bassanio was making merry in the house of his father. The wrinkled facade of the ancient palace, all ruddied by the golden gleam from within, grinned across the flecked canal like a mellow pumpkin on All Hallow's Eve. About the landing stage, a knot of gesticulating gondolieri awaited the pleasure of their masters who had gathered within to consume Bassanio's borrowed substance and to wish him well in his hazard for the fair Portia. It was rumoured that since the wind had come about the banquet would not live till dawn but that even this night Bassanio would take ship for far Belmont. Indeed this was shown to be truth when in a swelling burst of cello and fife the portals swung open and a gay crowd thronged the entrance, taking leave of their munificent host with wishes for his success, and many a shouted "Adio!" Of a sudden their chatter was quenched by the appearance of a sombre figure, of stately carriage and scornful solitude, which moved heedlessly through their company and became a part of the night.

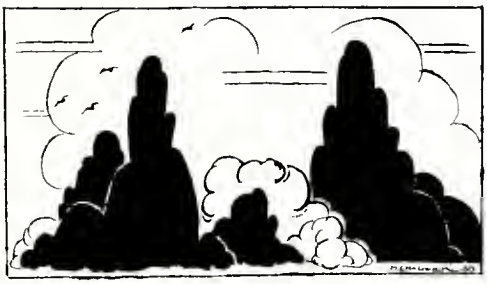
"Shylock, the Jew," whispered a gondolier.

* * * * *

Though the moon was young yet, Shylock found its timid rays sufficient to guide his homeward footsteps and the unlit lamp jingled at his girdle. Despite the balmy air, the heavy gaberdine, with which by published decree all Jews were bound to cloak themselves, irked him not, so thickly was he shrouded in his musings.

Would his plan ripen and bear fruit in a bare three months? Almost he knew that it would, for the Jews are superstitious men, and what would be, had impressed itself upon his sympathetic nature. Gloatingly, like a vampire considering its victim, Shylock thirstly fondled thoughts of a deadly revenge. Would he make incision in Antonio's breast and with his own hands carve out his throbbing heart and lave his hands in the warmly springing blood? Would that stream wash away the stains Antonio had shamed him with? Or would he let the Gentile live out his life eternally conscious that he owed his being to the whimsical forebearance of a Jew, a dog he had spurned with his foot, a usurer he had spat upon? Would that feed fat his ancient grudge?

But his footsteps were now treading the watchful stones of his native Jewry. Shylock passed the dwellings of Chus and Tubal his countrymen, fast bound against the Christian masquers, and anticipated the security of his own sober house. Drawing nearer, the sight of its unshuttered casements beckoning to the pillaging marauders, struck him between the eyes. He shied like a startled colt, then sped forward in an ungainly run. He cursed his unfilial daughter: she should feel his hand for this. Too breathless to shout for Jessica he pounded on the door. He listened to the noise resound through the house and resolve into a deathly silence, alive with portent. Twitching with anger, he fitted his own key to the lock and entered. Like a moth to the candle, he flew to the counting chamber and staggered in a whirl of nausea when he plunged his hands into bare drawers, ravished of his golden mistresses. Where was Jessica? Had she dared to make tags of her father's holy ducats? Jessica! his shout was but a tortured whisper. Like a black storm cloud, Shylock rushed up to her room. Jessica was gone! Her bed was unwrinkled and across it lay in disorder the dull garb she had been wont to wear. The realization that his daughter had fled his house weighted with his wealth, stabbed him with dagger-keenness. What monster was this Leah had borne him? Too taut for outcry, he paced out on the balcony alone with the winking stars. His own issue to prove treacherous! Flown with a Christian perhaps, and fledged with his ducats! His ducats and his daughter! At length words escaped his straightened lips: "Antonio shall pay for this! I vow I'll have my flesh. Let him look to his bond!"



THE TWIGS

MAY SHE RETURN?

A faery path I happ't upon
  That led me drowsily afield—
A trace that stretched into the dawn,
  As if by wind-borne feet unreeled.

All through a huddled copse it wove
  Like mazed Theseus sans his thread;
Pale, webby branches up above
  As mute, as silent as the dead.

At length it stumbled on a glade,
  And stopped as if in wish to rest;
No faery queen could e'er have laid
  Her court in near so jewelled a nest.

All green, all swelling, dipping mould,
  A rippling brook laved at its edge;
Yon by its brink so carefree, lolled
  A niched rock, a lovers' pledge.

The scene lit up before my eye,
  The earnest, yearning love of youth;
A glorious moment, then a sigh,
  Fast-crowding duties veiled the truth.

But why did she forsake the glen,
  Or why his steps the grove ne'er pace;
May they sometime turn back again
  Black clouds with faintest rose to trace?

JACK REID, VI

A STABLE GLORIFIED

The Virgin in her beauty seemed
  A spirit blest with light;
The patient ass, how dumb he was,
  The kindly man, how trite
To all that was within her heart,
  Upon that holy night.

The Infant in His mildness was
  The King of Glory then—
What, though rude shepherds worshipped Him,
  In a stable pen—
His holiness was more sublime,
  Among the simple men.

The Maid of Nazareth, and our Lord,
  In David's city slept;
Without, for the poor Babe's helplessness,
  The frosty evening wept,
While angels in the starry sky,
  Their heavenly vigil kept.

No blare of trumpets marked his birth,
  Nor was there royal feast;
The Son of God lay in a stall:
  The greatest as the least—
Yet, from His diadem, a star
  Led satraps from the east.

So, as our fathers failed to pay
  The homage that was due,—
Kneel by the chancel or the hearth,
  Though prayers you say but few;
Then, joyfully chime out sweet bells!
  Ecstatic voice endue!

Ring upon the clear, cold silence!
  Sing amid the snow!
Sing of Mary, Virgin-mother,
  Crooning soft and low,
To the Baby in the manger,
  Long, and long ago.

BLAKE WOOD, VI

THE TWIG

THE ROMANCE OF RADIUM

DANIEL L. TURNER

Over a thousand years ago, Zosimus of Panopolis wrote a treatise on the art of transforming the baser metals into the noble ones. He was one of the many in ancient and mediaeval times who dreamed of such a transmutation, and who began a psuedo-science known as alchemy. Of this old chemistry, the poet Chaucer, wrote many centuries later, in his Chanouns Yemannes Tale. He speaks of:

"the care and wo
That we hadden in oure matires sublyming,
And in almagamyng and calcenyng,
Of quyk-silver, y-clept mercurie crude."

This fantasy was driven from the minds of men long before the opening of the twentieth century, but now it has returned again, resurrected by the new marvel—radioactivity.

The first tremendous leap for Science in this direction was achieved on the day in 1895 when Röentgen discovered the powers of rays produced in his vacuum tube by an electric current. These rays he named "X-rays". He endeavoured to find a chemical substance which would render the rays visible by its fluorescence in their presence. The phenomenon of fluorescence was of great interest to the scientists of the time. Henri Becquerel was led, in the next year, to examine a chemical substance which had been discovered a hundred years before—uranium. He found that it spontaneously affected a photographic plate in total darkness. It also could remove the electrical charge from an electroscope or electrometer, when brought near to it. Later, Madame Curie and her husband, working in poverty at Paris, discovered that after all the uranium was extracted from over a ton of pitchblende, radioactive properties, discovered by Becquerel and others, were not completely removed. After months of careful analysis two new elements were discovered, radium and polonium. It was only after many years that Madame Curie was able to prepare metallic radium, and carefully determine its properties and chemical relations. She prepared it in 1912 by electrolysis.

When we discuss a chemical substance, the most readily perceived features are often the most interesting to the layman. So much has

been said about radioactivity that it is desirable to lay more stress on the external features of the metal that Madame Curie found on the electrode of her electrolysis apparatus. Radium is the element of highest atomic weight in the alkaline earth series, which includes calcium, barium, and strontium. It is a silvery metal, not unlike calcium, which tarnishes very quickly in the air. Like calcium too it can displace hydrogen from water. Other features which occur to one's mind immediately are the occurrence of the metal, its abundance or scarcity, and finally its industrial position. It occurs in all uranium ores including notably pitchblende, antunite, carnotite, and betafite. Pitchblende gives the highest yield, and for this reason the mines in the Belgian Congo which possess pitchblende in relatively large quantities are the most important in the world. The first sources of pitchblende were in Bohemia but these have since relinquished first place to the Belgian mines. Antunite is found in Portugal and the United States. Carnotite occurs in Colorado, in parts of Canada, and in Australia. The carnotite in Ontario is not sufficient for immediate use. The carnotite which we possess does not give a very high uranium oxide yield, and in mineral giving about 16% of the uranium compound, the radium yield is not much higher than .000000234 grams of radium for every gram of uranium.

Radium, it may be seen from these statistics, is not abundant. Its scarcity is the immediate cause of its high price, which ranges from $50 to $150 per milligramme element. Purchases are made at reputable laboratories, with certificates issued in terms of a 22 gramme radium chloride standard, prepared by Madame Curie, and kept at Sèvres, near Paris. Similar standards are used at the Bureau of Standards in Washington, and at the National Physical Laboratory in London. The difficulty of distinguishing radium from closely related substances, such as Mesothorium I, requires a very careful scientific supervision of distribution.

The industrial preparation of the element has three steps. The mineral source is dissolved in a suitable reagent, a barium-radium salt is extracted and purified, and finally the barium is separated by fractional crystallization. In the final processes the chemist must be protected from the dangers of the radiation, and the manipulation of the element is necessarily accompanied with care. The balance is not used for packing smaller quantities but the radium is measured by an ionization method.

This elaborate and difficult procedure at once raises the question:

What are the properties and uses of the metal that render its preparation so necessary? The most interesting feature of radium is its radioactivity and it is this radioactivity that renders it unique among the elements. The radioactive elements are five in number: uranium, thorium, polonium, radium and actinium. All radioactive elements are constantly disintegrating. Radium continually emits three kinds of radiation which it projects into the surrounding region. The first of these radiations is known as alpha rays. They are positive helium atoms emitted with a velocity approaching 10,000 miles per second. They are not capable of penetrating even a sheet of aluminium .1 millimetres in thickness. They are deflected by a magnetic field but not strongly. Beta rays, on the other hand, are formed of negative electrons and are deflected strongly in the opposite direction to the alpha rays by a magnetic field. They are able to penetrate much greater thicknesses, up to .1 centimetres. Their velocity is much greater, being almost as fast as light. Gamma rays are very similar to "X-rays" and, like the latter, are believed to be caused by the impact of electrons on the matter round about. They are like light but with a much shorter wave length. Like X-rays, they have high penetrability. Not all radioactive elements emit these three kinds of radiation, but they all emit one or more in varying degrees.

As a result of these emissions radium becomes transformed into a radioactive gas-like emanation which affects the substances around about. When this has emitted alpha rays it becomes transformed into Radium A. Radium A changes to Radium B, and so on. All of these intermediate stages of disintegration emit either alpha, beta, or gamma rays separately or together. Finally, after many stages of change, radium becomes ordinary lead, so far as scientists can ascertain. Thus radium is constantly being destroyed, but it is also constantly being constructed by the destruction of uranium. The life of the atoms of radium is about 2700 years. Thus, here is a constant cataclysm in the centre of the atom which results in the transformation of elements! The energy involved in such changes is unimaginably great. It has been estimated that the heat liberated by the emanations of radium is far more than a million times greater than that produced in the course of any other great chemical change. Again it has been frequently said that the energy contained in a small quantity of radium would carry an ocean liner across the ocean and back many times if the energy could be utilized.

The principal use for radium existing at present, outside of the

tremendous light it is constantly shedding on chemistry and the atom, is purely medical. The radiation of radium is capable of destroying certain body cells. Therefore if it is judiciously used, it is of value in the treatment of malignant growths. It is one of the three effective treatments for cancer. It is also used commercially for the production of phosphorescent surfaces.

The greatest value that radium has, is essentially that of allowing us to understand the atom and the changes that progress within the atom. A new alchemy has come into being. But its aims are wider and its possibilities more evident than the fantastic theory of Zosimus.

THE TWIG

THE GREAT LOATHER

I have been so great a hater, filled my days
With dreadful thoughts that would a seraph craze.
The sickness, poverty, distress and pain
Of misanthropic men who strive to gain
A solace in the telling of their ills
From stocks to bad appendicitis pills
Which I, e're passing in the void, desire,
Along with other causes of that ire
Which does away with kings, divorces, wives
Makes preachers swear, and gives strong men the hives
Should be revealed. These are the things I loathe:
All hennaed aged flabby frights who clothe
Their faces in dead white and carmined masks;
The strain assumed in writing Latin tasks;
And, homework itself, consuming many hours
Deserving better fates than dreadful glowers
At their bad representative, the watch,
Which can itself both bungle up and botch
The livelong day; a sneeze which ends its flight
Upon my face; a cold and then the plight
Of catching up in homework; the delays
Of which, bring on of Christmas holidays
Unseemly thoughts 'which should indeed have died
With them they think on'; then French-fried
Potatoe chips, which in their greasy slime,
Seduce the youth of Britain, the declime—
(Spellt with an "m" because of lack of rhyme)
Of all our organs; and the ads for yeast,
With inside information of the feast,
Devoured but unforgotten; and the lines,
Which biddeth us to fill up high our steins—
If such we have—to dear old Maine; (hell pipe
Hot fire upon the hand that wrote such tripe!)
And many things besides. Nothing remains
Save that I'd like to blow out all the brains
Of him who conjured up this kind of verse.
Go on and try. You'd do a darn sight worse!

T. R. Godfrey, v

THE TWIG

THE RESURRECTION OF MOSES HENRY

E. A. Dobson

It happened as fast as the eye could follow, faster than the mind could conceive, and left the watcher, gasping! The black shape of a man appeared in bold relief against the dirty yellow, looming larger as he backed desperately towards the window harassed by countless smaller forms like wolves in a pack! Up they swooped upon their prey in a concerted rush; there was a grotesque pantomime of flailing arms. The glass in the window tinkled musically as the black heaving mass brushed it. Then with dazzling suddenness, the yellow blind cleared. Seated in his comfortable little car on the opposite side of the street, Wayne stood, his hand arrested upon the horn which he had been tooting so impatiently. Tense and breathless, he gaped up the grimy walls of the old office building to that baffling and sinister square of yellow. Why. . . .a sudden light flashed upon his mind, leaving him sick and trembling. Snatching up a small black case, he cleared the side of his roadster in a single bound to run like one possessed, cursing his stupidity.

"Good heavens!" he panted, "Ella's office, and that swine, Lazarus!"

Not pausing to wonder why the side entrance gaped invitingly open, he dashed feverishly inside, up the old worn stairs to the second landing, and clattered along the diry hall to a door bearing the faded inscription:

Jules Lazarus
Importer

Heaving against the door, he stumbled noisily into the room; then checked himself in astonishment. Certainly this was not a scene of recent violence, however untidy and dingy. In one corner stood many crates of oranges, and lolling back in his swivel chair was Jules Lazarus himself, a somewhat greasy and semitic gentleman, placidly peeling one of his oranges. He looked his surprise more eloquently than he could have expressed it in mere words.

"What happened? Where's Ella?" cried Wayne.

The man stared amazedly, and involuntarily twitched one expressive shoulder in the general direction of the door behind him. Wayne hurried to the door indicated, and leaving it open, paused abruptly on the threshold. The room was in darkness. There was a slight movement behind him; he turned—too late! He was sent sprawling forward on his face in the darkness.

"Poor sucker. . ." chuckled Lazarus, twisting the key triumphantly in the lock. "All right, boys, I got him."

Wayne sprang up to plunge against the door, but halted abruptly. His hands were wet with some oily liquid, a pool of which he could feel where he had knelt. Impatiently he struck a match. For an instant he gazed stupidly, a nameless horror creeping over him; slowly his cheeks faded to a ghastly hue. His hands dripped with red, congealing blood, and, shining in the faint light, a dead white face looked eerily up at him, stamped with a look of peace, despite the long crimson gash on the forehead from which the blood was slowly oozing.

* * * * *

Minutes had swiftly passed, yet the men, if we may call them such, in the outer office still sat undecided, for dissension tore their ranks. The air was dank with the smell of ripe oranges. The peelings were strewn over the desk, and upon the floor. Each of the four evinced more than a passing fondness for the fruit.

"We can't leave," repeated Lazarus, uneasily, "not with about a ton of the stuff here."

"Hell, no!!" roared "Big Bull" Goldberg, alias the "Hammer Man", tearing his orange avidly with yellow broken teeth. "Youse guys is a bunch o' yeller suckers, bump one stiff off, an' scared to bump off two more—goin' a let 'em ruin de racket? Cusse yuh, Lazarus, why didja hafta hire dat dame for?"

"Well, we hadda put on a front, didn't we?" snapped their leader.

"Who's de sucker?" inquired "Spider" McGinnis, curiously.

"Oh, him!" Lazarus shrugged his shoulders. "I dunno. Just a yap who calls for her every night."

"Mebbe we shouldn't 'a oughter bumped Mose off so sudden-like," quavered little Joe Palomi, his pale eyes streaming in maudlin grief, as he attacked his orange with undiminished voracity. "We only suspicioned 'em when Bull 'ere a saw 'im a talking wit' de copper. He might 'a bin O.K. S'a decent bo, too, he loaned me a sawbuck oncet. N' him alaying thar, cold meat — Gawd!!"

"Dat's lotta hooey," sneered "Big Bull", yet his voice sounded strangely unconvincing.

"Remember 'ow he uster come in so friendly-like," whimpered little Joe, "allus ready t'help a guy, allus a-smiling. Mebbe we made a mistake; mebbe he's awatchin' us now; mebbe. . . ."

"Mebbe. . . .hell!!" almost screamed "Big Bull", "he's cold now,

so whadda we care? I'm a gonna bump off t'other two pronto, slit der t'roats!" Then, "wot de. . . .?" His voice quivered, and died away into nothingness. The others stood like frightened rabbits.

Suddenly and mysteriously, the room had been plunged into darkness, the lamp glowing fitfully, then dying away! A deathly chill swept over the room, and pervaded the remotest corner; each felt it creep into his paralyzed limbs and fasten to his heart. They longed to flee, to hide, to dash to safety, yet they could not. Some voiceless presence was felt: none dared to speak. In the ghostly light from the window, their faces appeared wan and spectral. Hardly daring to breathe, they stood rivetted to the spot.

"Wot's dat?" gibbered little Joe.

Slowly and surely, as though moved by some invisible and intangible power, the door which they had locked so securely was noiselessly opening. The sinister light gleaming from its heavy panels moved weirdly across the door as it was propelled gently open. Something seemed suspended in the darkness of the room beyond, something, a vague and indistinguishable white, gradually revolving into definite lines as it drifted towards them. The set face of Moses Henry peered out of the black! The bloodless lips curved in the old familiar smile, that belied the cold deadly stare of the glazed eyes, and a white hand tapped his forehead in the old familiar salute. An expression of wonderment crossed the waxy features as his fingers encountered the long gaping wound on his brow. The expression changed to puzzlement, then to swift comprehension, then to overmastering passion all too well known to his murderers. The glazed eyes glowed with sullen fires, the white teeth shone through haggard lips, the hands clenched! The apparition seemed to bear down upon them. The spell was broken! Pandemonium broke out!

With a hysterical shriek wailing up to the borders of madness, little Joe scuttled for the outer door! Squealing like rats, the others followed in a mad rush, stumbling, jostling in the transcending horror of the moment, clammy with guilty sweat. Away, down the corridors, they scurried, a nameless terror keeping pace at their heels, to the landings, down the stairs, into the capable arms of the waiting police! Nerves shattered and broken, whimpering piteously, four of the states' worst killers eagerly sought the shelter of the cold patrol wagon.

Their prisoners secured, Sergeant Hayden and a score of his men, swarmed up the stairs and dashed upon the scene bursting with curiosity.

It was therefore with pardonable astonishment that he saw a very dishevelled young man, minus coat and vest, clad in the tattered remnants of a shirt and trousers smeared with dried blood, frantically battering a door on the far side of the room. Wayne turned at their entrance.

"Hey, don't stand there like apes," he cried, impatiently, "break down this door!"

"Say, bo! Who. . . ." barked the sergeant, taken aback.

"Break down that door!"

With no further ado, the sadly perplexed officer snapped an order to his men. A group of blue coats heaved mightily; the door splintered, crashed. Wayne rushed in. The police followed.

"Wayne! sobbed a voice within.

"Well! Strike me pink!" ejaculated Sergeant Hayden, "I'll be. . . . skidaddled! A skirt!"

"A pippen! Sarge!" sighed a voice at his ear.

"Pippen or no pippen!" rasped Hayden, a little man with fiery locks and an equally fiery temper. "Don't I have no rights, you young puppy! What's the answer to all this?"

Wayne eyed him over a trim shoulder. "Scram", he said.

Hayden glared helplessly.

"Hey, Sarge!!" There was commotion without. "We found him!"

Only too eager to escape, the sergeant hurried across to the opposite room. Here, propped up in an improvised couch of rags, a man, pale and haggard of countenance, greeted him with a wan smile. His head was tightly bandaged with strips from Wayne's shirt, and on the floor beside him were scattered various medical equipment, scissors, lances, scalpels from the small black case near by.

"Good God!! Lane!" choked Hayden, "what in the world happened to you?" He whirled on his staring men. "Hey, don't stand there like apes! The police ambulance——Quick!!"

Lane's halting whisper reached him: "I'm—all right—sarge; pretty weak though—lost lotta blood—but I had a swell doc attend me—see him outside?"

"Yes, I saw him," admitted Hayden, ruefully. "But come on, out with the story! Take it easy, though!"

Lane jerked out his story with evident difficulty. The sergeant listened, wrapt in silence.

"He brought me round bout an half:—I had keys made—other

day—damn fools left—'em on me—we thought we'd work a scare—it worked!" he chuckled, weakly, "disconnected lights—there!" he pointed to a switch; "doc held me up—too weak—looked like corpse, almost was—scared 'em dizzy—yellow dogs! ran like hell!"

"Easy, man! easy!" advised Hayden, gruffly, "plenty o' time. I don't get it all yet, but I'll get it all later. I'd a hated to tackle those birds, all het up with dope. They'd a shot my men to pieces!"

"Dope. . . ." whispered Lane.

"Where?"

". . . .in oranges!"

The sergeant whistled. "Hey, toss me one!" He caught it deftly, bit into it reflectively, then swore admiringly. "The damn cute devils! Well, my boy, the narcotic squad oughta be proud of you. There must be a mess of the stuff in those crates."

Lane grinned in response. "Tell doc," he whispered, "good news—half reward to him."

Hayden disappeared into the outer office. In an instant, he was back again, looking, strange to say, somewhat embarrassed, for Sergeant Hayden, despite all reports to the contrary, was a very modest man.

"Better wait a little while," he suggested.

FOREIGN SECTION

ULTIMUS LUDUS

T. R. Godfrey

Calamitate accepta, exercitus alius civitatis nostris pellendus erat, ut omnes nationes superarentur. Nostri, cum ad campum venissent, optione partis sorte amissa, proelium commiserunt loco inhabilissimo, quod ad Zephrum spectaverunt. Hostes, acie instructa, cum noster legatus pilam pedalem calcitraret, impetus magna cum celeritate factitabant, ut nostri perturbati essent et ad signa se reciperent. Interim Parmentus et Marcus, duces clamoris, cohortabantur ut nostri eam aciem retinerent. Illi, magno incommodo accepto et vulneribus confecti totam spem victoriae in virtute posuerunt, sed hostes, propter acrem

ventum, a tergo nostrorum signorum pilam pedalem calcitrare potuerant. Postquam totam horam pugnatum est, proelio confecto, quod nostri hostes repellere non potuerunt, superati sumus et hostes exultantes domum reverti sunt.

DER GOLDENE SCHMETTERLING

BRIAN BARCLAY IIIa

Es war im Monat August 1914. In der sonnenerhellen Lichtung des Waldes standen ein junges Mädchen und ein starker Jüngling ungefähr neunzehn Jahre alt.

"Anna," sagte der Junge, "Ich habe traurige Nachrichten für dich. Eine Ordnung ist von Berlin gekommen dasz alle Keservemannschaft sich ihrem Regiment melden müssen."

Das Mädchen schaute ihn mit tränenfeuchten Augen an. "Aber Konrad," stockte sie, "Wir wollten uns zur Trauung in die Kirche begeben."

"Sei tapfer," flüsterte er, "Der Krieg wird nicht lange dauern und ich werede zu dir zurrückkommen als ob er nie geschehen war.

Einige Wochen waren vorbei und dann kam Konrad von einem Lager dicht dabei um Lebewohl zu sagen.

Anna sagte ihm adieu mit einem tapferen Lächeln, und sah zum Tor ihrer kleinen Hütte zu bis seine knabenhafte Gestalt aus den Augen war.

Anna bekam ordentlich während ein paar Monate. Briefe. Dann hörte nach Weihnachten Briefwechsel auf Nach einigen Wochen wuszte man im allgemeinen im Dorfe dasz Korporal Konrad Müller unter den Abwesenden sei.

* * * * *

Es war im Frühling des Jahres 1926. Die sonnenerhellte Dorfstrasze entlang kam die erschöpfte Gestalt eines Mannes. Wenige von den Dorfbewohnern erkannten von dieser schlenkernden Gestalt den Konrad Müller der vor zwolf Jahren das Dorf so brav verlassen hatte. Drei Jahre in russischen militärischen Gefängnissen, noch neun herzzerreiszende Jahre ein Kriegsgefangener unter den Bolsheviks hatten das knabenhafte Gesicht geschrammt und genarbt.

Aber jetzt gab Glück erneuerte Lebenskraft seinem Leib, und es

war mit erfrigen Fuszstapfen dasz er ging seine junge Frau in Anspruch zu nehmen.

Indem er an einem kleinen Häuschen vorbeiging wurde seine Aufmerksamkeit von einem kleinen goldhaarigen Kind von etwa drei oder vier Sommern das im Garten spielte erregt. Zu jenem Augenblick erschien die Gestalt einer Frau in der Haustüreingang und eine Stimme kam deren Klang Konrad sich veranliesz vorwärts mit dem einen Wort "Anna" auf den Lippen zu stürzen aber gleich wie er es tat, wurde er sich bewuszt dasz es zu dem Kind und nicht zu ihm war dasz jene lieben, vertrauten Töne gesprochen wurden und als das Kind mit einem glücklichen Lachen lief und rief.

"O Mutter, schau' mal den lieben, kleinen Schmetterling den ich fand fühlte Konrad mit Verzweiflung auf seinem Gesicht abgemalt dasz der Krieg ihm nicht nur zwölf Jahre seiner jungen Mannheit geraubt hatte sondern auch das Glück seines ganzen Lebens.

* * * * *

Jahre später sasz ein Greis an einem hellen blauen Sommertag und träumte von einem Mädchen mit goldenem Haare die lief einen Schmetter ling zu verfolgen und als die Gestalten vor seinen Augen tanzten, flüsterte er leise ein Mal über das andere "Mein goldner Schmetterling, mein goldner Schmetterling."

MEINE HOLDCHEN

Ich weiss was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so glücklich bin;
Ein Mädchen, traf ich vor Wochen
Die kommt nicht aus meinem Sinn.

Ihr' Augen sind blau, sie scheinen;
Ihre Nase ist so sehr klein;
Und ihre rustigen Backen funkeln
Im Abendsconnenschein.

Am Koppe der Jungfrau sitzet,
Ein roter Hut sehr sauber;
Ihr kleines geschmeide blitzet
Auch glitzert inr goldenes Haar.

Ich hörte sie Musik machen;
Sie sang ein Lied dabei.
Es zu hören, muss ich lachen,
Solch eine seltsame Melodei.

Sie sang von kleinem Schiffe,
Welches den Rhein hinabging.
Es fiel neben die Felsenriffe;
Von Schiffern hört' man nie ein Ding.

Ich weiss; mein' Holdchen will mich lieben
Und dass ich sie auch lieben sollt?
Ja! ich will sie glücklich heiraten;
Sie ist so schön, rein und hold.

A. L. Hudson IIIa.

UN CONTE FRANCAIS

A. Eaton IVb

Cette histoire m' a été racontée par un de mes amis à qui je parlais l'autre soir. Ceci s'est passé à Paris à la fin de la grande guerre en 1918.

Un de nos officiers canadiens en congé dans la Ville Lumière, désirait emmener une jeune femme française dans un restaurant fort réputé de Montmartre. Il fut décidé qu' on irait dans un fiacre. Je dois vous dire que ce genre de véhicule est à peu près disparu de la circulation publique aujourd'hui à Paris. C'était une voiture à quatre roues, du type d'un "Victorian".

Sur la place Vendôme notre jeune officier avisa un de ces véhicules, et appela avec un accent pur britannique, "Hé, cocher!" Le fiacre reluisait dans toute sa splendeur. Les roues étaient d'un jaune canari, la carrosserie était noire, l'intérieur était de drap vert. Sur le siège trônait l'image parfaite du cocher parisien. Un homme d'une rotondité complète, retenue par une couverture de cheval grise et noire. Sous un chapeau haut de forme, fait de papier mâché verni noir, une konne grosse figure ronde, des yeux malins, et un nez rouge comme un falot.

Notre Canadien lui dit, "Au Coq Blanche, Monte Martre."—"Oui, monsieur", répondit le cocher. "Mais connaissez-vous où elle s'y trouve?"

À ce moment le cocher avec un sourire qui allait d'une oreille à l'autre, toucha son front de l'index de sa main droite, et dit laconiquement, "Oui, oui, bien sur!"

L'officier saisit immédiatement sa jeune compagne par le bras et refusa à l'étonnement de celle-ci et du cocher interdit, d'entreprendre un voyage dans le fiacre.

La voiture s'éloigna, tirée par la haridelle maigre, dont les genoux semblaient rentrer dans des jambes fatigués et lasses d'avoir trainé derrière elles leur quotidien fardeau par les rues poudreuses ou bouseuses de Paris.

L'explication du geste du cocher fut donnée par sa compagne à notre ami—En France une certaine revue littèraire connue sous le nom de "Je Sais Tout"—I know everything—avait comme illustration sur sa couverture un petit homme ayant à la place de la tete le globe terrestre sur lequel il posait son index en disant "Je sais tout." Notre cocher avait voulu faire montre de ses connaissances littéraires, mais notre officier avait compris qu'il voulait l'insulter en lui disant par ce signe ce qu'il avait cru deviner vouloir dire, "Nobody there."

Et le Canada sous les armes ne pouvait pas supporter de voir son prestige diminué devant un tiers par un simple cocher.

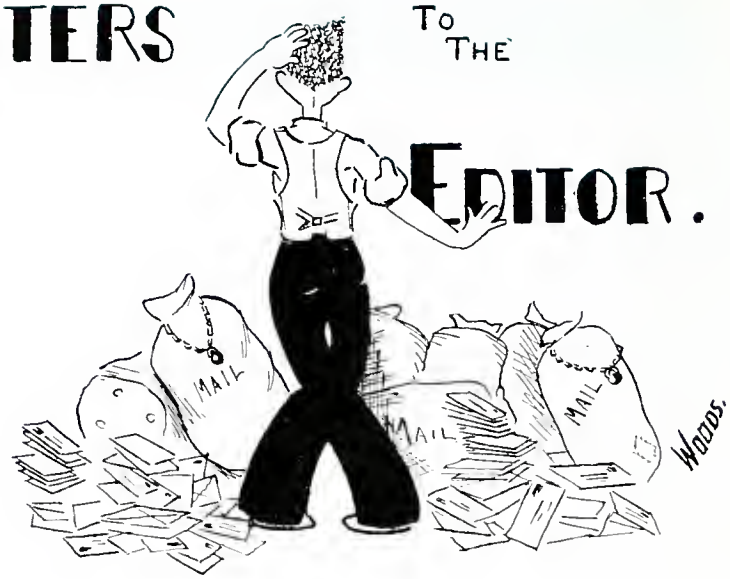
EL HADO

Pareció como si la luna plata
Habiá escogido este solo sitio
Para derramar con abundancia
Su esplendoroso resplandor.
Pareció como si su brillo
Habiá atrapado el mudo latido
De la noche y habiá contestado
Con una lluvia de luz
Que hace insignificante
Aquella del sol meridional.
En el fondo cavernoso de la noche
Un solo rayo de luz plata
Ha lanzado al cielo
Ha flotado en lo alto como un ave felix
Y entonces con sombra de riso
Ha resbalado a una balcón español
A una sutil y morena señorita castellaña
Que aguardaba con negro cabello dejado caído
En ombras sobre sus armas elanzadas
Medio encubriendo sus gracias faciales
Sus muellos labios rojos, la aterciopelada palidez de su piel.
Las armas están extendadas al jardin abajo
Los ojos fulgurantes con expectante anhelo
Las armas estiradas mientras que la canción amorosa de su galanteador
Ascendió por medio del aire sofocante
Al balcón illuminado por la luna en donde
Absorbendo el canto con un encanto tieso
Bañada en los rayos de la pura luz blanca
Su amada de él ahora eleva las armas al cielo
En donde residen los deidades que patrocinan
La reunión de los amadores.

La entrevista consumada, un beso es cambiado
Un supiro evita de esos labios rubeos
Como rebaja sus armas, resignada al hado.
La luna baja, el sol aparece
Y otra vez es tiempo regresar al globo terráqueo.

J. F. Mowat V.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.



Dear Mr. Editor:—

As I sit here in the study-room, the fateful hour draws nigh when once more I shall undergo the nerve-wracking torture and gastronomic discomfort which go hand in hand with a meal in the cafeteria. Through straitened circumstances, I cannot afford to dine in luxurious ease amid the restful surroundings and home-like atmosphere of the Owl (advt.), but needs must jostle my way through throngs of females and portly professors, precariously manoeuvring over-balanced trays. And when at last you reach the mystic board, what of it? It's only the same old menu that's been there for years, ever since you came to the school. There's no difference at all, except for the roast pork of yesterday that has shifted mysteriously in the night down to the veal loaf of to-day, and which may drop to-morrow to, who knows, salisbury steak, shepherd's pie, or even hot chicken sandwich, till eventually, a scarred and weakened veteran, it is rubbed right off the board. While the buxom lass who guards the steaming stew eyes you coldly, you rashly place an order, little recking what the future holds in store for you. Then, after a few minutes delay while some 3-Aer looks for his nickel, deftly rolled under the counter, you come forth, bearing you know not what upon your tray. At every table you are greeted by cries of "No room here, thirteen here already," while thoughtless students lounge four or five at a table, with purses, wraps and papers occupying valuable seating space beside them. And when at last you are seated, ah then!, the

never-to-be-forgotten thrill of trying to eat sour stew and glutinous gravy, amidst the music of crashing bottles, bursting bags and tinkling cutlery, while remnants of defunct lunches, dexterously hurled by Fifth Form morons, zoom overhead in their clothes-wrecking flight. About half way through this so-called meal, a surly varlet snatches your tray and rushes off into the labyrinthine depths beyond the counter. You get up and wander disconsolately out and so another lunch hour passes.

A space and time saving reform, which any right-thinking U.T.S. boy should welcome heartily, would be the complete banishing and deposition of all students (this does not mean scholars, needless to say) in the cafeteria. The introduction of a magazine stand containing only selected "literature" would bring back many of the straying flock from the Owl and would provide interesting and amusing reading to while away the passing hour. All True Love, detective, or western stories would be barred, but an adequate supply of Judge, Life, S.E.P., etc., would be kept on hand. There might even be an occasional movie magazine or amazing story to sustain the interest of Five. Another crying need is a board of skilled orthographers to correct our menu board. Just think of the hundreds of likely lads who have flunked their spelling all because of that ever-present "tomatoe" or "potatoe" and the promising young men whose careers have been blighted by the indiscreet use of "rasin", "sausager" or "vermacilli". There are many other glaring wrongs to be righted but space forbids their mention and so

Hoping for the best, I remain, contumeliously yours,

ITZUL BEN HASHID.

SHEPHERD PIE

The poets bid us smile and laugh,
Here's chafing wit and witty chaff.

GALAXY

No school's complete you will agree
Without a brilliant company,
Some leading lights of wide renown
Are often out but never down.

Along old Bloor should you stroll,
That rumble is no thunder's roll,
But Barron, who will ne'er get thinner
Motor-cycling home to dinner.

If on your upper lip you cherish
Shrubbery, beware 'twill perish,
For Acres' aim is tried and true
As even Mowat will construe.

A weary lot is thine poor man
To photograph our roisterous clan,
Some lads we know who think it nice,
To have their faces appear twice.

THE TWIG

Beware some boys within our portals,
Who to all eyes are gods, not mortals;
Do not with them e'er come to grips,
They'll carry off your scholarships.

Care to go on fancy flights?
Tune in with Withrow Tuesday nights,
'Cause if you're tired of things erotic,
You'll soon with him be aeronautic.

Can't masters eat their soup in silence?
Or must we hush their hiss with violence?
For daily from a certain room,
'Tis wafted like impending doom.

TED SCYTHES

The man behind—Run faster!
Hurried Hunter—I can't!
The man behind—Then step aside!

THE TWIG

PANTAMBITION

I would like to have a pair of pants, that when I sat down in them without hitching them up, would not go baggy at the knees.

A pair, even if never pressed, would appear as though ironed but an hour before.

A pair that I could sit down in, hunch over my desk, pull my legs in underneath me, feel the cloth giving and straining at the knees, without being aware simultaneously that, on arising, the crease would have disappeared.

A pair that would change in texture and cut magically and instantaneously, to harmonize with any costume that I was forced to don in order to conform with the unbreakable laws of modern society.

A pair that showed neither dust nor stain but absorbed both unperturbed.

A pair that fuzzy bits of nothings-at-all did not cling to like burrs, but would avoid with meticulous care that necessitated no further urging by a clothes brush.

A pair that had no cuffs or had cuffs that did not in a miraculous manner collect multitudinous, microscopic dust particles and carefully secrete them in order that, at some future, time they might form the object of my wife's lectures about cleanliness, tidiness and the like.

A pair that would be held up around my waist with neither the ever present pressure of a belt or the shoulder irritation caused by chafing braces, but be suspended firmly without the necessity of buttons which have had, have, and will continue to have the embarassing faculty of coming loose when least desired.

A pair that would neither swish along so low on my heels as to form foot rests for those following closely, nor would hang so high as not to conceal with some margin the undarned holes in the heels of my socks.

Finally, a pair of pants, long, short, pressed or otherwise.

W. H. Cranston

There was an old man named Macbeth,
Who put all his good friends to death,
One day the woods walked
And three witches balked
And that was the end of Macbeth.

Laski

THE TWIG

MURMURS FROM MODERN HISTORY

CRANSTON (entering the room)—"Is Sale here?"
MR. VANEVERY (looking around)—"No Sale".

MR. VANEVERY—"Now I want you to get these four codes in your heads."
KERR (sneezing)—"Huh, I've got a code id by doze already."

"—The Centurious having lost a part of their baggage returned to Caesar with considerable confusion."

Cadets At-TEN-Shun

"My dear young boy", the Major said,
"I'm very very sorry,
But to the head you'll have to go
And to him tell your story."

To Doctor Althouse he did go
With very downcast mien,
But the Doctor said, "That's serious boy,
You'd better see the Dean."

And when the Dean did question him
About the whole affair,
He said, "My boy, I want the truth,
The "why", the "when", and "where".

"You see sir I was in the ranks
When the colonel came along
Inspecting each and every boy
To find out what was wrong.

"Past boots and shoes of various hues,
Past black and tan and brown,
Down the long line he came—towards me,
Disfigured by a frown.

"On passing me he chanced to see
A tarnished button . . . . Oh—
With a cry of rage said he to me,
"To the clink you'll have to go."

"You must be punished" said the Dean,
"To think that you should falter!
Two years in the clink you'll have to spend,
What's more, on bread and water."

A. J. Burnstein

Mr. Mills—"NOW boys set your teeth and go at this translation."
(lunch bell is heard)
Markham—"If you don't mind I'll set my teeth and go at my lunch."

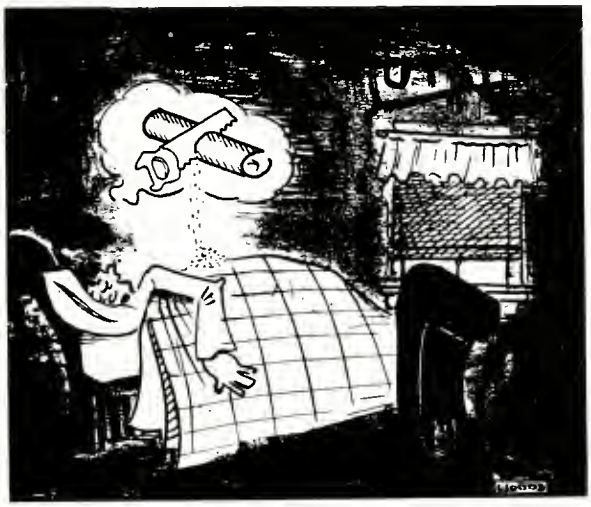
There was a young laddie Carlisle,
Whose picture was perfectly vile
It got in the paper,
Was seen by Chief Draper,
And now it's on criminal file.

THE TWIG

B. SILVA: ORATION ON SCHOOL SPIRIT

O you hard hearts, you cruel boys of School!
Knew you not Bramfitt? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up upon the stadium stand
To see his cohorts march across the sward.
And when you did but hear his bugle band,
Have you not laughed and caterwauled so,
That fearful of inspection etiquette,
The trembling masters bade you hush your sound?
And do you now give not a careless thought?
And do you now put on your new felt hat?
And do you now neglect your duty thus
To suck your daily soda at the "Owl"?
Gods, may you choke! Betake you back to school,
Pray to the Head to stay the righteous wrath
That needs must light upon this truancy

BLAKE WOOD



For obvious reasons this Sixth Former did not see the big Santa Claus Parade.

THE TWIG

WHEN THE WAITER SPEAKS TO YOU IN FRENCH, ARE YOU DUMBFOUNDED?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO FLASH BACK AN INSTANT REPLY?

SIX YEARS OF OUR COURSE, AND YOU TOO, CAN TALK FLUENT, FAULTLESS FRENCH, FREELY AND FEARLESSLY AS FOLLOWS

SMALL DOWN PAYMENT (65 cents) AND FIFTEEN (heh heh) MINUTES PER NIGHT WILL CONVERT YOU INTO A LINGUISTIC LION

BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY WITH WITTY REPARTEE AND PITHY PATTER

TYPICAL CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH, CHOSEN AT RANDOM FROM OUR HIGH SHOOL GRAMMAR, EASY TO LEARN, EASY TO WRITE

1. How have you been, probably?
2. No, but the clever red dog has chewed the hand of the grandmother of Dr. Lebrun who has a large practice in Walla Walla.
3. However that may be, the poor boy from Latvia is unable to bite holes in the furniture of Louis XIV.
4. He has not an ear-ache, has he?
5. Of course.
6. By way of exercise, let us swim with our hands in the buoyant water, which is damp.
7. As for our family, they prefer to buy the small round cheeses to feed the naughty rhinoceros, at two sous the pound.
8. Here comes the keeper. His kindly face has need of a shave.
9. Do not let him catch us in the wicked net, it is strong.

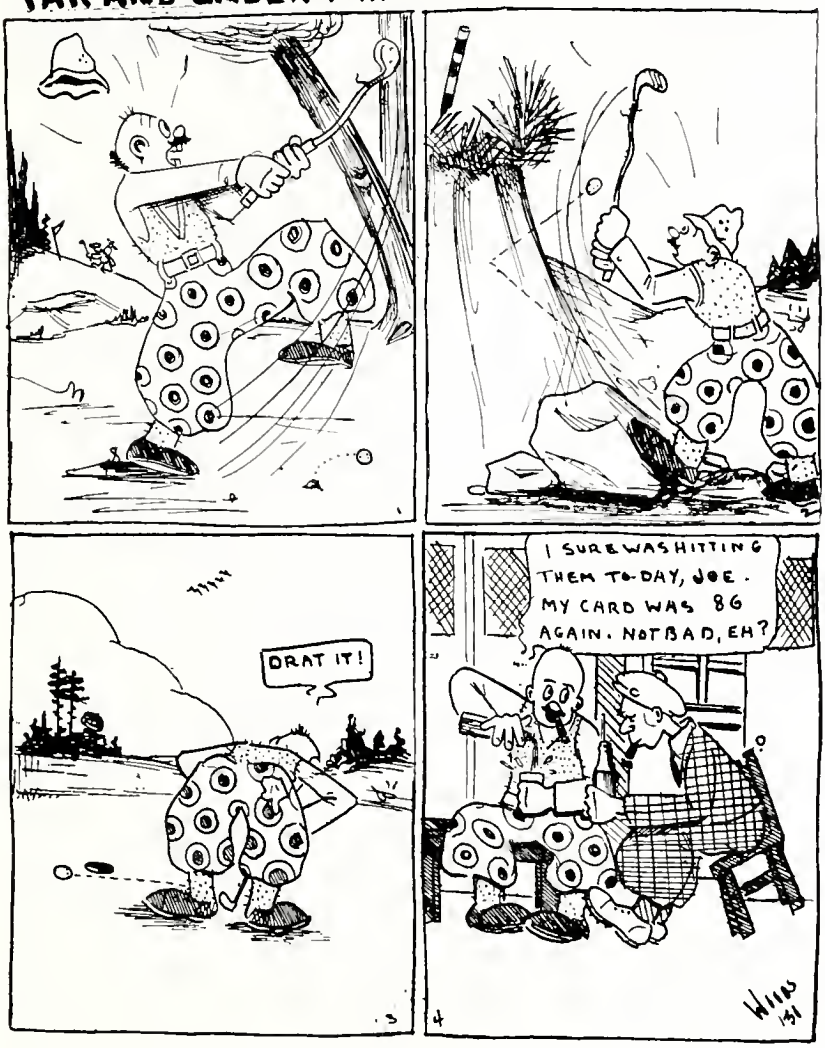
IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THIS EASY, NATURAL WAY OF LEARNING FRENCH WRITE TO THE ONTARIO HIGH SCHOOL FRENCH GRAMMAR CO. LTD., "FOUNDERS OF FALTERING FRENCH FORMS", FOR FURTHER DETAILS

—*Advt.*

THE TWIG

PAR AND UNDER PAR

By WOODS.



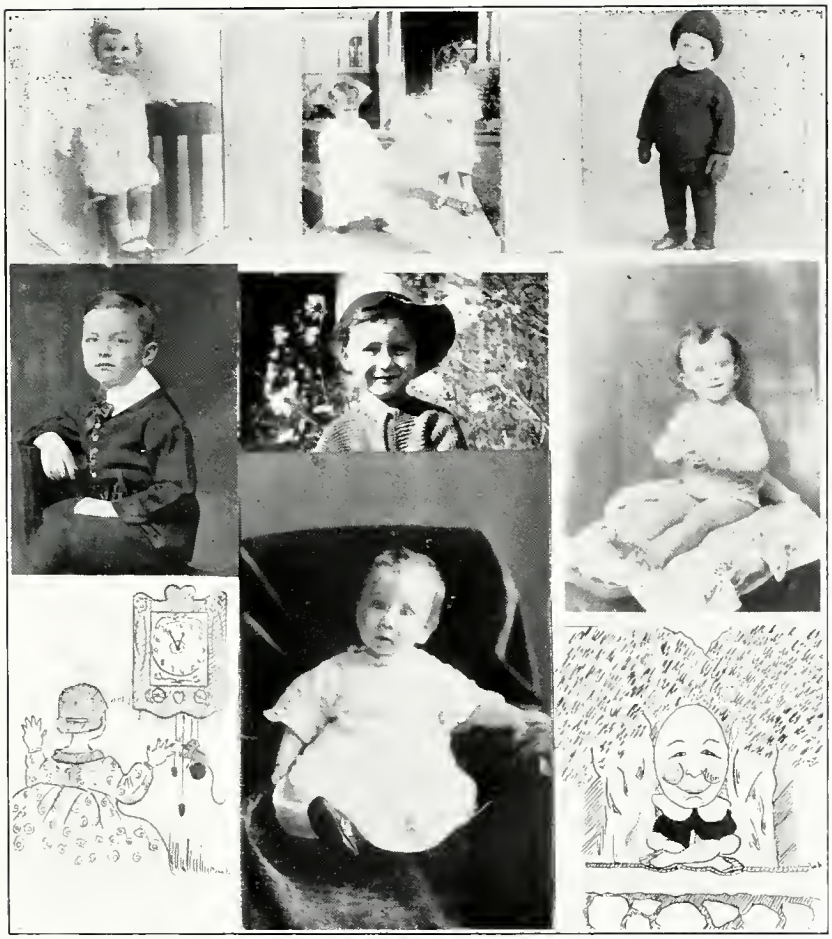
THE TWIG

AMONG THE ADVERTISERS

Dyne at Clines', O watt a meal—
H.P. sauce with all metre fish courses. More 'ampere sandwich
Ohm baked pi a specialty. We bet joule like it.

Petrie's, the home of high class hardware.
Radical axes, babys' cots, pencils, harmonic ranges, electric sines.
Receva big saving, and you will say, "I'm glad you Ptolemy".
You beta try us. Don't X us Y we Z this.
Our cotan chord is secant to none.

THE LITTLE ANGELS?



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THE LITERARY SOCIETY IN 1930

Through 1929-30, the Literary Society of the University Schools was able to obtain many prominent lecturers to address the students. Mr. L. H. Baker of the Canadian Geographical Institute presented an illustrated talk on Burma; Mr. Wilfred Walter of the Stratford-Upon-Avon Shakesperian company gave a short account of his early years on the stage and then a few entertaining insights into stage life of to-day; Mr. T. A. Reed of the University of Toronto, lectured on Toronto, past and present, illustrating his address by a great number of engravings and photographs of our city; Mr. G. A. Lasker, of the T. Eaton Co., wound up the summer term with a practical discourse on the opportunities of the business life as against the professional.

This year's session opened with the election of officers for the ensuing year. During Canadian Book Week we were fortunate to have Mr. I. M. Elson speak on Canadian authors. Mr. Elson is a member of the Canadian Authors Association, a former journalist of the Niagara district, and author of the "Scarlet Sash". Following Mr. Elson, came Prof. E. J. Pratt of Victoria College, who lectured on his poem the "Roosevelt and the Antinoe". The Literary Society wishes to express in this periodical the thanks of the school to these men for the educational and enlightening half hours for which we are indebted to them.

During the past year the inter-form debates were followed with great interest, the junior medal being captured by Bill Wales and Dick Lane upholding IIA, while the senior medal was captured by form VI. represented by J. V. McCutcheon and A. D. MacDonald.

The musical contests were won last year by members of the middle and lower schools, exclusive of the Fifth and Sixth, senior piano, first medal:—B. H. MacKenzie, IIIB; second medal:—L. G. Brunke, IVA; junior piano, first medal:—Fraser, IIA; second medal:—W. N. Adamson, IB; junior vocal:—Hodgin, IB; junior violin:—Wright, IC.

A. A.

THE TWIG

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTESTS

The newly inaugurated experiment of holding both Senior and Junior Public Speaking finals on the same night proved entirely successful and resulted in an audience larger than is usually attracted by the contests. However, they were amply rewarded for their presence and the speakers were spurred on to greater bursts of eloquence by the well-merited approval granted them.

In the Junior contest a great deal of interest was aroused by the endeavours of the four speakers. After much consultation, necessitated by the fine delivery and excellent subject matter of each of the contestants, the judges awarded the Middleton medal to Robert W. Kettlewell whose illustrated address on the "Romance of Printing Ink" was well received. C. Wilfred Acker, winner of the silver medal, pressed Kettlewell closely with his speech on the "Royal Canadian Mounted Police" and disclosed many interesting facts about Canada's "Mounties". The other two speakers, Norman C. Phillips who spoke on "The New British Empire", and Blake H. Tedman whose subject was "Salvage", both aroused much favourable comment and played a large part in the success of the evening.

In the Senior contest competition was again very keen and the manner of delivery and quality of subject matter were of a very high standard. Again the judges experienced difficulty in deciding upon the winners but George M. Morrison was finally declared winner of the W. H. Williams Medal by virtue of his splendid address on a timely topic "The St. Lawrence Waterways". Wyatt C. Irvin won the Literary Society Medal for his thorough treatment of the controversial subject "Should the Dominion Government Control Radio Broadcasting". John D. Brunke was particularly effective speaking for "World Peace" and John T. Jeffries, whose subject was "The Stagnation of the Wheat Pool", dealt in a comprehensive manner with this nation-wide economic problem.

Congratulations must be extended to all the contestants for their splendid performances and it is to be hoped that there will be a continually increasing patronage of these contests. This year with interest heightened by the donation of a medal by Mr. J. A. Irwin for Elocution a most successful year is anticipated.

W. C. I.

THE TWIG

THE SCHOOL DANCE

Even the fondest hopes and anticipations were far exceeded by the school dance which featured the month of February. At first, at last, and all between, enjoyment reached heights seldom before attained and the building was transformed into a veritable fairyland where every colour from the rainbow flitted in a monstrous kaleidoscope before the astonished vision.

As one entered, the school crest became instantly visible on the stage of the auditorium, illuminated by a brilliant spot-light. At the dancing floor the guests were greeted in turn by the patrons and patronesses including Sir Robert and Lady Falconer, Dean and Mrs. Pakenham, Dr. and Mrs. Althouse, Mr. and Mrs. Diltz, Col. and Mrs. Deacon, and Mrs. Crawford.

Between dances, the gaily decorated halls led many eager couples on tours of exploration which ranged from library to swimming pool and back again. Tribute must be paid to Bob Falconer for his lighting effects and the dance committee, headed by George Boddington, is to be congratulated for the fine manner in which the varied programme was carried out.

About eleven o'clock a refreshing supper was served in the upper hall and amusing favours presented to each lady. After the last dance the happy throng took a reluctant departure and left behind only a pleasant memory of one of the most successful dances in the school's history.

C. G. L.

THE ANNUAL SCHOOL DANCE

FRIDAY, MARCH 13.

Due to the large demand for tickets, a list will be opened by the committee on January 12, which must be signed by each student desiring a ticket. The tickets will be given out in the order in which requests are received. They will be held for Old Boys if suitable notice is given.

Music will be supplied by Stan St. John's orchestra.

JIM FOLLETT,
School Captain.

THE TWIG

U.T.S. ORCHESTRA

During the past year, the U.T.S. Orchestra completed its third successful season under the capable leadership of Mr. Alvin C. White. Rehearsals were held on Tuesday and Friday afternoons and much assistance was lent by a few interested O.C.E. students.

The Orchestra performed at meetings of the Parents' Association and of the Literary Society and contributed to the programme of the O.C.E. production of "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon".

This year the graduation of many of the more experienced members has left numerous gaps, but Davis and Hogarth form a nucleus around which the new recruits are woven.

Mr. White has offered to lend various instruments to the boys and moreover, to instruct them free of charge. This is a very generous offer and will no doubt be used to advantage.

The members of the Orchestra join with the whole school in mourning the sudden death of Neville Mould, one of the outstanding musicians of the school and who held much promise of future greatness in this line.

The U.T.S. Orchestra is indebted to Mr. A. B. Coleman, an Old Boy of the school, and to Mr. Wm. Henwood, the father of an Old Boy for their co-operation in securing instruments. The generosity of the U.T.S. Parents' Association which made possible the purchase of these instruments, is gratefully acknowledged.

G. H.

THE ANNUAL MEMORIAL SERVICE

The Annual Memorial Service was held in the school auditorium during the morning of the 11th of November and was honoured by the presence of the Rev. Trevor Davis, D.D., who spoke on Peace, Honour and Sacrifice with a depth of feeling. The observance of two minutes silence followed by the Last Post and the Reveille was a fitting tribute to the fallen.

J. G. R.

THE TWIG

A FAREWELL AND A WELCOME

As the last school term drew to a close we learned with deep regret that Mr. A. C. Lewis was leaving our portals, just as it seemed that he had settled into a permanent niche in the school organization. During his short stay Mr. Lewis had endeared himself to every boy, not only by his concise, cheerful manner of teaching but also by the hearty interest that he took in the school sports. To Mr. Lewis in his new position as principal of East York High School we extend best wishes for success, wishes tinged nevertheless, with a shade of regret at his departure.

In the vacancy left by the resignation of Mr. Lewis the school was extremely fortunate in obtaining the services of one who could so adequately fill it and we wish to tender a hearty welcome to Mr. A. G. Croal, M.A., B.Paed., as he takes his place in our midst. Mr. Croal graduated from Queens University in 1921 and in 1922 was a student at the O.C.E. course at U.T.S. During the intervening eight years he has been teaching with success first at Kitchener and later at Jarvis C.I. Now, in 1930, he returns to the scene of his first teaching instruction, transformed from a novice to an expert. May his sojourn with us be long and successful.

J. G. R.

DRAMATICS

Old Boys, did you take part in any of the following plays?—"A Night At An Inn"; "Augustus Does His Bit"; "The Hand of Siva"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Action"; "Count of Segrada"; "MacTavish Prize Play"; "Macbeth"; "Rising of the Moon"; "The Pot Boiler"; "School House in 1830"; "Abraham Lincoln"; "Pure Hokum"; "Idus Martiae"; "Brothers in Arms"; "King of the Golden Isles"; "Alison's Lad"; "The Dear Departed"; "Camp Owatagip"; "The Exchange", or in any others presented by the Dramatic Club that we may have forgotten? If so you are invited to a special performance of our latest play some evening during Christmas week. This affair is by way of being a little re-union and the faithful will partake once more of the refreshments long associated with dress rehearsals. Please communicate

with Brough MacPherson, 172 Walmer Road, Kingsdale 8842, if you are coming.

* * * * *

"Brothers in Arms", by Merrill Denison, "King of the Golden Isles", by Lord Dunsany, and "Camp Owatagip" by Mrs. Sandaford, were the three plays put on by the Dramatic Club during 1930. E. W. Scythes was awarded the medal for acting, and W. C. Irvin the award for back stage work. Special mention must be made of the faithful service of F. E. Coombs as stage manager.

DR. PORTER'S BANQUET

March brings us nasty, inclement weather, but all is forgiven, as Dr. Porter's annual banquet looms on the horizon laden with good fellowship, and good cheer. On the twenty-second of March this year, at six p.m., the lucky ones invaded the familiar assembly hall minus the accustomed reticence of a Monday morning. Slightly later everyone was seated in the cafeteria, and what a dinner it was. Interest in the occasion was intensified by the fact that it was Dr. Porter's birthday. With a beatific smile he greeted here and there his ex-pupils who had now achieved fame by winning coveted scholarships. Of course after-dinner speeches were the order of the evening. Sir Robert Falconer was brief and inspiring, and Dean Pakenham added his sound advice. No one was allowed a wordy harangue, and in quick succession, Mr. F. C. Deacon, Dr. Rod Smylie, the popular hockey coach, Dr. Althouse, Dr. Boddington, Mr. F. Corrigan, Dr. Copp and Mr. M. W. Althouse were heard from, frequently provoking the attentive listeners to hearty laughter. An old friend whose few words were appreciated, was Mr. Perry, once instructor in art at this school. Canon Cody was out of town and his absence was felt.

Perhaps the most surprising features of the evening were the excellent extempore speeches by the old boys and the leaders of the various sport activities. The midget hockey team came in for a large share of praise on their recent success.

At 10 o'clock the convivial group broke up with three cheers for Dr. Porter on every lip. What an inducement to do something creditable—Dr. Porter's banquet.

E. C. S.

CADET CORPS.

The progress of the corps this year was highly satisfactory. The number of students of the Lower and Middle High School desiring exemption from this activity was negligible, while many in the Upper School were ready to continue their connection with the corps. In consequence the number present at the annual inspection was well up to the average of previous years, or close upon three hundred. The training was marked by an earlier settling down to serious effort, as well as by a more evident co-operation between Officers, N.C.O.'s and Cadets. The response of B Company to the earnest efforts of its O.C., Captain George Stringer, was especially gratifying since a large proportion of the rank and file had had no training prior to the fall term.

From the point of view of educational authorities, Cadet training has two main objects: the development in all ranks of the power to subordinate individual preferences and peculiarities in loyal service to the whole, and the encouragement of leadership among those whose training and character fits them for it. The achievement of Lieut. George Davis in so ably leading the Bugle Band is an example of what can be done towards the second of these objects, for he carried through this task with no other assistance than the loyal co-operation of the members of his unit. This is an example which Officers in succeeding years may well emulate.

Lieut. Carveth, though handicapped by the loss of one of his two sergeants, turned in a very creditable performance with the Signal Section, which this year was numerically stronger than ever. The work

of A Company under Captain Sleeth was, of course, excellent, since both the O.C. and the other ranks had had considerable previous experience.

The Battalion was commanded by the popular Major Bill Evans of rugby fame, who has, among other good qualities, the power to make his commands heard.

Platoon Officers were: Lieuts. Maddocks, A. LePan, Griffiths, H. Smith, Withrow, Jefferies, and Hunnisett.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER AND OFFICERS, 2ND DIVISIONAL SIGNALS,

appreciate very much the loyal support given the unit by the boys and old boys of the University Schools during the past and wish them a very Merry Christmas and every success in the New Year.

Parades are held on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 185 Spadina Avenue. Visitors from the Schools will be cordially welcomed.

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EXCHANGES

Acta Nostra—Guelph Collegiate Institute, Guelph, Ont.

The Alibi—Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

Alpha—New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.

Alpha—Northwestern University, Boston, Mass.

Auditorium—Owen Sound Collegiate and Vocational Institute, Owen Sound, Ont.

Beacon—Hanover High School, Hanover, Ont.

Bishop College School Magazine—Lennoxville, Que.

The Blue—Christ Hospital, London E.C. 3.

Blue and White—Rothesay Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.

Camosun—Victoria High School, Victoria, B.C.

The Campbellian—Campbell College, Belfast, Ireland.

The College Times—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

Collegiate—Sarnia Collegiate Institute, Sarnia, Ont.

Conning Tower—Western High and Vocational School, Weston, Ont.

Eastern Echoe—Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto, Ont.

Echoes—Peterborough Collegiate Institute and Vocational School, Peterborough, Ont.

Grumbler—Kitchener and Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School.

Lantern—Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask.

Lantern—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute, London, Ont.

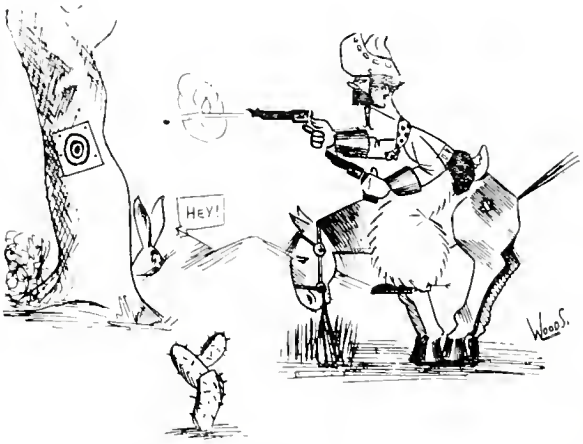
The L.C.C.I. Review—London Central Collegiate Institute, London, Ont.

Lux Columbiana—Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.

The Northland Echoe—North Bay Collegiate Institute, North Bay, Ont.

THE TWIGS

The Oracle—South Collegiate Institute, London, Ont.
The Oracle—Oakville High School, Oakville, Ont.
Parkdalian—Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.
The Queen's Review—Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
Rarebits—Burlington High School, Burlington, Ont.
Reveille—Riverdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.
R.M.C. Review—Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.
The Salt Shaker—Nutana Collegiate, Saskatoon, Sask.
The Scarboro Bluff—Scarboro Collegiate Institute, West Hill, Ont.
The Spectator—Burford High School, Burford, Ont.
St. Andrew's College Review—St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.
The Tatler—Lindsay Collegiate Institute, Lindsay, Ont.
Tech Tatler—Danforth Technical School, Toronto, Ont.
Torpedo—Central High School of Commerce, Toronto, Ont.
Vox Collegiensis—St. Catharines Collegiate and Vocational School, St. Catharines, Ont.
Vulcan—Central Technical School, Toronto, Ont.



The bad man of Bellowing Gulch trains for the coming season!

PARENTS ASSOCIATION

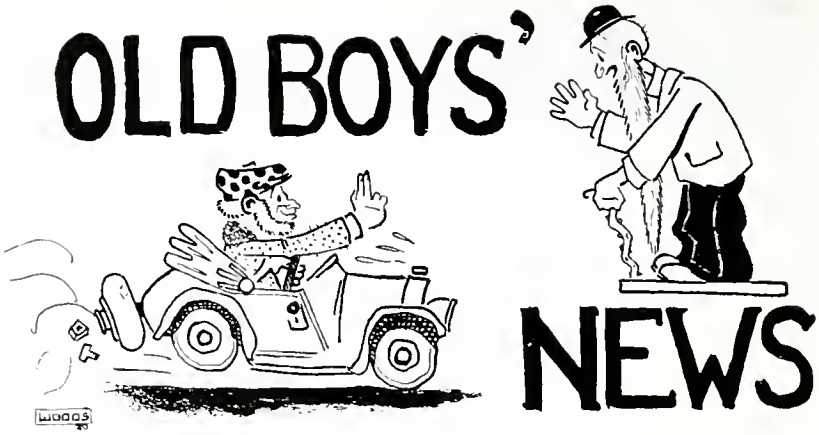
The U.T.S. Association has this year a membership of 276 consisting of parents of boys now in attendance at the schools and of parents of "Old Boys".

One of the objects the Association has in view is that of aiding in the activities of the boys. This present year the Association gave help to the orchestra. This was greatly appreciated by the Headmaster, the staff and the boys. An orchestra is an essential organization in a school. Help was also given to the U.T.S. Old Boys' Basketball Team who brought credit to themselves and to the schools. The Association also assisted in purchasing miniature cups for the successful hockey team that won the "Prep School" group.

The Association met in February and a good programme was rendered with the aid of the Orchestra, the Dramatic Society, the Gymnasium Team, and the Swimming Team. Refreshments were provided under the supervision of Dr. Porter.

Under the guidance of Col. Deacon, the President, the Association hopes to continue its good work.

W. J. L.



A REVIEW OF THE SITUATION

IAN STRACHAN

Next year the University of Toronto Schools will celebrate its 21st birthday. Almost a quarter of a century since we gathered for the first time in the old Assembly Hall and yet on looking back, it seems but a few years.

Changes there have been, it is true. "Scotty" no longer dispenses the slips that admitted the sluggards and laggards to their classrooms. Space forbids enumerating all the changes in the staff, but in passing we note that no longer are the mysteries of Virgil and Caesar made clear by the persuasive and sometimes forceful methods of J.O.C.

The new generation is no longer entertained by still pictures of France as directed and produced by Monsieur Ferguson. "Hamie" found life too dull in 2A and is now in the hurly burly of the Grecian atmosphere of University College.

Mr. Coombs no longer leads forth his flock to do battle on the baseball diamond. Mr. Dunlop has long since left 4C and is now engaged in dispensing education to the masses as head of the University Extension work. Our good friend Mr. Perry has retired and Mr. Cornish is teaching the teachers how to teach.

And the school does seem strange without the presence of our first headmaster, Professor H. J. Crawford, and his namesake, Professor J. T. Crawford. Those of us who knew them will forever keep their memories green.

Even the school itself has undergone many changes. The site of Room 8 is now occupied by a fine auditorium and assembly hall which,

strange to say, has not yet been wired for the talkies. And, finally, the school now boasts a gymnasium and swimming pool which fills a long felt need. For playing fields, the waste space across from the stadium is now a thing of the past. The old Aura Lee grounds have been taken over and it is there that the new professor of rugby, M. J. Rodden, has been turning out his championship teams.

But with all the various changes, both in staff and equipment, there is one thing that has not changed, and that is the school spirit. It has always been a source of wonderment to outsiders how a day school of this type could develop such "esprit de corps" and loyalty. That it has done so and continues to do so, speaks volumes for the staff and the boys of the school. Unquestionably a very important factor in this spirit is the presence of a strong Old Boys' Association. This is precisely the objective for which we are striving.

After a lapse of some years, this association was re-organized at a dinner held at Hart House last fall, at which nearly 500 were present. A re-organization committee was assembled and has ever since been formulating plans. Letters were sent out asking for suggestions and out of 600, 225 replies were received, a truly remarkable response.

As a result of the suggestions received, the gymnasium and tank are now available for old boys two nights each week. A permanent committee of 15 was elected at a meeting held in the school in October. Three of this committee retire each year and three are elected to take their place by the remaining members of the committee. This will make for continuity.

A cup has been secured to be called the "Jimmy Douglas Memorial Trophy" and is for perpetual competition in any group in the O.R.F.U. Interscholastic Series in which the U.T.S. First Rugby Team is playing.

An up to date mailing list has been prepared and it is hoped to add to it as rapidly as possible. As for the functions to be held, it is planned to have one dinner each year. Other functions may be held as the Association so wishes. This will be left to the discretion of the committee.

And now may we conclude? It is an easy matter to obtain destructive criticism in any organization. What we need are constructive ideas. If there are any suggestions about the organization or activities, they will be more than welcome. Please don't knock, but rather get behind the Association and co-operate. The school did very well by you. It is now

your turn to show your appreciation by helping to keep alive the spirit without which no school is able to continue.

DEFINITION OF AN OLD BOY

An old boy is a man who once went to school.

He firmly believes he could have been the most brilliant scholar in his class if he had once set his mind to it.

If a graduate of his school rises to fame in after life, he can readily recall having sat beside him in school.

If his old school team wins a championship, he is immediately proud to identify himself as an old boy.

He thinks the old school has been going to the dogs ever since his class graduated.

He regularly takes back that idea when confronted with a dusty photograph of his old time class.

He can only remember the first two lines of his school yell.

He doesn't think anybody has a right to be an old boy who graduated from the school after he did.

He still holds his teachers in awe when he visits the school, looks sheepish and calls them "sir" with alacrity.

He thinks the desks look awfully small.

He wonders where on earth the tremendous number of old boys come from.

He couldn't pass the second form exams if his life depended on it.

He spends considerable time every year intending to send his One Dollar fee to the Old Boys' Association.

He finally decides to send it.

"NOW IT CAN BE TOLD"

And so the University of Toronto Schools have reached years of discretion, chronologically speaking at any rate. No longer are we "infants" in the vocabulary of Messrs. Strachan, Jennings, and other noted gentlemen of the bar. Sometimes when I think back, nineteen hundred and ten seems like a million years ago, as though, for me, time began then. At other times, so clear is the memory of those early

feverish months that that year appears as yesterday. I can still see Professor H. J. Crawford with flowing gown and kindling eye. I see that other Professor Crawford, always bland and benign, also, alas, no longer here. I can see Dr. Porter, just as I see him to-day; he has not changed except that his teeth are now more symmetrical and more congruent. Of those of us who, according to George Bernard Shaw, could not teach and are, therefore, now engaged in teaching others to teach, I have nothing to say.

One word in our language I have come to hate, namely, "success" for it has been degraded into a synonym for a high credit rating. The truest measure of success is, I think, the amount of good a man or an institution does for others. If this be true, then there can be no doubt that the University Schools are, to a high degree, successful. When the first headmaster was considering the question of a school motto, he hesitated for some time between the one which he finally chose and *Nobless oblige*, and, though he rejected the latter, he never forgot it.

What he began, the present Headmaster has brought to fruition an hundredfold. No one who has known the two men as I have can fail to realize that the rare qualities in both have been largely responsible for the high place, first won, then held, by our School. No boy could remain here long without absorbing some of these qualities even though he did so only through his epidermis.

Our school has not lived for twenty-one years without much of the comic, even of the burlesque, to enliven the *solidus dies*. When we opened in September, 1910, our staff was incomplete and two temporary masters were secured. One was Mr. A. B. Fennell, now registrar of the University of Toronto. The other was a red-headed young man whose name I refrain from mentioning because he is much bigger than I am and his temper matches his hair. His job included the teaching of some sort of science in Form I. As a part of the work, he ordered his charge to collect, label, and otherwise identify the seeds of all available wild flowers and weeds. Finally, after much recrimination on both sides, Lee Rennie arrived one morning with a most elaborate cabinet filled with those well-known and highly deceptive lithographed packages of every known variety of flower and vegetable seeds. When the master saw this exhibit and grasped the full enormity of Rennie's offence, only the ceiling kept him in the room. As for the seeds, well, that was my home-form and for days I crunched through a layer of embryonic turnips,

carrots, petunias, and zinnias. I wish I had them now that I have a farm.

In those early days, the boys came from every school in the country. On the first Friday after we opened, one youth presented himself at Professor Crawford's office. Being asked what he wanted, he replied, "Sir, I came to be caned." The Head was dumbfounded and it was only after much careful explanation that the boy made him understand that he had always been caned on Friday afternoon. It had become a sort of weekly ritual, like taking a bath. We who taught him noticed that, for weeks after the Head's refusal to help him win a martyr's crown, he seemed almost dazed and finally he left us.

Years before Bolsheviks and the Soviets, we had both at U.T.S. One of these unholy fraternities used to meet daily at noon and hold orgiastic ceremonies behind locked doors in the glory-hole off the boiler-room where they were allowed to gather by the connivance of a complaisant fireman. One day while the lodge was in session, the door was shaken violently and there reverberated from without a well-known voice demanding admission. Followed frightened whispers of "Nix, the Head!" The fugitives claim that they escaped by crawling through miles of ventilation pipes. Be that as it may, the lodge disbanded and the Reds faded to a very blond pink.

In closing, we cannot but tell a joke on ourself. A former member of the staff was a young and handsome master, whose manners had the polish of a new car; in fact he possessed all the virtues which we so conspicuously lack. Attending the College of Education at the same time was a young woman who was the precursor of all flappers. She was assigned to teach for our dapper colleague who, however, chose that afternoon to be ill. Thereupon we were directed to pinch-hit for him. Picture, if you can, this young lady arriving at the classroom arrayed like unto the Queen of Sheba. Picture the expectant, ingratiating smile slowly fading from her colourful lips on finding us seated unobtrusively at the back of the room. Hear her partly scornful, partly fearful question, "Are YOU going to critize this lesson?" Hear us reply humbly to the effect that we are afraid so. Then picture the damsel in full flight down the hall pursued by the ribald laughter of Form IV. They knew the answer.

J.O.C.

THE TWIG

"SUGGESTIONS ARE WELCOME"

With agile minds many old boys have written in suggestions. Look them over. What do you think of them? Scarcely any two are alike but all are valuable inasmuch as they show that so many are interested in furthering the activities and keeping alive an Association which is of interest to all of us.

1. An old boys' directory, not elaborate, but giving occupations of old boys, addresses and year of graduation.

2. An old boys' swimming club. At present there are only a few members but dozens of first class swimmers.

3. A list of the school's football games and other functions sent to old boys to arouse their interest.

4. The library should be used as a lounge, kept open every evening. This would give the association a club atmosphere. (Yes, but who would pick up the butts?)

5. A smaller fee for joining but charge more for the old boys' functions attended and make the membership fee sufficient to include THE TWIG.

6. An annual dance at the Royal York or King Edward as well as an annual banquet and the odd informal dinner or smoker at the school.

7. An old boys' gym team and how about boxing. (How about it?)

8. "Yours for a live and permanent association".

9. Get the boys interested in the association before they leave school.

10. Graduate handball tournaments and an indoor baseball league.

11. Elect a permanent secretary.

12. Enter teams composed of old boys in all lines of sport, in various amateur groups and leagues.

13. Provide literary or dramatic entertainment, either by old boys or for them.

14. Action.

15. Golf tournament and reservation in Varsity bleachers for rugby.

16. Financial and publicity support for old boys' swimming, basketball and baseball teams.

17. Some arrangement whereby the "Phoenix" could be mailed to the old boys. (We feel awfully ignorant, but just what is the "Phoenix?")

18. Keep the school cafeteria open for those who wish tea after a swim. Cannot a room be set aside for the old boys as a smoking room?

19. Light up the handball courts so they can be used at night.

THE TWIG

HATS OFF TO—

Johnny Keith, captain of the Varsity Rugby Team this year.

Walter Windeyer Jr., a member of the crew of the Canada Cup Challenger "Quest" this year.

Nelles Starr, who was stroke on the Varsity crew.

Tubby Bennett, player on the Varsity Intercollegiate Rugby and Junior Hockey Teams.

George Hendry, member of Varsity Orphans Rugby and Junior Hockey Teams.

Art Brant, of the Varsity Intercollegiate Hockey Team.

U.T.S. OLD BOYS FILL HUNDRED DIFFERENT ROLES IN PROFESSIONS, ARTS AND BUSINESS

Glance over this list. It will give you an inkling of what Old Boys are doing. We were not able to get news of every old boy but the variety of occupations is a clear demonstration of the ability that the old school had and still has for turning out groups of brilliant and versatile graduates

At this writing, BAIRD RYCKMAN is reported as being the only U.T.S. boy who is presenting himself for Municipal honours this year. "RYCK" is aspiring to the office of Alderman in Ward Four.

DUD GARRETT was a crowd-pleasing drop kicker at school; now he's a claims' adjuster for the A. E. Wilson Insurance Co. GORDON EVANS is with the same firm. Then there is GEORGE BROUGHALL, manager of Metalsmiths Co., and DR. BILL WILSON, who is practising in town.

KEN MORDEN aspires to a gold medal at the Law School. JOHN TORY and WISHART SPENCE both already have one and are now practising Law.

JOHN MITCHELL graduated at S.P.S. and is now in the brokerage business of W. G. Mitchell and Co. with his brother HECTOR. JACK RENNIE, TOM ROBINETTE, EDGAR BURTON, and JOHN BRADY are with the Robert Simpson Co., Ltd. DR. CURLY CARROLL is practising dentistry and W. M. VICKERS is in law with Bain, Bicknell, White and Bristol. FRED BARTREM and OSBORNE HOLLINRAKE are legalities with Galt, Gooderham, and Towers, while ANDREW McLEAN is editor of the magazine "Boating" and vice-consul for Sweden.

THE TWIG

Hastening into the realm of finance we find C. P. FELL with Matthews and Co., FRASER WILSON and HARRY JACKMAN with Dominion Securities, and K. B. ANDRAS with Mara and McCarthy.

BILL ADAMS and STAN WALKER are at Queen's. W. D. ADAMS is at the Malloney Art Galleries. ROSS ANDERSON is with B. L. Anderson, Ltd.

ADRIAN ANGLIN is a Med. after taking an M.A. in physiology. R. A. BATTEN is with Batten Ltd., EVAN BEGG and SANDY CHISHOLM are lawyers with Cameron, Begg and Chisholm. In their spare time they are opponents at golf.

BILL ANGUS has a firm of his own representing textile mills. GORDON BEST is chief engineer of Light and Sound Engineering Co. Ltd. G. T. BURGESS is with C. H. Burgess & Co.

A. S. BURTON is with the Massey Harris Co., while DUNC. SMITH is with Lever Bros.

By way of diversion, E. L. PARKER is on a walking tour of England following which he will enter Oxford. J. C. STEPHENSON is with International Business Machines of Canada and SCOTT STOCKWELL is writing advertising for Campbell-Ewald. W. P. WALKER is in third year Arts. J. K. WEBB will graduate next year. E. LOGAN WILLARD is with the Bank of Toronto in Brockville.

GEORGE LOWE is in the Canadian Department of Finance helping to balance the budget. E. G. SINCLAIR is in 5th year dentistry and playing water polo again this year along with GEORGE SPENCE, while G. A. McCLELLAN is teaching Mathematics at Toronto Western Tech. W. H. McKENDRICK, one of the few, is farming at Oakville.

BEVERLEY SHENSTONE has been in Germany for a year as a student worker in Junkers Aircraft and Engine Works at Dessau Anholt. He is the only British subject among the thousands of workers. BUD JULL is assistant purchasing agent of Canada Wire and Cable Co. C. D. McCREARY is with Matthews and Co.

GORDON MONTGOMERY is Assistant Canadian Manager of Miller Printing Co. TED TORY is with the Sun Life Insurance Co. With him are VIC. ROBB and BRUCE PAUL. EWART LINDSAY is with the Sun Insurance Co

KEN ALLEN, with British American Oil Co., D. R. SHEPPARD, assistant editor of Whittemore Publications, and M. L. GRAY, of Chartered Trust and Executor Co., are all toiling assiduously.

R. L. FOSTER, one of the "originals", having matriculated in 1913,

is Superintendent of Insurance for Ontario. J. S. ATKINSON JR. is with the Toronto Daily Star. O. W. GRIFFIN is in the head office of Cities Service Oil Co., while W. T. GUNDY and JOHN WALTON are with the Employers' Liability Insurance Co. ROBERT HENWOOD is at McGill. JAMES HOPKIRK is an organist and choirmaster while studying music.

DR. FRED HAMILTON is practising medicine in Toronto, as is DR. JOE SULLIVAN, who recently returned from Vienna where he did post-graduate work.

R. B. Y. (BOB) SCOTT is professor of Old Testament Language and Literature at the University of British Columbia. W. LAWRENCE LANGLOIS is at Temiskaming, with the Canadian International Paper Co. ROSS KERR is a manufacturer's agent in Toronto, while his brother JACK KERR is in law with Kerr, Kitchen and Keyes. A. M. CALVERT is Sales Manager for Delaney and Pettit. DR. W. R. CAVEN is practising in the city.

Out in Vancouver, R. R. CAMPBELL is branch manager of Hughson Bros. & Co. A. D. CLUTE is at Varsity. H. CONQUERGOOD intends to enter Varsity. T. W. DEAN is in 4th year Meds. CHARLIE DELEHAY is in Montreal plunging the line for M.A.A.A.

All the executives of 3T3, U.C., are U.T.S. Old Boys. HOWARD DOUGLAS is one of them. Also, TED BARTON, BROUGH McPHERSON and JOHN MAGWOOD form the executive of 3T4, U.C., while JACK CORRIGAN, BRUCE DRAPER and JOHN BEATTY comprise the executive of 3T5 U.C. BRUCE MURRAY, NAT. SHAW and COLIN JARVIS are all active officers of the U.C. Literary and Athletic Society. All that helps to boost the record. J. ROSS GRAY and ROSS BAILLIE are in the Canada Life with D'ARCY CHADWICK, RONALD MASON, and BURN GILMOUR, who is also playing rugby with Argos.

BILL CHAPMAN is with Chapman Bros. while BRUCE CARNALL is with Brazilian Traction. JOHN ASHDOWN, PETE BAILLIE, and JIM SANDERSON are all at Eatons.

PETER WRIGHT is at present studying at Varsity. He plans to resume his studies of Medicine in Scotland after the New Year.

At the Manufacturers' Life, EDWARD DUMBLETON is in the head office with ELLIOT AUGER. CHARLIE CATTO, G. A. HOLDEN, and ARNOLD BLATCHFORD are with Bell Telephone in Toronto. C. J. FOLLETT is with Wm. Neilson, Ltd.

MURRAY McMILLAN, A. DE L: PANET, E. O. KING, are also in the insurance business. JOHN A. WILSON is with the Harold A. Wilson Co. JIMMY HAINES, ALEX STARK, GERARD MALLON and MARTIN KELSO are lawyers, B. A. MALLON, FRED STARK and PERCY LAILEY are brokers.

DOUG. ROBINSON is practising law with Baird Ryckman. CARL BURTON is in medicine.

Everybody knows what DUNC. MUNRO is doing. HUGH and BERT PLAXTON and ROSS TAYLOR are practising law with Plaxton and Sifton. FRANK SULLIVAN is in the advertising business.

DENTON MASSEY, of the Massey Harris Co. is widely known for his Bible Class.

BILL PATTERSON is in real estate with Wood Fleming & Co.

BILLIE DOUGLAS is head of the "Delysia" caterers. DR ANDREW GORDON is a professor at Varsity. DR. GILBERT FALCONER is practising in Toronto, and recently joined the ranks of the benedicts.

DON and ANDY GUNN are with Gunn's Ltd. PHILIP CLARKE is a Chartered Accountant.

Everyone knows that HOWARD and ALLAN STOLLERY are in business with their father, while BILL is in the brokerage business.

TED McPHERSON is practising law. RONNIE McPHERSON is in the financial business, as is BRUCE WEST.

GRAYSON BURRUSS is with O'Donnell-Mackie. ERIC HORWOOD and KEN NOXON are architects. LAWRIE STARK is in the lumber game, while JOHN MARSH is in law.

JOHN DICKINSON, DAVE KAY, GRAHAM MARSHALL, GORDON ROBINSON, JOHN MURRAY, and JOHN STOTHERS are all becoming big business men in Commerce and Finance. GORDIE KEITH is with them and is playing rugby on Varsity Juniors.

JACK BURGESS, DAVE GRUBBE, KEN CARLISLE, GARTH COWPER-SMITH, ROSS DANCE, BILL GOSSET, JACK KENNEDY, and JACK BOEGEL are all exponents of brotherly love at S.P.S.

PAUL CAIN is playing golf. JOHN EWART is working in Port Arthur. "DUKE" PRICE is at Normal School but finds time to coach our 120-lb. rugby team.

JOHN ADDISON, FRAZER MacINTYRE, FRED GILROY

and JOHN McBRIDE are also at S.P.S. along with ALEC WILLIAMSON, who is also playing hockey.

DOUG. YOUNG and MURRAY COTTERILL are attending Central Tech.

"AL" CHESTNUT is with General Food Products. F. "RED" REYNOLDS is learning the bond business with J. L. Graham, while JIM REYNOLDS is with Canadian Advertising Agency, Ltd.

GEORGE BODDINGTON, in Political Science, is practising with Varsity Junior hockey team, along with ALEX DONER and DES DONOVAN in Pass Arts. BENNY ROGERS and COLIN BREBNER, in Biology and Medicine, both played rugby on Varsity Juniors, along with HOYLE CAMPBELL in Meds.

PHIL BECKETT, DICK GREENE, HUGH SCULLY and KEN LEGGE are all taking Political Science. CHAS. HAIR and FOSTER SMITH are in Meds. with DESMOND BONNYCASTLE and DON STARR, while DICK DOUGLAS and HUGH BRIGHT are in the Second Year of the same. Both Desmond and Hugh played rugby for Meds. Juniors. "TINY" DOUGLAS is playing basketball.

DON MacDONALD, ALAN RICE and DOUG ROOKE who is playing Junior basketball for Varsity, are in First Year Biology and Medicine. MALCOLM STEVENS at Victoria is out with the wrestling team. JOSE GRANATSTEIN is teaching fencing while studying at McMaster.

NORM. GARFAT and STU. SPARKS are in Pass Arts with GORDIE WINROW, who played rugby on the Varsity Intermediates with WALLY FEAR, who is in Second Year Pass Arts.

GEO. STEVENSON is with W. H. Bosley. RALPH HOGER is on the Financial Post. ERNIE ARMSTRONG is working for the "governor" and playing rugby with Argos.

LLOYD GREER, in First Year Political Science, is shining at track work. JACK BRADLEY, at North Toronto, expects to enter Meds. next year, where DON MUSTARD is in the Third Year.

HORACE WARD-WHATE sailed on a freighter for New Zealand. He will be six years in the Merchant Marine. JACK MORLEY is working for the Bank of Nova Scotia.

H. M. MEEKLEJOHN, one of the originals of the School and a former star rugby and hockey player, is now general manager of the Sovereign Life Assurance Co., in Winnipeg. He says that "PETE"

LARGE is now in Regina. DUNC. MARSHALL is now playing basketball at the University of Alberta, in Edmonton.

Quite a few of the old boys have chosen the law course at the University. Embryo lawyers include BILL LAWSON, ED BROWN, a former editor of THE TWIG, HOWARD DOUGLAS and JOHN MAGWOOD. JACK ELLISON transferred to English and History but BOB SEABORN, who is making a name for himself as a runner, is still in Classics at Trinity. Other U.T.S. Grads at Trinity include OWEN BARROW, GEORGE BUCKLAND, PAUL HAMILTON, "AL" WOODCOCK, "SQUEAK" CRESWICK, "RED" ROGERS and JACK STEWART, another former editor of THE TWIG who is now also a special writer on the "Varsity".

JIM WALKER is studying at Oxford. His brother "Bill" is in Political Science at Varsity and played middle for the Intermediates all fall next to LEN BUCHANAN. LEN WILLIAMS is in Meds. and just missed being elected class president. "THAN" SHAW is sophomore president at U.C. and is proving an excellent man for the job.

NORM DEWITT is at present at Gravenhurst recovering from a nervous breakdown, but is leaving for Arizona shortly. Norm edited the "Varsity" last year and the strain was a little too much for him. Best o' luck, Norm.

ART. BRANT is looking forward to another season with the Intercollegiate Hockey Team. Along with him in Maths and Physics are JOHN BLEWITT, HOWARD ALEXANDERM and KEN WRIGHT. MALIM HARDING headed Political Science last year. ROSS JOHNSTON and BILL JACOBI in Second Year C. & F. made a lot of noise this fall as Varsity cheer-leaders. They are both on the Varsity gym team.

JOHNNIE KEITH was captain of the Varsity Intercollegiate Rugby team this fall. "TUBBY" BENNETT and "STU" FERGUSON also played on the first team, while CHARLIE BAILLIE managed the Varsity Orphans.

BOB BRYCE is still burning things up around S.P.S. "MAL" SMITH is also there and spends his spare time burning up the cinder path at the various track meets. JOHN CLARK distinguished himself by making the Varsity fencing team and being the best man Varsity had at the intercollegiate meet.

HARRY APPLETON spent the summer proving the truth of the saying that all the nice girls love a sailor. Harry was a purser up in

Muskoka and found his C. & F. training invaluable in straightening out accounts. The well known TOMMY MARSH is just as popular at Varsity as he was at U.T.S. Tom was recently elected to the Hart House house committee. HOWE TARSHIS is a member of the debates committee.

BOB GRAY graduated from Trinity and is now in the First Year of an Osgoode course. Incidentally, JOHN ROBINETTE is now lecturing at Osgoode after taking a brilliant degree there. ALAN VANEVERY has recently formed a law firm of his own. GEORGE ROBINETTE is making the boys step in Third Year Political Science and finds time for interfaculty hockey.

Many old boys of the School may be found at R.M.C. They include "HECK" STORMS, JACK McCUAIG, JACK FAIRLEY, JACK ROSS, JACK GODFREY, CHUCK WRENSHALL, JACK EATON, and TED PEPALL.

BLANDFORD ALLAN is in Fourth Year Medicine. BROUGH MACPHERSON is up to his old tricks and is treasurer of his year at U.C. He and "BESSIE" BEAMISH are still inseparable. VERN OILLE was recently seen down at Queen's. BILL OILLE played quarter for Varsity Juniors this fall.

Third Year C. & F. still boasts of a large number of old boys. HAL BROUGHTON, TED DRAIMIN, CLARK KINNEAR, LON McDONNELL, AUB MEDLAND and MAC SECCOMBE are among the fortunate while JOHN CLARK and AL FOOT are now taking the pass course. BOB NOBLE is continuing his studies of Medicine with a fellowship at St. Andrews, Scotland. BILL STARK, after spending a year abroad is now connected with the Commerce and Finance staff at Baldwin House, University of Toronto.

WE ARE LED TO BELIEVE

That "Tommy" Porter's aim is as bad as ever and that the school's chalk expenses are increasing accordingly.

That "Joe" Carlisle still knows what questions are going to be asked on the Matric exam papers.

That "Johnny" Workman still believes that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. And that he still becomes annoyed if you don't agree.

That Major Bramfitt can still touch high A without standing on his toes.

THE TWIG

That Mr. Grainger and Col. Cline have a chemical scheme for manufacturing Synthetic Par Golf.

That Professor Ferguson was unable to attend the Follies Bergeres this year.

That Professor Lougheed still holds the world's speed record for blackboard writing.

That Dr. Joe Sullivan has declared an open season for tonsils.

That Dunc. Munro finds his knowledge of Latin a great help when coaching the Montreal Maroons.

That Jack Aggett, Don Jeffrey, Steve Gray and Don Gunn still think they could make the U.T.S. hockey team.

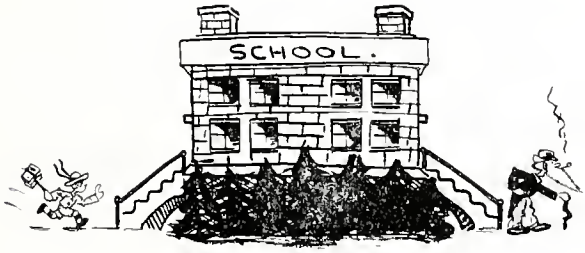
That Ross Taylor has not joined the ranks of the benedicts.

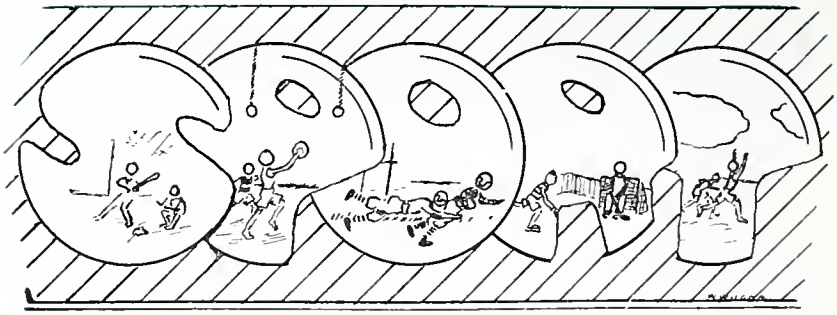
That Dr. Gord. Frawley has not yet found the perfect molar.

That the editors of the old boys' section of THE TWIG received several manuscripts which space and discretion forbade publishing.

That U.T.S. is still flourishing, in spite of the old boys.

Lack of information and a bad headache prevent the writer from continuing further. One could go on indefinitely. If you have one of those group photographs of the entire school taken when you were a pupil, pull it out of the cupboard and have a look at the faces. You'll have an interesting evening before you—how many do you know now and what are they all doing?





SENIOR BASKETBALL

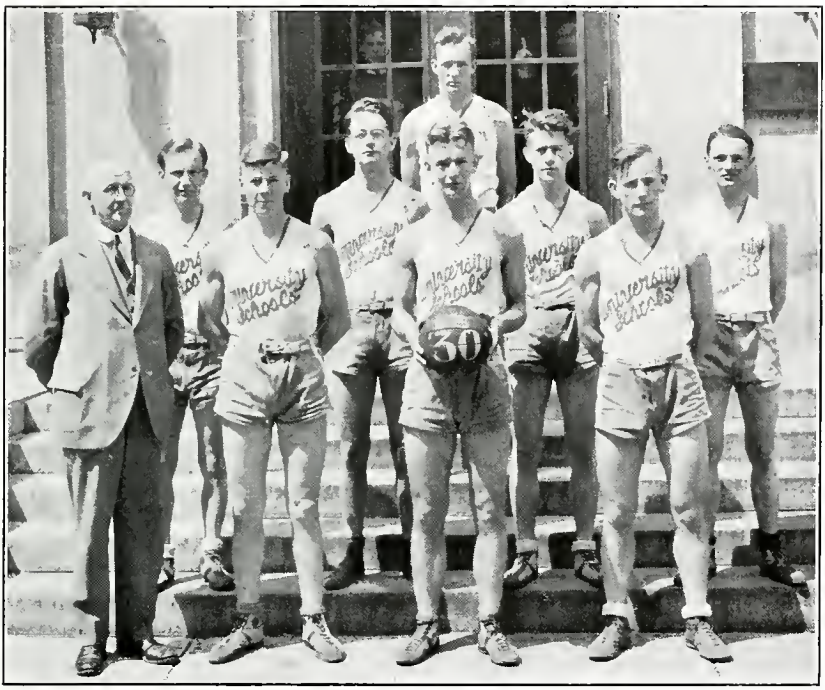
With only two players available from the previous year, our Senior team was moulded from material supplied from the Juniors with the addition of two newcomers to the school. With some of the boys playing on the Rugby team we were unable to commence the season in earnest until after the Christmas holidays. The coach, Mr. Irwin, with such a heavy task on his hands, accomplished a great deal in a very short time, getting the team into shape in time to trim St. Andrew's College in the initial game of the season, our league consisting of St. Andrew's College, St. Michael's College, Pickering College and U.T.S.

The team overcame all in sight, including St. Andrew's and St. Mike's whom they defeated twice, until opposed by the championship Pickering College squad, when they were decisively overpowered at Pickering. This, however, only served to key up the boys to a fighting spirit and in the return game on our own floor the team played as if inspired. As a result we emerged victors by two points in the most thrilling contest of the season. This game created a tie in the Prep. School Group between Pickering College and U.T.S. During the intermission before the deciding battle we staged a practice game with North Toronto Collegiate and came through with a win.

The play-off game was staged on neutral grounds at West End Y.M.C.A. Before the game commenced every available seat was occupied, indicating the interest taken in our league. In this game the College displayed their superiority on the offensive, led by two sharp-shooters, Faulds and MacAllister who seemed to possess a positively uncanny eye and scored on many long shots. With only a few minutes remaining to play U.T.S. crept up to within two points of their opponents only to be thrust back by a powerful aerial barrage, and when the final whistle blew Pickering College was the victors by nine points. This game completed our regular schedule and we wound up the season by our annual game with Hamilton Delta Collegiate, which we won handily by eleven points.

For this season we have five of our last year's team in uniform, who together with the Juniors who are graduating into the Senior ranks should produce some good basketball.

The line-up consisted of the following: centre, J. Irwin; forwards, Rooke, Greene, Burgess, Dobson and Parmenter; guards, Ashdown (Captain), Armstrong (Manager), Magwood and Loudon.



Irwin

Burgess Dobson Green Loudon
Mr. Irwin Rooke Armstrong Magwood

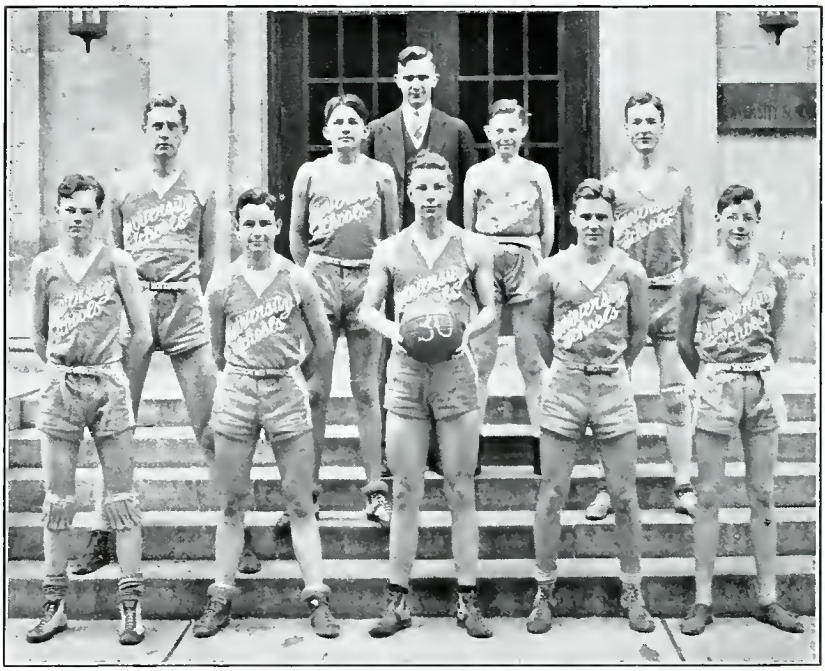
JUNIOR BASKETBALL 1929-30

The season of 1929-30 inaugurated an almost entirely new Junior Basketball Team. Despite this fact, under the capable coaching of Messrs. Ivans and Murphy, former Varsity luminaries, the squad made rapid progress and after several exhibition games, one with

those traditional foes Delta, as a preparation, succeeded in winning the Prep. School Group. The City semi-finals were then contested with Parkdale who had been sweeping all opposition before them, and in this series the school's team was forced to succumb after two hard-fought battles.

This year, with interest stimulated by the inter-form basketball and with eager recruits assembling from all sides, the Junior Team hopes for a most successful season.

The team: centre, Reid; forwards, Dadson and Stewart; guards, Bell and Watts; substitutes, Gage, McLurg, Mowat and Laski.



Mr. Petrie

McClurg Gage Bell Watts Reid Laski Dadson Mowatt Stewart

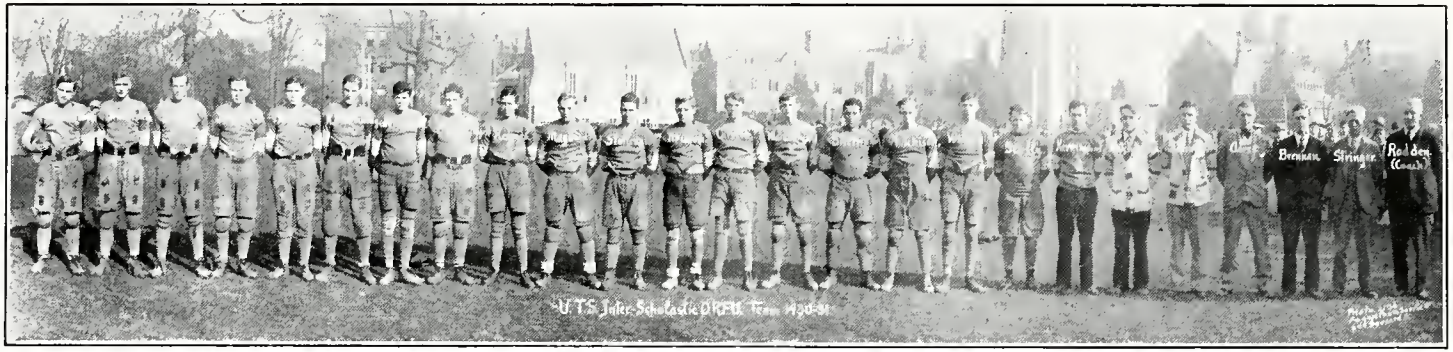
"Mike" Rodden, Coach of the U.T.S. Rugby Team

Courtesy of The Toronto Daily Star

SENIOR RUGBY

At the commencement of the 1930 football campaign U.T.S. seemed to have the material for one of the greatest teams it has ever produced. The situation when the various players were actually arrayed on the field took on a different light. Though the auspicous opening seemed to indicate plenty of weight and speed, difficulties developed as soon as the business of sorting out the material was undertaken. Outside wings were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth, and Sleeth, a former half-back had to be used at snap. Too late in the season it was discovered that Sleeth was a good outside wing, and Wilson was the necessary centre-man. All this could probably have been rectified, but the worst was yet to come. Michael J. Rodden, the greatest coach in Canada and the perennial saviour of U.T.S. fortunes faded into the Land of the Sunset Glow, accompanying his "Terrible Tigers" on their tour of the West. This was too bad for us but it was probably worse for the West. No second team was properly developed, which by the way is absolutely essential, not only for the sake of proper practise but for the development of material.

Two exhibition fixtures were played in which St. Andrews was defeated 14-7 and U.C.C. 14-1. In these games we lost the services of Brennan and Jarry Hutchinson, through injuries, two very valuable men. With them the school would have gone a long way in the Inter-scholastic race.



Left to right—Evans (Capt.), J. Armstrong, Irwin, R. Lougheed, Rosevear, M. Armstrong, Wrenshall, Boomer, Rogers, Magwood, Stollery, McAdam, Carveth, R. Wainwright, Sleeth, Hutchison, Wilson, Scully, Kerr (Trainer), Hutchinson, Salmon (Trainer), Acres, Brennan, Stringer, M. Rodden (Coach).

The first league game was played with St. Mikes and resulted in a loss, the Saints taking the game by the score of 13-1. Mr. Rodden had returned by this time, but as he had to go to Hamilton three days a week, his services were only available Mondays and Fridays. However, Alan Stollery came to the rescue, and proved to be an able lieutenant for the talented Mike. The team settled down to hard work, and managed to defeat Pickering 7-2 the following week, and then turned on St. Mike's and won 20-0. That made it look as if the group was destined to be a tie. It is history now that Pickering, a fighting little machine without great ability but plenty of courage, turned around and picked U.T.S. as the victims in their first Interscholastic victory. As St. Mike's had beaten Pickering twice that game put us definitely out of the running.

Pickering has every right to be proud of their team. They were just out to fight as hard as they could, expecting to lose, but bound they'd go down with colours flying. This is the only way to play football, the only way a championship team will ever play. Frankly, it was lack of that feeling which spelt defeat for U.T.S.

It was an unfortunate end for a U.T.S. team. For years the school has been the most formidable opponent of the other Junior teams.

Next year it will be a different story.

The one bright spot in the disastrous season was the discovery of Alan Stollery as a football mentor. His intimate knowledge of Mike Rodden's system of play and his fine co-operative spirit made him invaluable during Mr. Rodden's unavoidable absences. Had he been secured earlier in the season the team would have undoubtedly been more effective. The second S.M.C. game after a week of his tutorage, afforded ample proof of the innate ability of our 1930 gridders. It is earnestly hoped that Stollery will be available at the very outset of the 1931 season.

In the future the players can recall their achievements without regret although it is always a source of disappointment when a title is not won . . . .U.T.S did defeat St. Andrews and Upper Canada College in exhibition tilts and they also whipped Pickering College and St. Michael's. In all they won four games and lost two.

Defensively the team was not up to the standard set by other U.T.S. machines and the same was true of the attack but some good players, notably Bill Evans, Art. Stollery and Jack Armstrong were developed. The team was unfortunate in losing the valuable services of Bob Brennen, one of the best backfield prospects U.T.S. have had in years. This smart

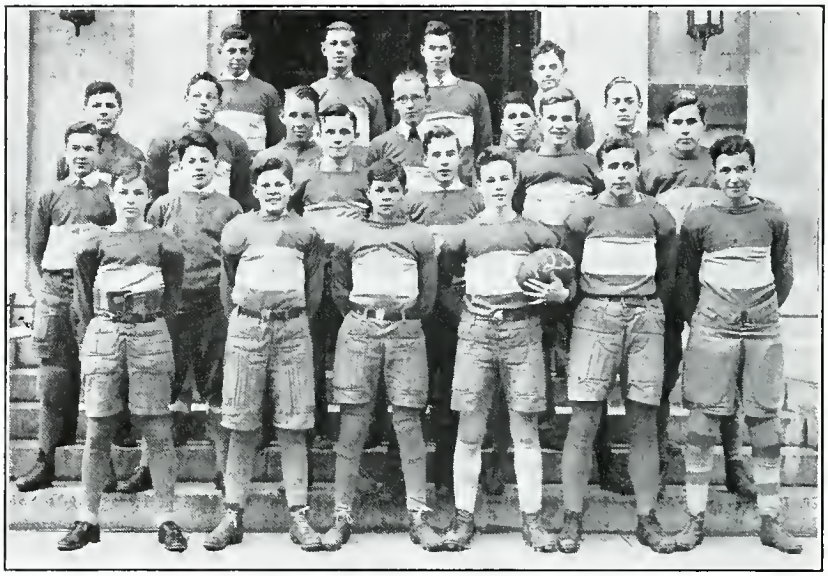
player was seriously injured early in the season, otherwise U.T.S. might have won the group honours at least. . . .

Next fall it will be a different story. . . .U.T.S. spirit will survive and surmount the most difficult of barriers. That is the way it is with the Blue and White and again we repeat that the season was not lost. . . . U.T.S. lived up to tradition and the high ideals of sportsmanship which after all are more important, more to be prized, than the winning of championships.

The late James Wood Douglas Memorial Trophy (right) is the gift of the U. T. S. Old Boys' Association for annual competition in the O.R.F.U. group in which U. T. S. is playing, which is at present the Interscholastic O.R.F.U. group. The cup was won this year by St. Michael's College. The Duncan Munro Trophy (left) is the gift of Dunc Munro, of Montreal, a U. T. S. old boy, for competition in the Prep. School group of the O.H.A. To capture this cup, a team must win it three times.

THE 120-POUND TEAM

With a turnout of nearly thirty aspirants, the 120's looked to be in for a rosy autumn, but while a very enjoyable season was had, inexperience took its toll in most of our encounters. Up to the time of writing the squad has won only two, out of eight games played.



	Donaldson	Margesson	Winters	Stratton	
Armstrong	Stewart	Gifford	Withers	Boddington	Cook
Turnbull	Sublett	Whitaker	Tasker	Pocock	Baillie
Hicks	Campbell	Miller	Mustard	Griffith	Smith

They first took the field against Harbord Collegiate, but while putting up a great fight managed to out-fumble their opponents and lose by a 11-3 score. North Toronto were the next antagonists and while it took time to get going U.T.S. eked out a slender 13-11 victory, Mustard going over for a touch in the fast-fading seconds of the final quarter. Their next game brought them up against St. Mike's and a fine battle ensued, the Bay Street team winning by the close margin of one touchdown.

The following week found the team bound for Newmarket, and there in the mud and rain was played one of the finest games of the year, although it was again lost by a try, the northern lads intercepting one

of our forward passes and running it back for a major count. But the squad was to come upon better days and S.A.C. had the misfortune to meet it at its best, the school having a margin of play throughout, and crashing 70 yards on successive smashes for a touch in the first five minutes of over-time. But S.A.C. tallied points with us in a game packed with thrills in which the lead alternated several times and which finally finished by the light of a harvest moon with the Red and White team 4 points ahead.

The last game played up to time of writing was with Delta Juniors in Hamilton, and there against a much heavier outfit the team staged a noble fight losing by 6-5, being within scoring distance when the final whistle sounded. Ray Hicks scored our points by running 20 yards on an intercepted pass.

A word of thanks to all the schools we visited, if by any chance this meets their eyes, for the splendid games and the wonderful hospitality we received at the hands of all.

Even with two games left to play, the season's record will hardly be an imposing one, nevertheless, the team gave all it had in all its fixtures, and on the season's play should have had a greater number of wins than it did. Tasker, Whitaker and Winters on the backfield played superb rugby all year while the kicking of Withers and the plunging of Griffiths, Pocock and Smith kept the team in the hunt at all times. To Billy Mustard, great captain and quarter, fine field general and professor of the school of "hit 'em and throw 'em", the team owes much. Also to John Sublett great credit is due.

"Duke" Price, the coach of the team, never failed the 120's at a practice; the signals which were used were the figments of his own imagination. His genius for procuring games, his organizing mind and his wholeheartedness throughout the season has made the 120-pound team one of the happiest ever formed.

THE 100-POUND RUGBY TEAM

The 100-pound team seems to be a step in the career of a gridiron warrior as he passes from the junior school to the higher forms at U.T.S. It is a difficult step due to the lack of outside competition which in turn discourages the boys who might otherwise turn out. However, there were about twenty boys who would not say "die" and as a result a

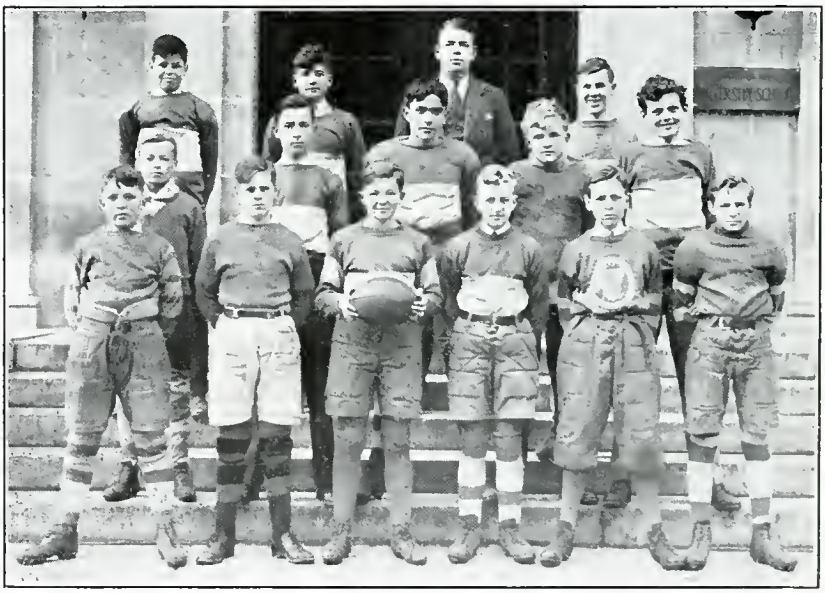
100-pound team was formed again this year with Art Le Pan as its efficient manager and coach. Art is the lad who deserves unlimited credit for the time and work he gave ungrudgingly and cheerfully.

Almost nightly these twenty stout warriors, captained by Ken Withers, toiled up and down Ramsden Park. Playing against phantom teams, without a complaint, these chaps were out to improve their ability in the fall pastime.

Team play was shown to be essential but the work of Rapp, McMicking, Withers, Pocock and Farmer was worthy of note. And it is assured that the aspirations of these, along with many others, to be on the first team, will be fulfilled in the near future.

The game played to date showed that co-operation, team spirit, quick-thinking and fine sportsmanship, were uppermost in the minds of all the members. The fifteen to five victory over Model school, a heavier team, brought out the ability of the school's squad.

Many thanks are due to Al Acres who gave the team some valuable pointers from actual experience. Also, the boys greatly appreciated the interest displayed by parents and masters.



Martin Farmer LePan (Coach) Grand
Smith Turnbull Gooderhan MacMillan Pocock
Hair MacMicking Withers Rapp Boddington Gundry

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY

Literally and figuratively speaking, the junior school rugby leagues were again a "howling success". Nearby residents of our athletic field who were not fortunate enough to be able to view these games from their back windows were, nevertheless, able to hear them—Sig-nals—66, 76, 86, 96, 106, 206, 1000, xxx, ready, hip, 1—2—3—4. And so starts another play far too complicated for the spectator to follow, and sometimes rather confusing to the players themselves.

The Junior league was composed of four teams who played a double schedule. After many hard-fought battles Adamson's Tigers were declared champions, having traversed the route without a defeat.

The Senior league consisted of three teams. The Sod Busters captained by D. Armstrong finally emerged on top after some enthusiastic and spirited rugby.

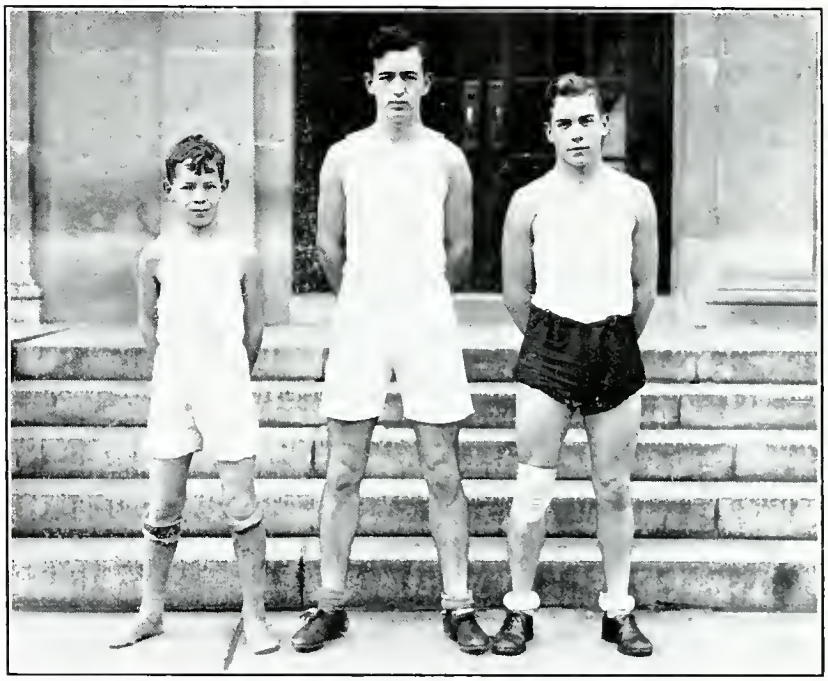
One need only look at the first team to see that the majority of its players were a few years ago playing Junior School Rugby in their "Sunday go-to-meeting suits".

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY

FIELD DAY

Although the weather might have been much warmer for our Twentieth Annual Field Day, it was a decided improvement on last year. All the events were successfully completed.

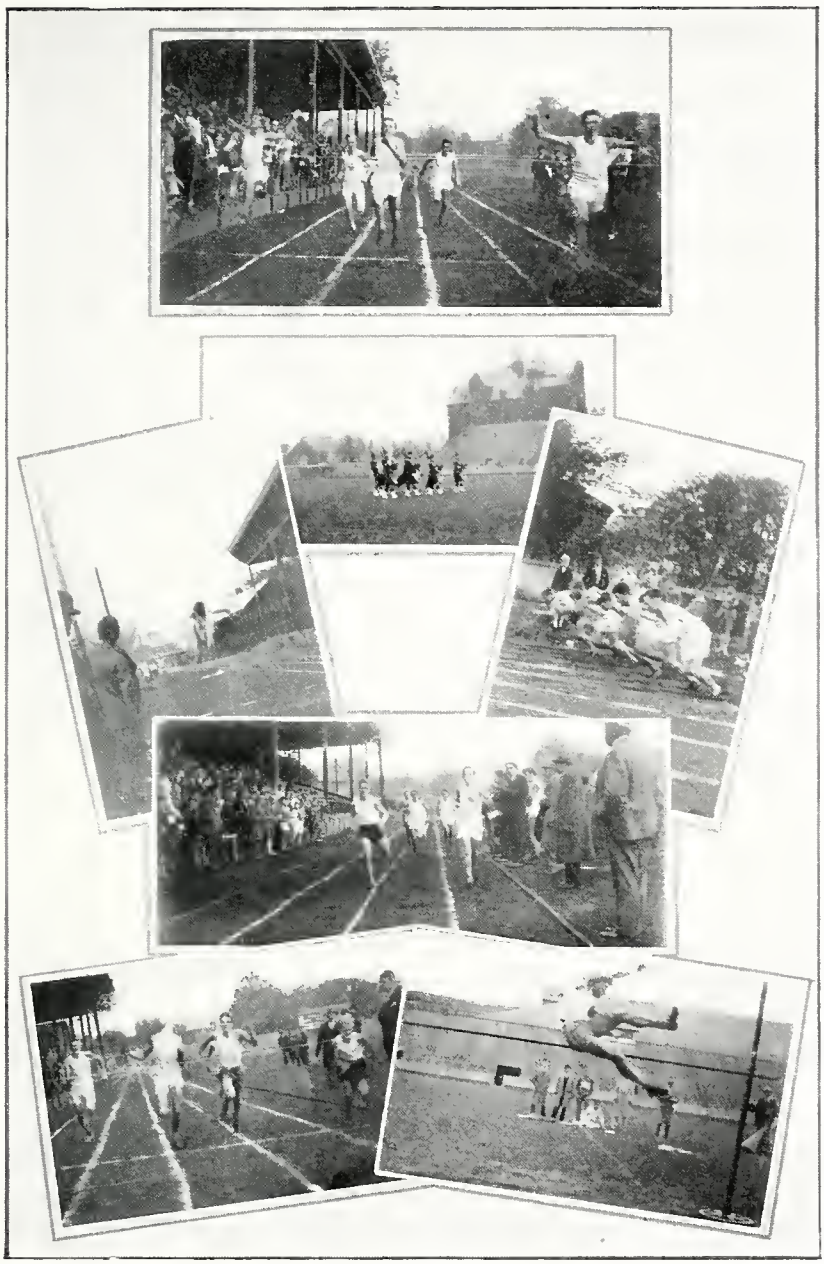
The track, unfortunately, was not in the best of condition owing to previous rains, and this is undoubtedly one of the reasons why there were not more new records established. The only new track record was made by Bill Tasker in the low hurdles, when he clipped 1-5 of a second from the previous mark of six years standing.



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Boulthee Kerr Tasker

In the senior field events, two records were broken. Alan Griffiths again displayed great style in the high jump when he "California rolled" 5′1″ to surpass Hugh Kerr's existing record of 5′1-4″. Salmon established a new record when he hurled the javelin 114′4″, exceeding John Ashdown's



FIELD DAY, 1930

throw in 1928 of 111 feet. In the open discus, Cowan showed fine ability and, although he did not break his own previous record, it was a matter of inches.

Several changes occurred in the field events this fall. There was no hop, step and jump, but three new junior events were introduced—a standing broad jump ten years and under, and both a running broad and standing broad jump eleven years and under. The winners of these new events are, of course, considered the present record holders.

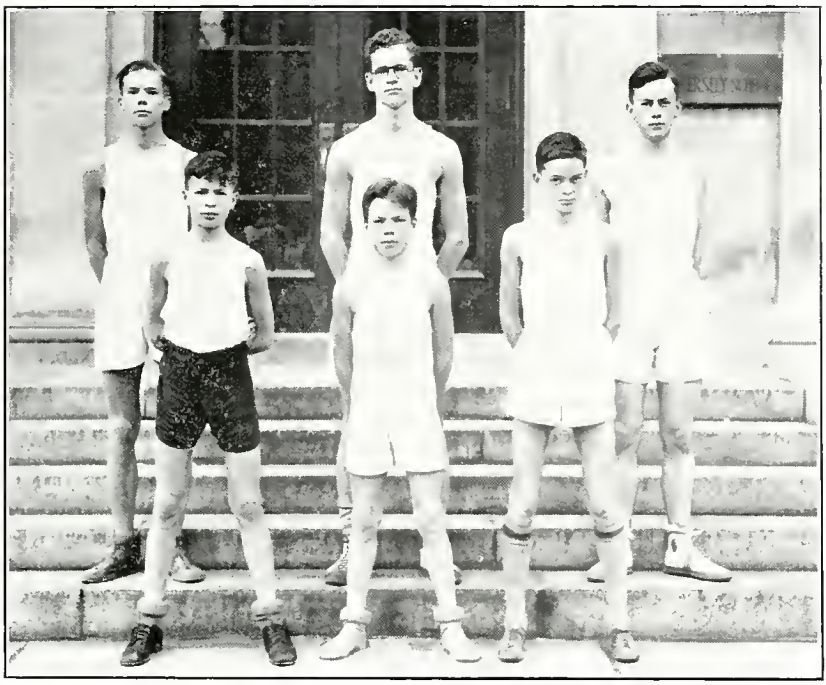
The keenest individual competition was in the intermediate division. Griffiths, W. Sublett and Tasker battled it out, and Tasker finally succeeded in capturing his third field day championship in as many years at the school. The senior title went to Hugh Kerr who was prominent in the jumping events and the junior championship was won by J. Boultbee of 3A.

Bruce Charles showed a clean pair of heels to the rest of the field in the 440 open senior and received the Vernon Knox Trophy recently donated by an old boy in memory of his favourite event. It is necessary, however, to win this event twice in order to retain the trophy.

A large, enthusiastic gathering of parents and boys enjoyed the athletic events, and although we missed the 48th Highlanders Band, their bag-pipes were an acceptable substitute.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This October saw the twentieth annual cross-country run of the University Schools. The race, which was run over the usual course in High Park, was scheduled for Friday, October 17, but owing to the inclement weather was postponed until the following Monday. There was an unusually large field of about 180 entries and these were arranged in the usual divisions—junior, senior and open. The weather was dull and quite cool so that the contestants were forced to bundle up well in order to keep warm before the start of the grind. Not a few of the runners felt the ill effects of the cold air in their lungs as they ran. However, in spite of this, some excellent times were made. Taylor of IVB won the senior open and the Booth Memorial trophy, emblematic of the school championship, in the very fast time of 18 minutes, 12 and 2-5 seconds. Taylor is one of the most consistent runners in the school;



Taylor D. Armstrong — Charles Farmer — Miller H. Smith

by a few seconds, he failed to equal the existing record, but it is hoped that he will set a new time next year. H. Smith won the junior open and the Thomas Porter trophy by traversing the course in 14 minutes and 7 seconds. At the conclusion of the race everyone was treated to "eats" at the refreshment counter adjoining the dressing rooms.

The winners are as follows:

SENIOR SCHOOL

Open	Taylor	Charles	Miller
15 years	Burton	Hannah	Copp
14 years	Farmer	Rankin	Greer
13 years	W. Smith	Mercer-Wilson	MacMillan
12 years	Funston	Muir	Kettlewell

Novice prize—May.

JUNIOR SCHOOL

Open.....H. Smith D. Armstrong A. Farmer
14 years.....Hallamore
13 years.....Sebert
12 years.....Brett
11 years.....Campbell
10 years.....F. Frewer
9 years.....H. MacMillan
Novice prize—Green

THE TENNIS CLUB

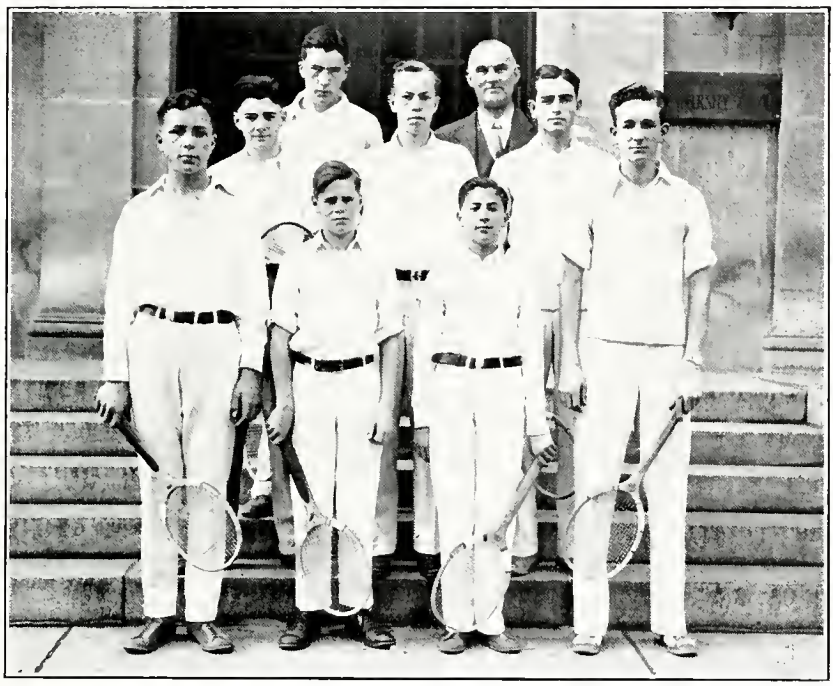
It has been proposed to the executive this year that six or eight boys should be chosen to represent U.T.S. in outside competition. Tennis, as a representative sport, is quite worthy of the school, and a tennis team for matches with other clubs is a splendid idea. It is to be hoped that this suggestion will be carried into effect next spring.

Last May, the annual doubles tournament was held at the school athletic grounds. The senior event showed some strong combinations, such as Rooke and Morley, Dickinson and Robinson, Dadson and Reid, Follett and Hutchison. The latter pair won out after a close match with Rooke and Morley, 6-3, 6-4, 1-6, 2-6, 6-2, the result being rather a surprise to both teams.

In the junior section there were forty-four entries of boys from eleven to fifteen years of age. Hudson and Newman emerged victorious after a strenuous battle with Fremes and MacKinnon.

The annual singles tournament was held this fall, and drew widespread interest throughout the school, as shown by the large field of one hundred and fifty-three entries who competed for the trophies and prizes. There were many stiff battles before the quarter finals were reached, and the survivors at that stage were: A. Eaton, R. Putnam, J. Follett, H. Bleasdell, J. Reid, G. McLean, G. Morrison and K. Hutchison. These boys showed fine form throughout the tournament until one by one they were eliminated, down to the semi-finals. A. Eaton lost to Grant McLean 2-6, 0-6, while Hutchison and Follett fought a close match in which the former won 6-4, 2-6, 6-4.

McLean, who made such a fine showing in the Toronto Tennis Club open tournament this summer displayed superior form in the final match with Hutchison, winning three straight sets 6-2, 7-5, 6-4. The champion held up well under pressure; trailing 2-5 in the second set, he twice survived a set-point and won the set by 7-5. Hutchison gave the winner a good run in the last two sets, but was unable to hold his own against the superior court generalship of McLean.



Newman Mr. Richardson
Hudson Hutchison MacLean
Mackenzie MacMicking Fremes Follett

The Junior event was also well contested. H. Newman showed good style to emerge winner of over a field of seventy-three entries. Ken Withers gave Newman a hard battle in the quarter finals, but lost finally by 8-6, 2-6, 4-6. A. Hudson, J. Lundy, B. MacKenzie and Fremes gave worthy performances in the tournament before they were eliminated.

The brand of tennis at U.T.S. can be best described by drawing attention to the fine showing of Douglas Rooke and Jack Dickinson,

now of University College, in the U.C. Tournaments. These boys were finalists in the open doubles tournament, while Rooke reached the finals in the open singles.

SENIOR SCHOOL INTER-FORM BASEBALL

Last spring the good old inter-form baseball league was conducted as usual under the guidance of Mr. Cochrane, and enjoyed an even better season than those previous. The league consisted of teams from VI, V, IVB, IVC and IVA combined, and an all-star third VI, owing to Doug Rooke's incomparable pitching and aided by a formidable well-balanced team, won the league without the loss of a game. V, concentrating, no doubt, upon their studies, fielded a team rather weaker than usual and despite the steadying influences of Stothers and Cain, they were forced to take the small end in most of their games. VI's greatest difficulties were encountered with IVA and IVB. These teams fought it out for the right to enter the finals and after some close thrilling baseball, IVB under Follett pulled out a victory. Jack Morley, in charge of IVA, was handicapped at times by a scarcity of players, but he kept right on and made a splendid showing. In the finals VI, under Gord Winrow, clinched the championship in straight games but IVB deserves great credit for their good showing against such a heavy hitting team.

THE SENIOR MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL

The teams in the "minor league" of the senior school were well matched and provided many closely contested battles. The team from IIIB emerged victorious by virtue of their defeat of IIA's representatives. For the winners Brunke, Carveth, Chisholm and Wrenshall provided the necessary "punch", while Smith, McClurg, Mullin, Bradfield and Kettlewell assisted nobly in batting and in fielding their team to the top.

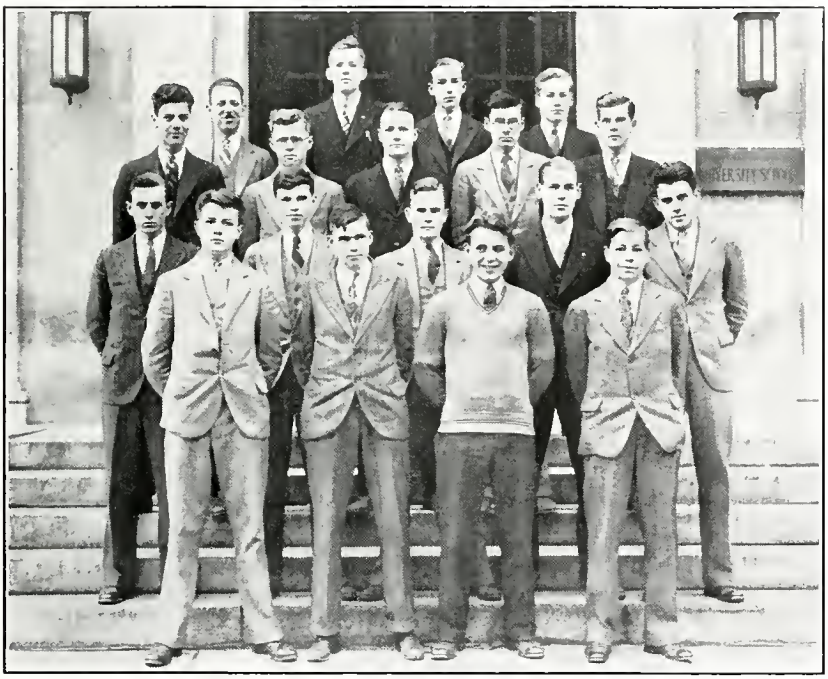
JUNIOR SCHOOL BASEBALL

Baseball in the Junior School continues its strong hold upon the great majority of the boys. In the junior junior league there were seventy-five active participants, and in the senior junior's forty-seven—nearly the whole enrolment in these forms. And that is as it should be!

A great deal of the success of the league is due to that unerring ability of boys to choose competent leaders—captains and vice-captains. D. Armstrong, Biggs, Bingham, A. Boddington, Maynard and J. McConvey led the juniors; A. Armstrong, Farmer, MacMickey, Miller and Withers captained the seniors. Boddington's team won out in the "half-pint" section and Farmer's captured the pennant in the older division.

SWIMMING

The season '29-'30 was very successful for the swimming team. Out of eight meets the school won five, tied one, and by very small margins lost two. Although composed mainly of new and younger swimmers, the team measured up well to the high standard set in the past. Despite



Mr. Cochrane Murphy Burns Masson
Donovan McAdam Crawford MacKinnon Grand
Rogers Stappells Gundy Burns Sale
Wallace Bryan Chisholm Jull

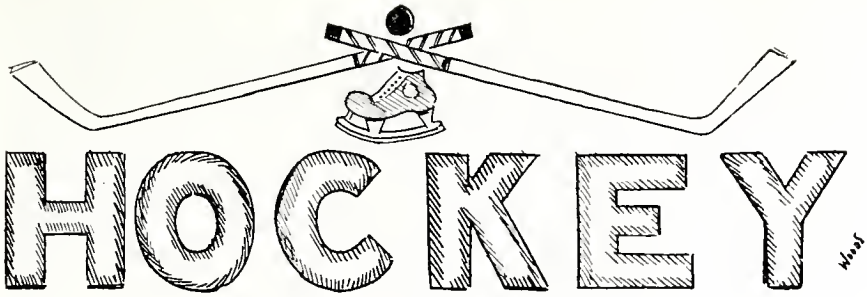
the loss of many old standbyes through graduation, the team was most successful.

J. Burns and Murray swimming in the sprints, Masson, Chadwick and Hager in the longer distances usually brought in wins for the school in the free style events. In the breast strokes Crawford and May were prominent while Murray and Rogers were best in the backstroke. The diving was ably upheld by F. Reynolds, Chisholm and Jull.

The season opened by a meet with U.C.C. which the school won handily. The next contest was with Oakwood Collegiate which also resulted in a win. The school succeeded in easily defeating Central Tech. in the following two meets. In the encounter with Western Tech. the school lived up to its high standard. The next two meets with Danforth Grads were more closely contested, U.T.S. tying the first and losing the second. Considering that the Danforth team was composed of older and more experienced swimmers, the good showing of the school came as a surprise. The concluding meet of the season was lost to Central "Y", each event being closely contested.

As a fitting close to a strenuous programme, the school championship for the Cochrane cup was held. The winner was Jim Burns, the team captain, closely pursued by Murray with Masson third.

During the year Life Saving and beginner's classes were formed. In the former, 192 Life Saving Awards were gained by the school.



O.H.A. HOCKEY

Following close on the heels of the successful 1928-29 hockey season came the impressive victories of the Hockey Club in 1930. Grouped with their traditional rivals S.A.C., U.C.C., and S.M.C., U.C.C. being chosen early in the season by outsiders to be the favourites, the U.T.S. lads soon proved, as they did in the previous year, that they were the most talented squad in the group.

In the S.P.A. series the school was drawn up against Peterboro, who finally won 3-2 after a spirited contest, thus bringing to an end outside competition until after the Christmas holidays, because unfortunately the team had not the opportunity to play any pre season hockey in the form of trips out of the city.

Although U.C.C. was called to win the group, our greatest difficulty was in eliminating St. Mike's, the scores in two games being 2-1, overtime and 1-0 respectively, both being real battles, while U.C.C. was trimmed 3-1 and 2-1. St. Andrews put up a persistent struggle for supremacy but were not equal to the school's pace and skill. Thus U.T.S. alone survived every game and gained the group honours for the third year, thereby earning the right for permanent possession of the C.C.M. trophy. Dunc Munroe, a U.T.S. old boy, has very kindly supplied another beautiful cup on which, it is hoped, the school's name will be engraved this year.

The squad's next victims were from Runnymede high school, winners of the high school series. This team was easily defeated in a sudden-death game by the score of 4-1. In all these games air-tight hockey was always in evidence. Very rarely were the opponents able to pass our strong defence. The boys always played in harmony, a condition which must be present, in order to accomplish anything.

The school was unfortunate in being pitted next against the champion West Toronto team, who proved to be the better squad. Though U.T.S. was forced to succumb to a five goal lead in the first match, the second game was tied 3-3. Thus ending our successful career.

THE TWIGS

Credit must be spread equally over the whole team, from our fleet centre "Pinky" McLean, who was elected captain, and his able pals, George Boddington, Jack Morley, Gordie Keith, Al Doner, Ronny Cunningham, Sandy MacPherson and Hugh Kerr, back to that stone-wall defense, Johnny Copp and "Des" Donovan, who meant poison to all ambitious attackers. And last, but certainly not least, Paul Cane, slow but sure, who must have kept the key to the goal in his hip-pocket, Bill Chapman, the hard-working manager, must not remain unsung either, for his untiring services to the team.

It was a treat to see a player come down the ice gracefully and unsuspectingly only to be "floored" by our Johnny and Des—Johnny to Des, Des to the ice, and that's that.

These boys are attending the University this year so that Varsity would certainly do well to use this combination as their regular defense.

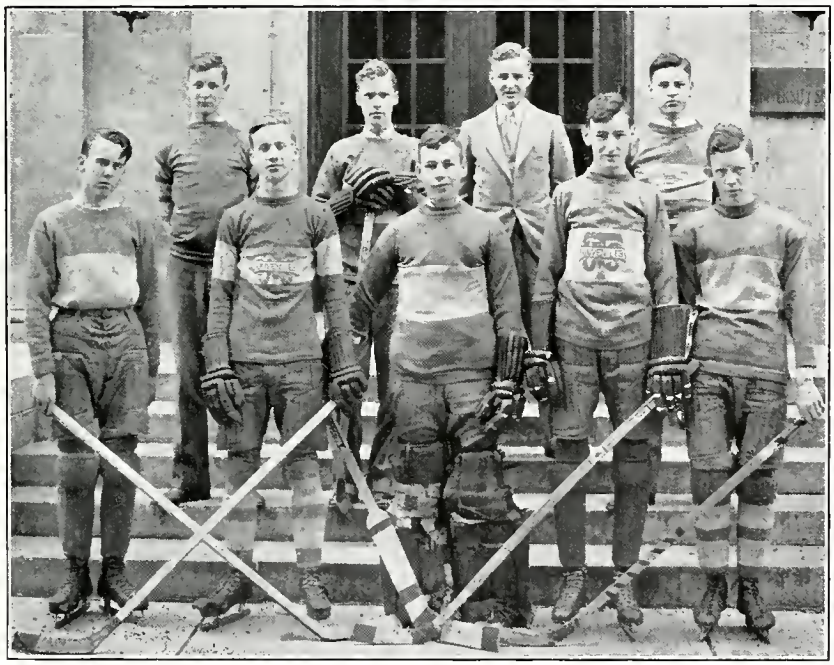
Morley Copp Donovan Dr. Smylie Boddington Cunningham Keith
Mr. Lougheed Cain MacLean Stollery Chapman
Kerr Doner

Most of the other lads are also at Varsity; we'll be seeing them on the Varsity Juniors.

For the coming season we have "Pinky" again and last year's famous Midget team besides some newcomers to the school. It is to be hoped that they will be allowed to improve their game and gain experience by a trip during the Christmas holidays; at any rate we are counting on them to continue the good work.

JUVENILE HOCKEY

Last year, as usual, a Juvenile team was entered in the T.H.L., but unfortunately was slightly outclassed in their group. This team is unlucky in the fact that as soon as a boy who has any hockey ability at all, graduates from the Midget ranks, he is claimed by the first team.



Pepall Baillie Corrigan Rosevear
Gosset Starr Ross Robinson Rogers

Thus the Juvenile coach has a very limited amount of material with which to work. However, last year's coach deserves much credit for the smart squad he provided under these circumstances.

Owing to the withdrawal of St. Andrew's College from this group, the Schools and St. Mike's were the only contestants. A double schedule was arranged and although every game was close and U.T.S. continued to improve, they failed to emerge on top in any encounter. Great credit is due, nevertheless, to each member of the team for their plucky resistance against the odds that faced them. The team was well managed by Jack Corrigan, while Mr. Lewis gave his time and assistance unsparingly.

The line-up was as follows: goal, Ross; defence, Rosevear and Robinson; forwards, Rogers, Starr, and Gosset; substitutes, Baillie and Pepall.

MIDGET "A" HOCKEY

It is safe to say that last year's Midgets were the best that the school has ever produced in that class. There were two teams entered in the T.H.L. Midget Series: The Midget "A" team and the "B" team. Besides these two teams St. Michael's and De La Salle were entered in the same group.

The "A"s commenced the season very auspiciously with four straight victories. The first of these was against St. Mike's, who were beaten 4-3. We then defeated De La Salle 3-1 at Varsity rink. The third and fourth games were with the "B" team who were conquered 6-0, 4-0. However, we lost the last two games, one at St. Mike's and the other at De La Salle by 4-2 and 1-0 respectively.

This gave us second place in the group and the right to continue in the play-offs against St. Mike's. Things looked bad when the first game was lost by a 2-1 score, at Willowdale. The main reason for this defeat being lack of combination. However, Dr. Smylie took the team in hand at the next game and U.T.S. won a well-deserved 2-1 triumph. It is significant to note here that Mr. Lewis was absent for the three games we lost and his return undoubtedly had much to do with the win. The third game, which was also played at Willowdale was hard fought from beginning to end. St. Mike's scored first and held the lead at 1-0 until the end of the first period. Their defense was quite strong and

they looked to be headed for a win. However, the true U.T.S. spirit leaped to life in the second and third periods and the team scored two goals to win 2-1, thereby earning the group title. These two teams were certainly evenly matched. In the five games they played together each scored 11 goals.

Back row—J. Beatty (Manager), Mr. A. C. Lewis, Seaborn, Putnam, Winter, R. Wilson, Bleasdell, Winrow (Coach), Dr. Smylie (Coach).
Front row—H. Campbell, W. Workman, Poupore, Follett, Dickinson, Charles, A. Stollery.

When the team had proven that they intended to amount to something, they were allowed to utilize Varsity Arena for their practises which became numerous and extremely helpful, due to Dr. Smylie's fine coaching. Because each player had previously been a first team candidate, they were a speedy squad. All season they had been aching for large ice, knowing full well that they stood a better chance of winning the top. Now they had graduated from small ice, so that in the T.H.L. play-offs against St. Joseph's, Dr. Smylie's coaching, together with the team's added speed, combined to overcome the opponents 2-1, 5-0 respectively. Then the team met Mt. Pleasant in the finals and by defeating them 3-0, 2-0 became T.H.L. Champions for the first time

in the history of the school, thus earning the right to have their picture hung in the hall of the school—decidedly, a great honour!

Now began the T.A.H.A. play-offs. In the first round Vic Boys were overpowered by 5-0 and 6-2 St. Barnabas were shut out in the first game of the next round by 4-0 and U.T.S. took the second game by 5-3, both being played at Arena Gardens.

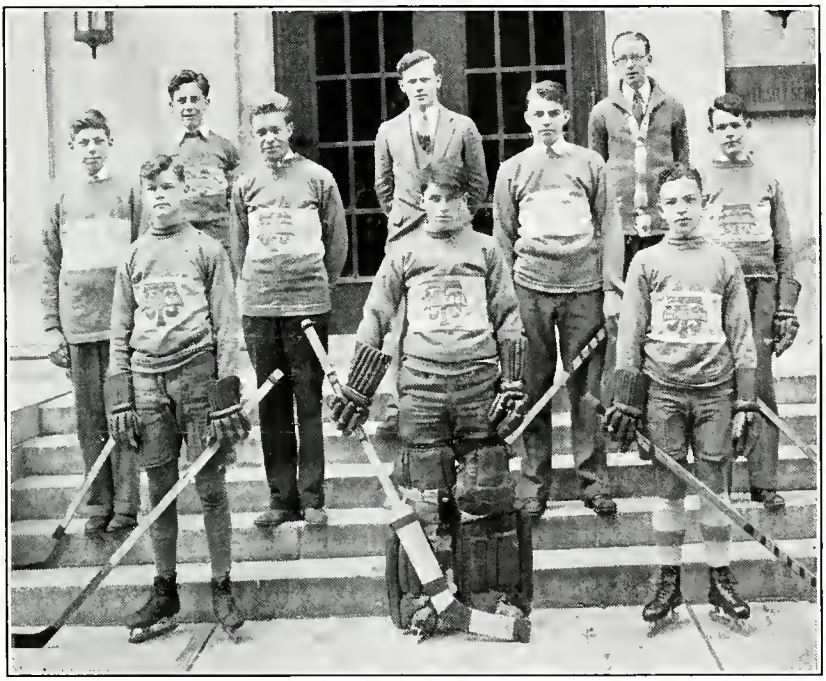
This sent us into the finals for the city championship, against Humberside Collegiate, winners of the High School League. We nourished high hopes of becoming city champions, but it was not to be. Both games were played at Varsity Arena. Early in the first game U.T.S. scored an easy goal. However, Humberside turned the tables and scored a 3-1 win. The second game was a heartbreaker; Humberside scored early to make the count 4-1. By dint of hard fighting U.T.S. scored two goals to make it 4-3. With the last period remaining to decide the issue we looked for a win. We missed a wonderful opportunity when a U.T.S. forward possessed the puck two feet in front of the net and the goaler at his mercy; the breaks were against us, he missed the goal by inches. Humberside then scored again, making it 5-3 In the last five minutes U.T.S. put up a desperate fight and very nearly scored time after time, but were not able to obtain the needed goals. This round was certainly a hard one to lose and a great one to win. Notwithstanding that, never before has a U.T.S. Midget team progressed so far, in fact, for another squad to out-distance it, they must win the city championship.

The team was made up as follows: centre, Poupore; left wing, Charles; right wing, Workman; left defense, Dickinson; right defense, Follett, Captain; goal, Stollery; substitutes, Wilson, Bleasdell, Seaborn, Putnam, Winter and sub-goal, Campbell.

MIDGET "B" HOCKEY

Hockey's increasingly important place in the school's activities was proven by the fact that two fast teams were entered in the Midget Series of the T.H.L. last year. Though the "A" team was allowed first choice of players, the "B"s made it extremely interesting for all comers. In their group with St. Michael's, De La Salle and the Midget "A" team, they were up against heavier and more experienced players. Notwithstanding this, they extended St. Mike's to the limit, tieing two games before defeat arrived in two more stoutly-fought contests. The "Knotty

Midgets" tied yet another game when they held the speedy De La Salle team to one goal. In their contests with the champion Midget "A" team, though outclassed, they gave a good account of themselves. In exhibition games with Pickering College and St. Clements, they ably upheld the honour of the school.



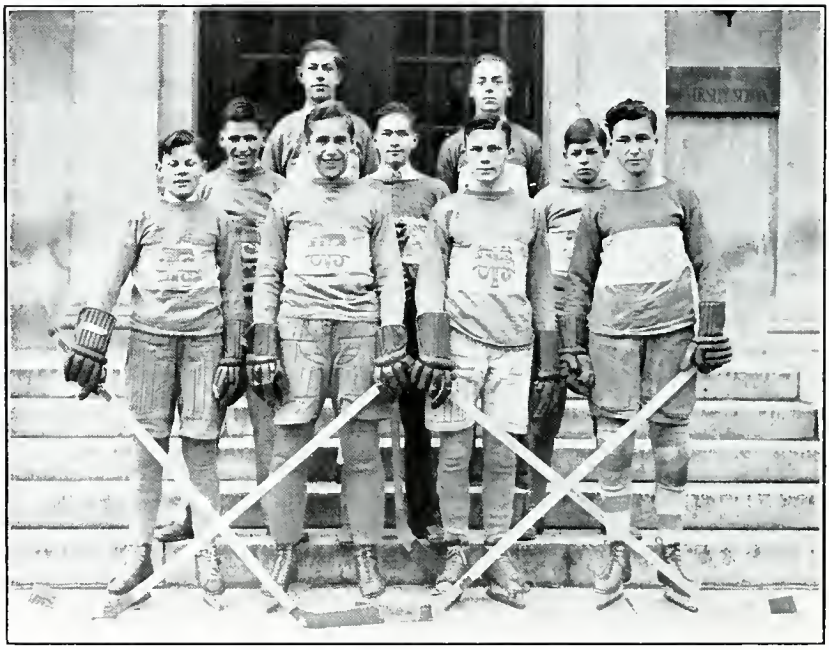
Fullerton
Donnaldson
Wainright
Hill
Rice
Hunnisset
Carveth
Withers
Burton
Pearse

Early in the season the team was unlucky in losing their big defense man, Gord. Carveth, who was so unfortunate as to break his leg in a game with St. Mike's. If his help had been available, more games would have been won or at least tied.

The team was well-managed by Alan Rice; Hunnisett guarded the net; defense, Sutton, Carveth, Legge and Pearse; centre, R. Wainwright; forwards, Donaldson, Burton, Fullerton, Wilson, Draper, Withers, Hill, Auger and Apted.

BANTAM "A" HOCKEY

The interest shown in Bantam hockey last year was so great that two teams "A" and "B" were chosen. As usual the team was grouped with De La Salle and St. Mike's plus the Bantam "B", and it was with the former that they had their greatest struggle. The team won its games against De La Salle and Bantam "B" by decisive scores. The first contest, played against St. Mike's was won 3-2 in a hard-fought overtime battle. U.T.S. lost the second, however, 3-0. In the first



Margesson
Boddington
Campbell
Griffiths
Lamb
Cook
Miller
Whittaker
Smith

game of the group finals, our boys won 3-0, although the second game was tied 1-1. U.T.S. finally earned the group honours by defeating St. Mike's in an evenly matched struggle in the third and final game.

The next two games were played in the Arena Gardens against the Olphs, the first being lost 2-0. In the last game of the series U.T.S. put up a desperate struggle for supremacy, but were defeated 1-0 in ten

minutes overtime. The Olphs later went on to win the T.H.L. Championship.

Much of the success of the team was due to the excellent coaching of Mr. Swertzer and the efficient management of Howard Musson. Whitaker, Miller and Boddington were the chief goal-getters, while Margesson and Griffiths on defense broke up numerous opposing attacks on the goal. Campbell proved himself extremely competent in guarding the net.

The line-up was as follows: goal, Campbell; defense, Griffiths and Margesson; forwards, Miller, Whitaker and Boddington; substitutes, Cooke, Lamb and Smith.

BANTAM "B" TEAM

Last year's Bantam "B"s team, established for the purpose of giving an opportunity to play league hockey to those not experienced enough

Armstrong
Buritt Stewart
MacMicking Withers Sublett

to make the "A" team, certainly justified its existence. Although the team failed to win its games, it cannot be said that the players did not put forth their best efforts at all times. Of the team composed of MacMicking A. Armstrong, Sublett, Fisher, Withers, Jennings, Burrit, Deacon, Wallace, C. Armstrong and Stewart, the first three named were the most outstanding although the other members by no means lacked ability.

SENIOR SCHOOL SENIOR INTER-FORM HOCKEY LEAGUE

The Senior School Senior Inter-Form Hockey League enjoyed a successful season last winter, and completed a full schedule despite the hindrances of mild weather and snow storms.

The league consisted of teams from VI, V, IVA, IVB, and IIIA. After an exciting schedule in which "fair was foul and foul was fair", the squad from V, not defeated, but overpowered, the IVA representatives thus becoming the league champions.

This league is of special importance, as it gives members of the school, who are not talented enough to make a position on the regular school teams, an opportunity to participate in organized hockey. It also serves to develop players for the school teams in the near future, and the added fact that each team is chosen entirely from one form creates a form spirit and enthusiasm which otherwise would not be present.

The team from V was composed of: Stothers, Starr, Ewart, Sparks, Pepall, Chadwick, Gossett, Kennedy, and Corrigan.

SENIOR SCHOOL JUNIOR INTER-FORM HOCKEY

This league is also organized for the benefit of those who do not play T.H.L. In the Junior section of the league there were 5 teams—two from IIA, two from IIB, and one from IIIB.

Two games were played between each pair of teams, and after many hotly contested encounters, MacNeil's team of IIB was schedule to play Lane's of IIA. Shipman of IIB, the star goal-keeper, was a difficult obstacle to overcome; Cummings of IIA also played an excellent game in the net. Lane's boys, however, won the game by 3-2. Newman, as

centre on the winning team, along with Kinsey and Sissons as forwards, played good games, Newman scoring 2 goals and Kinsey 1. Lane and Hudson on the defense broke up the majority of rushes in which the main figures were Clarke and MacNeil of IIB.

The "subs" did good work in encouraging their team but owing to the closeness of the game were not granted the opportunity to play for more than several minutes.

Those of IIA who earned crests were: Newman, Sissons, Kinsey, Lane, Howard, Beatty, Cummings, Phillips, Michell and Hudson.

JUNIOR SCHOOL HOCKEY

After an overtime period, the Rangers, by virtue of better combination, succeeded in defeating their opponents, the Blue Streaks, by 3 to 2 in the finals for the Junior School Hockey championship of the Junior League.

The Blue Streaks, Group I, and the Rangers, Group II, each group containing four teams and playing a double schedule, were victorious in their respective groups only after many hard-fought games.

By a score of 2 goals to 1, Richie's sextet defeated MacMillan's team for the championship of the Senior League. This league was also divided into two groups of four teams apiece, which played a double schedule alternating with the Juniors. The team captained by MacMillan won group two but were overpowered after a hard struggle by the winners of group one.

"Never have we had a more successful season," was the comment of G. W. Cochrane, and all those participating in the league games entirely agreed with him.

"I guess I do remember them," said the old-timer, "even though it's well-nigh on to forty years since those days. 'Twas some form! Do you remember Murphy? They say that he's swimming along to every kind of success, since he's united with Gage in a clothing concern. Their motto is "Best Taylor in town for the small man." This motto seems to have caught the fancy of some small people, because I can remember the last time I was in there, a former Sixth Former sauntered in—namely Brennan. Mr. Murphy, who saw to his customers, evidently didn't recognize him; that I gathered from the conversation that followed:

"Name, please?"

"Brennan."

"Brandon?"

"No, Brennan."

"Yes, Mr. Brennan; initial please?"

"Oh, 'K'."

"O. K., K. Brennan."

"Pardon me, but it isn't O. K. I just said 'Oh'."

"O. Brennan."

"No, rub out the 'O'. It's just 'K'."

"But you said 'O. K.'. You'd better write it yourself."

THE TWIGS

"I said, 'Oh—!'."
"Just now you said 'K'."
"I merely said 'Oh!' as an exclamation."
"Oh!"
"No, no 'O'. Here, I'll write it myself—there, now it's O.K."

"I ran across the other day," continued the old-timer, after a moment's reflection, "a very successful pastor, who answered to the name of Dick Davidson. Immediately I recognized him as one of that gallant stock of students from the 1930-31 Form VI. After I had introduced myself, he astonished me by reciting a poem by Ted Scythes, without having to Reid even a word of it:

At Algebra Cowan was rarely right,
And caused Mr. Petrie an awful fright;
Said Cowan, "Do show me now;"
"Mark me, I'd show you how
If I could be with you one hour to-night."

Two frivolous youths were playing Tom Thumb,
And at the end felt pretty glum,
For Blachford's score was seventy-four,
And Pilcher's was a good deal more,
So large that he couldn't add the sum.

There was a young student named Dadson,
To whom the Head said "Egad son,
The rake-off on those cards
Is so exceedingly large,
It's time the Lit. Society had some."

"While I think of it," my informant continued, "Prof. Edmond Dobson was telling me of one of his fellow professors—Goggio. The latter was at a luncheon, and in the course of time became enamoured with a certain young lady beside him. Eventually their conversation drifted to Scott. Our former form prodigy remarked:

THE TWIGS

"Isn't Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' simply exquisite?"

"Most delightful, indeed," was the silver-tongued reply.

"But are not 'Marmion' and 'The Lay of The Last Minstrel' marvellous works of art?"

"Absolutely beyond compare."

By this time the Professor was becoming aware that this winsome miss was cleverly allowing him to lead the conversation to shield her own ignorance of the subject.

"How do you like Scott's Emulsion?"

"Why I think it is probably his best work!"

"The other day I was standing on a corner when a newsboy hurried past yelling "Read all about the big accident!" Being curious, I bought a paper. To make a long story short, here was the trouble: Cox was driving a Pontiac along Bloor Street (naturally Markham and Levy were with him). As Cox was turning south on Huron Street he was said to have yelled at Morrison, "How is she, George?"—and then—crash!! He hit Hogarth's hack squarely and demolished it (not the Pontiac). However, Justice Swan was lenient, and after admonishing the accused, placed him on suspendered sentence, despite Hogarth's claim that Cox should pay him eighteen dollars, the price of the car.

"Do you recall Blake Wood?" Well, that former militarist has apparently become pacified at last, as may be proven by one of his latest poems:

Come, crank up your Fords and away!
We'll reach U.T.S. before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silv'ry gray;
Come, crank up your Fords and away!

Don't stop to argue, just hustle, obey!
If a treat you would miss, at home you will stay;
Step on it, I tell you, Sixth Form's on display,
So crank up your Fords and away!

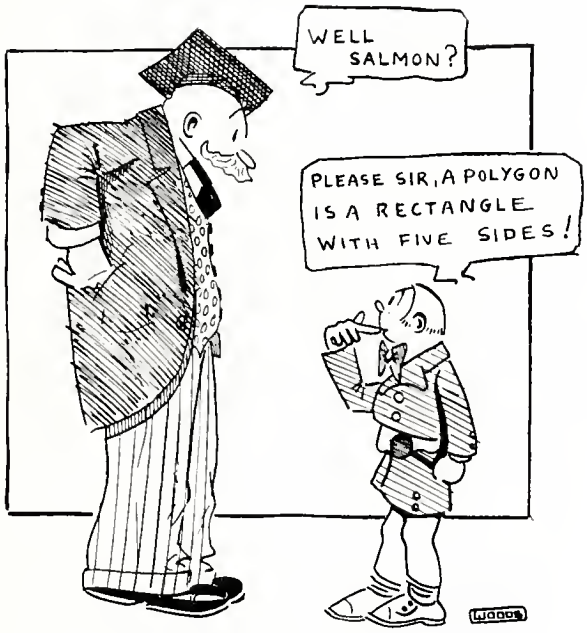
You'll see Dadson and Brennan and Lougheed the gay,
And the scholarship winners LePan and Mac Gray;
Not to mention the others like Dadson and Skey—
(That rhyme's pretty badly, but hurry away!)

Others await you, so come while you may;
There are scores more of heroes, whose names I could say,
Who in mighty Sixth are proud to delay.
Come, crank up your Fords and away!

At this juncture the veteran stopped, so totally lost was he in his thoughts of the past.

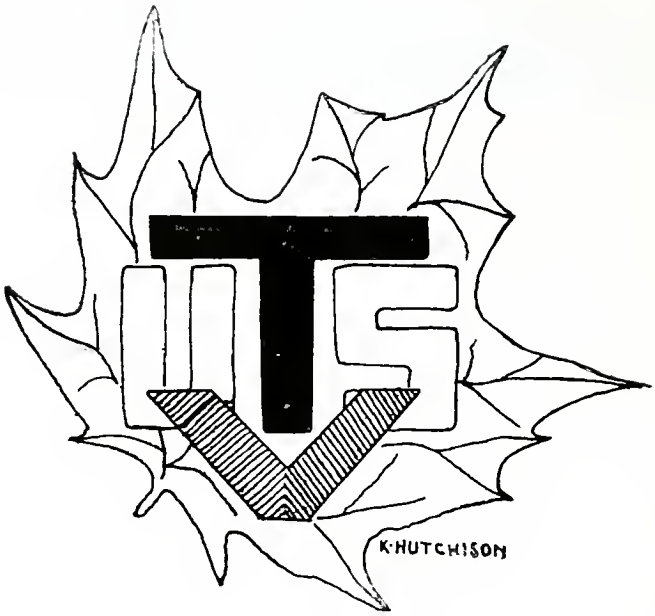
"Well, I surely must thank you," said I, "but pray, who are you?"

"Oh, my name's Corlett. In '35 I graduated from Commerce and Finance along with Frank Dingman. Luckily, a certain grocer wanted both of us to adopt his fiscal policies, and we've stuck ever since."



ONE LAST SOLILOQUY

But let fun go; and just doff your hat
To Goudie, Cranston, Pink, and Robinette;
These worthy men of Six, yes, also Woods,
Came through to aid "Ye Twig"; they had the goods!



INSPIRATION

The point was raised, not long ago,
Just how the Fifth Form news should go:
In verse—
In prose.

The question was put forth just so;
With one accord they bellowed "No!"
No what?
No poetry!

But who is there who does not know
That simple prose is much too low
For Fifth?
Aye Fifth!

Our strange artistic genius shows
As from each soul a poem flows
In song
And ode.

THE FORM EDITOR.

THE TWIG

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Thus slowly answered Davis from his seat:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And Latin crib translations are no more,
Lest those forbid, who otherwise would rest
In blissful ignorance of Virgil's works
Should learn the context, scansion, line by line,
And with the learned, virtuously sport
The wisdom of Anchises and the gods.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have eight matric, and those which I have missed
Do I repent in these my later years;
But thou, if thou feel'st doubtful of events,
Pray for thy soul, more things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore do thou spend
Two hours a night in memorizing verse
In hopes that when examinations come
Thou'lt be prepared completely for thine end."

W. O. Loudon.

CELEBRITIES

Chosen by all with clapping hands,
The captain of the school this year,
Was chosen by the fifth form band;
For Jimmy Follett here's a cheer!

We howled our voices hoarse, while Bob
Lougheed, not Wilson, may we add
Ran rings around St. Michael's mob,
And scored a touchdown, gallant lad!

The swimming team proclaimed its best
In Jimmy Burns, that valiant youth;
But Sam MacAdam in this test
Came very close to Burns, forsooth!

To lead our army bugle band
George Davis from his work was torn;
In front of all to take his stand,
And you should hear him blow a horn.

Some basketballers may we name:
Magwood, Irwin, Loudon, Bell,
Parmenter—all hoop-men of fame;
These lads sure shoot their baskets well.

This versatility of Five
Lifts Fifth above the common mass;
Superior in Arts we thrive
And move among the higher class.

A. S. Lanning.

THE STUDY (?) ROOM

Commencing on an upper floor,
It rolled along the corridor
E'en past a heavy, parallelled door;
This yet increasing muffled roar,
The ventilating system bore
To many ears; a steady snore
As water rushing on the shore,
Or when the rain doth thickly pour;
Oft had we noticed this before—
Of course it came from 204;
A group of youths, their labours done,
And overtired of having fun,
Were making hay while shone the sun—
Yea, all were sleeping, every one!

G. T. Boomer.

IN SPRING

That never-ending Easter term
Of Virgil cribs and reprint books,
And dreading hearts and haggard looks
Which every student will confirm
Is gone!

To birds and buds and humming bees
Attention wanders from the board;
The mind forgets instructive words,
While through the window comes the breeze
So sweet!

We offer up a song of praise,
When after seven months of school,
We leave the desk, the hardwood stove;
Our worries o'er in thirty days—
And then—

The dreaded day when we shall know
How our matric results have gone
Is coming nearer every dawn,
And fearful apprehensions grow
How long—

But when at last we hear the news:
A first, a second, seven C's,
Our breathing comes with greater ease,
Broad grins and smiles replace the blues,
In Spring.

A. E. Rosevear.

I WILL ARISE AND SMITE THEE WITH MINE HANDS

"Get out your notebooks, boys," he said,
"You sure know how to swing the lead,
Talking and telling jokes instead
Of learning things to fill your head.
Late to rise and late to bed
Brings yawning jaws and eyes of red,
And lazy faces, almost dead,
As to and from the school you tread;
And concentrated knowledge shed
On all who in your way are led;
Come on, you birds, shake off the haze,
You act as though you're in a trance,
As though some witch of ancient days
Had turned you marble at a glance!"

R. M. Kent.

THE TWIGS

CAESAR IN ROME

(The Change from Democracy to Monarchy)

Accordingly Caesar divided his army
Of one hundred men into two hundred groups,
Then secretly throwing a foraging party,
He forded the Tiber with all of his troops.
A Gallic invasion successfully ended,
He told his lieutenants what he wanted done
Cleverly; then wily Caesar pretended
That all his campaigns had been won.
His chariot, when he had hastily mounted,
He drove in every direction at once;
The near-sighted Senators foolishly counted
That Caesar was only a dunce.
Returning to Rome with his wife riding pillion,
This popular hero was welcomed with song;
He beheaded his enemies, nearly a million,
For that was a custom and couldn't be wrong;
Then he ordered a hole for the bodies constructed,
By giving employment to unemployed men;
Then he mounted the Rostrum, this hearty beginner,
And lustily bellowed: "Friends, citizens, men—
To-morrow the Senate is throwing a dinner;
We're crashing the gate at a quarter to ten!"
Accordingly then was the banquet suspended,
And the fathers were taken to prison, all nine,
For eating the geese they had once befriended—
The same ones that lived on the Capitoline.
The people then banished the nine city fathers,
Who straightway took refuge in Persia afar,
For truly the preference seemed to be rather
The kingdom of Persia, than feathers and tar.

R. M. Armstrong.

FOUR A FUN

If our resumé is brief this year, it is because nearly everyone in our form hates publicity, and begs to remain "incognito". Taken collectively and singularly, the inmates of IVA are as strange and colourful (not to say unnatural) a company as exist anywhere.

"Are they brilliant?" asks the awe-struck observer.

"Why are they in IVA?" comes the instant report. Although too modest to admit it, most of these students courteously refuse to do any homework whatsoever."

"So brilliant that they don't need to work?" gasps said awe-struck observer. Perhaps. But more probably they had that inherent genius which told them that IVA was the final milestone of their scholastic career. From this form they shall pass into the cruel, pitiless world, and astound the said world with their gifts. The author of this, however (if not previously lynched) intends to retire to a mental hospital to recover, if possible, from the disastrous effects of composing this glittering article."

The rumour was passed around the room last week that while MacKinnon and Mullin were out hunting they came upon a corpse. Soon after they spied Jefferies.

"Hullo, Jeff," they greeted.

"Howdy!" was the gruff military reply.

"Say, Jeff, we saw a corpse a little while ago, and we thought mebbe it was you."

"How was he dressed?"

"Grey flannel shirt, tweed pants, and a red bandana handkerchief around his neck."

"Did he have on a felt hat?"

"Yes."

"Hum—let's see—did he have on hip boots or knee boots?"

"Come to think of it, he was wearing hip boots."

"Then it wasn't me!" was the curt and decisive reply. "I wear knee boots!"

MacAdam, who is going in for medicine, learns something every day. Mr. VanEvery remarked that the appendix in the book *Macbeth* gave him a pain.

"First time I knew appendicitis was catching," MacAdam remarked.

We have in our form one who, if Shakespeare were alive, would send him to wrack and ruin as a dramatist. Our prodigé answers to "Brunkè", "Brunke", or "Brunkee". Here is a poem which contains all the depth of feeling and thought, that are not contained by all of Shakespeare's poems put together:

HASH

DEDICATED TO R. SALISBURY STAKE

FIRST COOK: Thrice has the man from the Abbatoir
Wanted to know if we need some more.

SECOND COOK: Thrice has the butcher from down the street
Offered to sell us some tough gristle cheap.

THIRD COOK: Enough, enough, we've got enough trash,
We'll now go about turning it into hash.
Bring all your left-overs—bread, beans, or soup;
We'll turn 'em to hash at a dime for a scoop.

ALL: Toss anything in, brother, anything edible,
Our prices are cheap and our values incredible.

SECOND COOK: Meat that is too tough to eat,
In the hash-pot boil and heat;
Fish bones, prune stones, bread crumbs dry;
Remnants of a Shepherd's pie;
Chocolate bars, chewing gum, peanuts, and pop,
Potatoes, tomatoes, whatever you've got;
Spaghetti, confetti, hot or cold slaw,
Artichokes, cooked, baked, or raw! raw! raw!

ALL: Toss anything in, brother, anything edible,
Our prices are cheap and our values incredible.

THIRD COOK: Pudding, cornstarch, cake, or custard,
Salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard;
Turnips, catnip, canteloupe sundae,
Give us on Friday
Left-overs from Monday.
Soda crackers, fire crackers, fish eyes and glue,
Some of this and some of that and some of what have you?
Do not cool it, boil it hot,
Then 'twill taste like I don't know what.

ALL: Toss anything in, brother, anything edible,
Our prices are cheap and our values incredible.

ONE LONG VERSE

(A Chinese Sonnet)

'Twould be a presumption
To say that consumption
Has got this great form by the throat;
But filled to repletion,
By awful excretion,
I know that the "caf's" got our goat.
Though clever are we,
Some dumb as can be,
Believe that we're not above average;
I tender this plea—
That the master's may see
Our points to their better advantage.
Jack Armstrong and Evans,
Oh my gracious heavens!
They play on the first rugby team;
And Turner and Taylor,
And Martin, the sailor,

Are also dim bulbs it would seem;
Bruce Charles all the day
Does nothing but play
With the lassies at games full of mirth,
And Hunnisett vows
That slugging the cows
Is a pleasure unequalled on earth.
"I sing about arms
And feminine charms,"
Cries Marshall, the lad for a spoon,
And Chamberlin swears,
(Though nobody hears),
That he's going to speak louder soon.
But the cream of it all
Is the way that they call
This form as below Five and Six;
I swear by my nose,
That their intellects froze
In the frosts of the year '26.
And never since then
Have they thawed out again,
Or have shown the least signs of age;
I hope you'll agree
For it's easy to see
"We're surely the best," saith the sage.

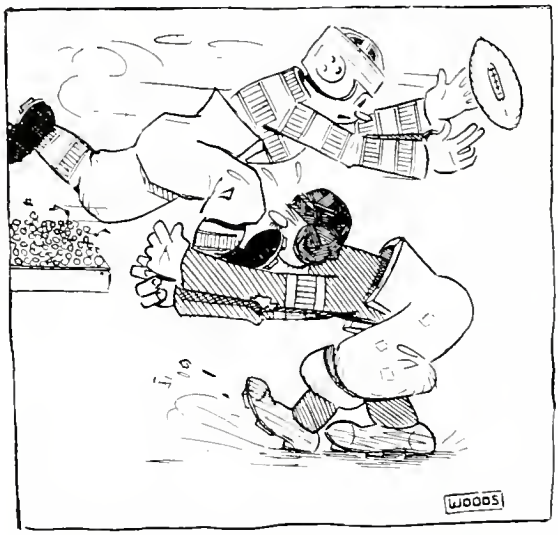
T. B. Martin.

AIR-MINDED JOHN

The cultured warble of John B. Withrow, IVB, may be heard over CFCA on Tuesdays at 7.30. When we call him air-minded, we mean just that. "John B." speaks on the air and about it too. His subjects concern large, artificial mosquitoes called model aeroplanes.

We have been informed that Mr. Withrow has received a great deal of fan mail. Most of the mail, however, comes in fancy envelopes faintly scented with fragrant perfumes—obviously from fickle damsels who have fallen in love with John's crooning voice. The burden of this beautiful voice (which he owes entirely to his mother, so he states) keeps

him from his homework, for no sooner has he finished his lecture than he must reply to said fickle damsels. As a result of these circumstances, even Mr. Mills, that teacher among teachers, fails to impress upon John's mind "that a subordinate clause in indirect discourse invariably takes the subjunctive mood." In view of all this, the author suggests that Mr. Withrow become famous, not by talking about model aeroplanes, but by writing a book entitled "Girl Troubles".



A Pickering Swab sails into Admiral Acres!

NEWS FLASHES

Bruce Charles, our Form Captain, when asked whether he would run for boy mayor, declined on the grounds that he was not very good in short sprints.

A certain group of intellectuals under the direction of B.C.D. expect, at this writing to produce "The Merger of Venison"—no, that's not it—"The Merchant of Venice". The performance will be at night, so the attendance, mercifully, will not be compulsory.

THE TWIG

IVB has a new and unique "form news" editor. He actually expects the form to hand him contributions. Never mind, Martin, you are at least original.

S. Champion Biggs recently won $1.25 as first prize in a miniature golf tournament. This, we are sorry to say, ruins his amateur standing, so in the future, Mr. Biggs will play in all the tournaments sitting down.

R. S. Putnam has just written a book entitled "Some of the Great Men and How We Got There." This is a fitting sequel to his "How to Succeed" by One Who Knows. So great has been the demand for these books that Mr. Putnam has kindly consented to write a third book: "A Biography of Famous Men, including Napoleon, Alexander the Great, and others".

NOTABLE GIFTS OF NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS

CARLISLE: has the remarkable ability of looking as bored as he feels during a lesson by a student teacher.

FRANKE: can keep the most ancient Fords in perfect condition for four months at $6.20.

MARTIN: can produce ten lines of poetry on any subject in less than five minutes.

HINES: can giggle at anything, including his own wise-cracks.

TURNER: knows more about pronunciation than Webster himself.

COPP: can get 95 on any subject without being surprised.

$S = T\sqrt{-1}$

HAROLD COPP

"It is of course impossible to find the root of a negative number," I dimly heard Mr. Petrie assert.

"Why is it impossible?" I dimly asked myself. "Has not Einstein expressed the relation of time and space by the root of minus one?

Let me see. . . .if someone's unit of measurement was the root of minus one, could he not move as easily through time as we move through space? Then, since mass is subservient to mind, could I not reverse my dimensions and move through space? It's worth trying."

With this thought, a sudden feeling of extreme drowsiness stole over me, and I seemed to be slipping——slipping.

With a start I sat up. Where could I be? I hurriedly looked around to find myself in the centre of a large hall of polished white marble, illuminated by some soft, mellow light. Just then I noticed a young boy of apparently eight years, rapidly approaching me. He was clad in a long flowing robe and a close scrutiny revealed features refined—delicate—indeed, almost feminine. He addressed me in English but the accent sounded strangely unfamiliar.

"Who are you and whence have you come?" he asked.

"I am a student of U.T.S.," I answered, "but tell me, please, where I am. This hall is entirely unfamiliar to me, and I don't remember coming here. I can only recall falling asleep in an Algebra class."

"Quite excusable," he assured me. "Anyone who was compelled to study in those old crude methods may be pardoned for such an action. Yet it is strange that you are a U.T.S. student. This is one of the halls of the famous University Schools, and I am one of the young scholars. If you wish, I will show you around the new school before the scientists decide on your fate. As an anachronism from the past, you have aroused much interest. Now let us observe a few of the school activities, which you will no doubt find much changed from those of your day."

With these words, he led me out of the hall and onto a small metal car; in a few moments the car was speeding along the hallways. At last it stopped in a large room. Here I noticed many students reclining on comfortable chesterfields, with large boxes over their heads.

"This," explained my host, "is the Latin class. You will notice the comfortable divans, designed to provide perfect physical rest while the student is taught. The educator on the head of each pupil takes the place of the old fashioned teacher. By means of nervous impulses it impresses the lesson on the mind of the pupil. You will agree with me that this is a much better method than the old laborious means of attaining knowledge. An educator will teach perfectly a hundred pages of Latin in only thirty minutes."

"Marvellous!" I muttered, recalling long tedious hours preparing homework, "I suppose that this allows much more time for sport."

"True," he agreed, "but I am afraid our sport differs greatly from yours. Take rugby as an example. The game as you played it was far too strenuous and dangerous. We simplified it into a tussle between two teams of mechanical robots, each controlled by one man. It provides all the thrill and excitement of the old game but it is now a mental contest between the controllers, and not a mere test of brawn. Thus it is with all our games. I am sorry there is none now in progress which you might witness."

"I don't mind," I replied. "Strangely enough, such rugby does not appeal to me. But tell me, how do you get any physical exercise when all your sports are mental?"

"Quite easily," he assured me. "We have special machines to exercise the muscles automatically. During this physical training the mind is kept in a state of rest by a hypnotic trance. You must admit that this way is superior to the cruel inhumane torture you were forced to endure. The time is, however, short so let us proceed to the Library."

Once more we stepped into the car and sped through the school. As we went, I asked my guide of what form he was a member.

"I have only just started school," he told me, "and I engage only in elementary studies. My form would correspond to the Sixth in the old school. But here we are in the Library. You are, no doubt, interested in the works of those literary genii of your age. Here is a book of Shakespearian Criticism and another entitled simply Etymology by David Lamb Turner. Doubtless you remember him. There is also that classic "Modern Chemistry" by S. F. MacDonald, and the "Ode to a Broker" by T. B. Martin. No doubt you knew all these great men well. I am sure some very instructive knowledge will be obtained when your brain is analyzed."

"My brain analyzed," I asked, aghast. "Surely you do not intend to experiment on me!"

"That is for the Psychologists to decide. I must take you to them now. Come with me." This last remark was almost a command as he dragged me into the car.

A moment later we entered a hall crowded with stern young men in white coats. They looked with interest at me and whispered to each other. Some of them were preparing the long operating table, and I gave a shudder of terror as I realized that their preparations were for me. An older scientist approached me and said:

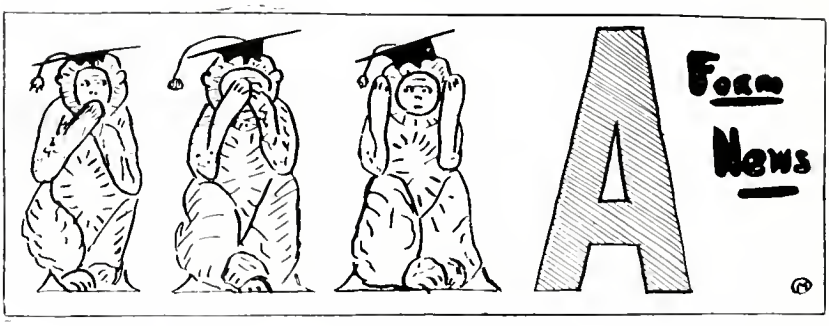
"We have considered your case, and have decided that your brain

should be analyzed. We hope to discover from your registered thoughts, the culture and life of U.T.S. in 1930. The operation will not be painful, and your death will be an easy one. Remember that you are sacrificing your life for the good cause of science."

I was too angry and frightened to resist the men who seized me and bore me to the operating table. Then I noticed, through the corner of my eye, an evil looking person whom I took to be a doctor, approaching with a hypodermic. I felt the sharp stab of the needle in my arm—my head was swimming—I seemed to be sinking—sinking, with that intense piercing pain. . . .

Suddenly I heard a familiar voice:

"Copp, will you ever wake up and pay attention, or must I ask Hines to stick a pin into your arm again?"



Hello, everybody! This is Graham McWafer speaking over station AAA, located at room 224, University Schools building. We are fortunate in having with us at this time two guest announcers, neither of whom needs an introduction. Mr. Donald MacNeill has kindly consented to handle the epidemic—er—ah—I mean the academic part of our programme, while Mr. Harry Newman, that immensely well-known sportsman, will handle the sporting part. I must deem it my duty to say that I take great pleasure in calling upon, first, Mr. MacNeill:

Bonus dies, friends of the radio world, this is the voice of Donnie MacNeill. When I was called upon to read off the merits of IIIA as a scholastic form, I found the material plentiful. Our friend John Grover won the Sir John C. Eaton Memorial Scholarship for passing from the second form into the middle school, and——

THE TWIG

Hold on a minute, Mr. MacNeill! Excuse me for interrupting, but I have just been informed from a reliable authority that you yourself were successful in winning one of the many and coveted T. M. Porter scholarships. I just thought that our fans should know, but pray continue with your inspiring information.

Thank you kindly, Mr. McWafer, for your complimentary words; now to get back to my subject. It is interesting to note that most of our fellow-students came into this form with percentages ranging from seventy to eighty-five, and I think—ah—just a minute folks, I spy Wee Willie Wales trying to run off with the piano—hey! Willie, come here! Willie, I suppose you notice that I am broadcasting; but right here and now, I want to settle a question which has been preying on my mind for weeks. I hear you have an alarm clock that you call Macbeth. Now why call it Macbeth?

Because that's its name!

Oh, I know all that, but why name it Macbeth?

Because "Macbeth doth murder sleep!"

Willie, you'd better make an hasty exit before I throw that piano at you. Folks, I can't say anything after that, so I'll be leaving you. Cheerio!

Thank you, Mr. MacNeill, thank you. Now forgive me for asking you to put up with Mr. Newman for a few moments. Mr. Newman:

Greetings, everybody! You all know Notorious Newman from IIIA. Well, here I am. What I wanted to talk about during the few brief moments at my disposal were the sporting virtues of our form. Trying for a place on our first hockey team is Shipman, an able goalie who arrived from Westmount High School, Quebec, last winter. We also have Benson, late of St. Mikes, who aspires to gain a position on our Midget team. And of course it is a known fact that Arthur J. Bernstein will play for the Toronto Maple Leafs this season, as a result of one of the greatest deals in the history of hockey.

This fall we had Kemmis Martin playing for the 100-pound rugby team, as well as other future gridiron heros who turned out for the 120's. Their slogan is "why try to fly 3000 miles across the Atlantic when you can win just as much fame carrying a rugby ball ninety yards?"

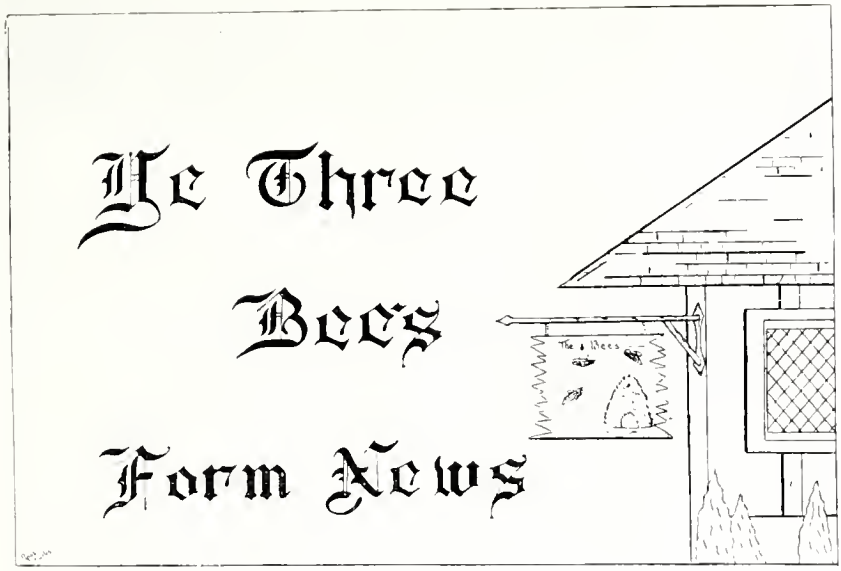
Oh, here comes an old sock; I'm his mate. He and myself form what is known as the "Interwoven Pair". He answers to the name of Ken Doan. Ken has nothing to say except that he plays in the school

orchestra, but you'll have to excuse him for that. It's an old Discordic custom.

Now, let's get back to business. Our junior basketball team is favoured with the following aspirants: Kinsey, Wales, Jack MacNeill, McCaul, and Laski. Our form team is composed of the above, together with Dean, Lane, and yours truly. Incidentally Bernard (himself) Laski is recognized by the form as uncrowned champion of ping-pong, checkers, dominoes, tiddly-winks and parachute jumping.

Well, folks, I'll have to leave you now, as Brydon reminds me that I have a "date" with Mr. Phillips, and if I don't hurry, he'll be "raisin" a row. So long!

Thank you, Mr. Newman, thank you. For the benefit of those who have started on the second page, let me inform you that you have been entertained by various students during the IIIA Form News hour. When the bell sounds it will be exactly time for lunch. Brrrrr. Good night, folks.



IIIB of 1930-31 will go down in the annals of the school as one of the greatest sources from which were to spring future masters of industry. It is filled with fine specimens of big brains in little bodies. With the midget golf courses and Bantam Austins comes a new era of students—little fellows with big brains who snatch a few moments from Ancient History to scan a chapter of Tom Swift and his "Magic Nut-Cracker". It is this type that abounds in IIIB. But where are the giants of old—those large of stature but with a noticeably small deposit of brains? Have they disappeared entirely never to appear again? No! We have Forson, a fine example of those fast-disappearing genii who fail to do their homework. He is the centre of a society, exclusive in its nature, who deems it wise now and then to put the masters in their places by failing to comply with their desires as to homework. The most exclusive members of this exclusive society include Curtis, Campbell, Scully, and Pocock, the latter having practically no brains whatsoever, but who makes up for it in stature. But we are afraid that all these aforementioned proofs of Darwin's theory will soon disappear, and the little fellows will multiply like the rats of Hamelin, and, "like the poor, will always remain with us."

"It's about the last straw," says Whittaker, "when Mr. VanEvery borrows my pencil to mark down 'failure' on my lit. paper."

THE TWIG

THE RED REBELLION

For days the signs had been everywhere apparent. The very air seemed electric with the approach of some unknown catastrophe. The existing situation was becoming unbearable. Something drastic and terrible was about to transpire. Soon it occurred:

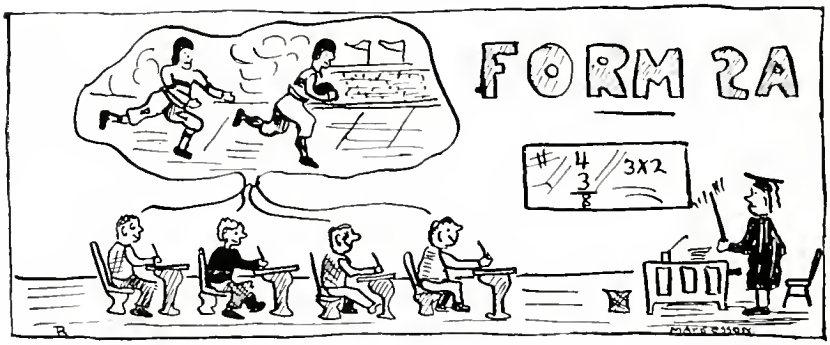
Smarting under the uncomfortable burden which had been endured so long, the deep-seated hatred at last burst forth in all its fury—and with a mighty roar Scully ripped off his tickly winter woollies.

Oakley has been accused time and again of using powder after shaving, but he attributes the rumours to so much idle talc!

THE PARTING SHOT

—Who is Captain Jeffery Spaulding?
—Ask Grande the French for mayonnaise!
—Why is our form captain?
—Mr. Cochrane's theme song:

"You may be the world to your mother, but you're just another athletic fee to me."



DAYS GONE BY

It was the year 2000 A.D. Grandpa Halls was seated on an antique chair which dated back to 1930. The glow of the electric flames made his long white whiskers shine brightly in contrast to the darkness about him. His head was lowered, his eyes half closed—in deep thought.

His thoughts concerned not the present; they had drifted back seventy years to 1930. He was thinking of his school days.

A door swung noiselessly aside, and three merry youngsters tripped gaily into the room.

"Tell us a story!" they pleaded. "Please, Grandpa, tell us a story."

The old man smiled down at them, saying kindly, "Sit down, and I shall tell you something of my school days—ah! those good old school days!" He paused a moment, given 'way to deep thought, then began:

"Once upon a time there was a school named U.T.S., one of the finest, to my mind, in Canada at the time. During the year 1930-31, I had the pleasure and honour to be a member of a class called IIA. It would take a long time to describe all the wonders of this form, suffice it to say that it was the envy and example of all the others. There was Fortnum, the captain of the form. He was also a brilliant scholar, leading the class in German, French and Latin. Then there was Fremes, our prefect. (He's now in the Old Men's Home, poor fellow). I remember how he excelled in tennis and baseball. What a brilliant shortstop he was! And I remember Waite. My, but his weight was enormous! Then there were Tasker, Findlay, and MacMillan, that eternal triumvirate. The former was the form's foremost athlete.

Grandpa was again lost in thought, but soon resumed, "There were many famous achievements of that form, many more famous characters, but I haven't time to tell you now. And besides, you promised your mother that you would meet her on the seven-thirty plane from Honolulu. Now run along."

We would like to print something about Robinson, but he has not been awake long enough for us to find out anything about him.

Once Upon a Time—

Gracey stopped talking during the lesson.

Robinson got his Latin homework right.

Turnbull answered a question loud enough for everybody to hear him—

Once upon a time!

THE TWIG

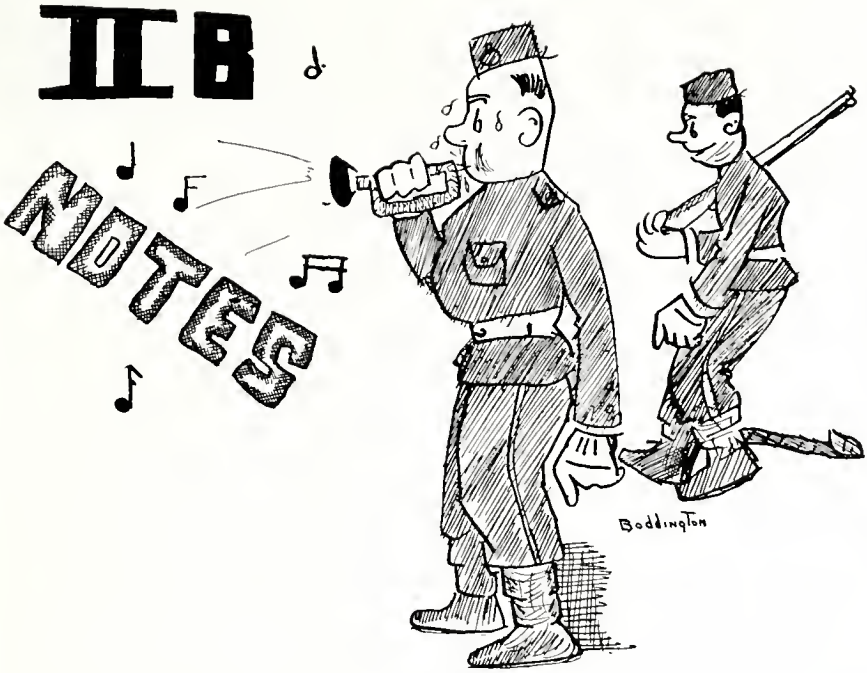
A LESSON

(With humble apologies to Alfred Noyes)

There in the good old study room, a heavy arm-chair creaked
Where Johnny Doe was sleeping, his face all dumb and peaked.
His eyes were shut contentedly, on that fine November day,
For he loved to sleep in the study room—
There in the bright old study room,
Where he slept many periods away.

He did not 'wake at the first bell, he did not 'wake at the last,
But just at that very moment, the Head came striding past;
He glanced into the study room,
And whom should he spy there,
But Doe, that brilliant student—
John Doe the brilliant student,
Asleep in his own arm-chair.

Smack! smack! we could hear them, those buffets ringing clear;
Smack! smack! they broke the silence, 'twas all that we could hear.
Then out he came from the study room,
His face burnt like a brand,
And he strode down the hallway—
Yes, far off down the hallway,
Rubbing his cheek with his hand.



Form IIB was well represented in all the sporting activities of the school. Each event found one or more students (?) from IIB active participants. In so doing, the form's reputation is that of the highest order. May all the IIB's to come have success such as that of 1930-31.

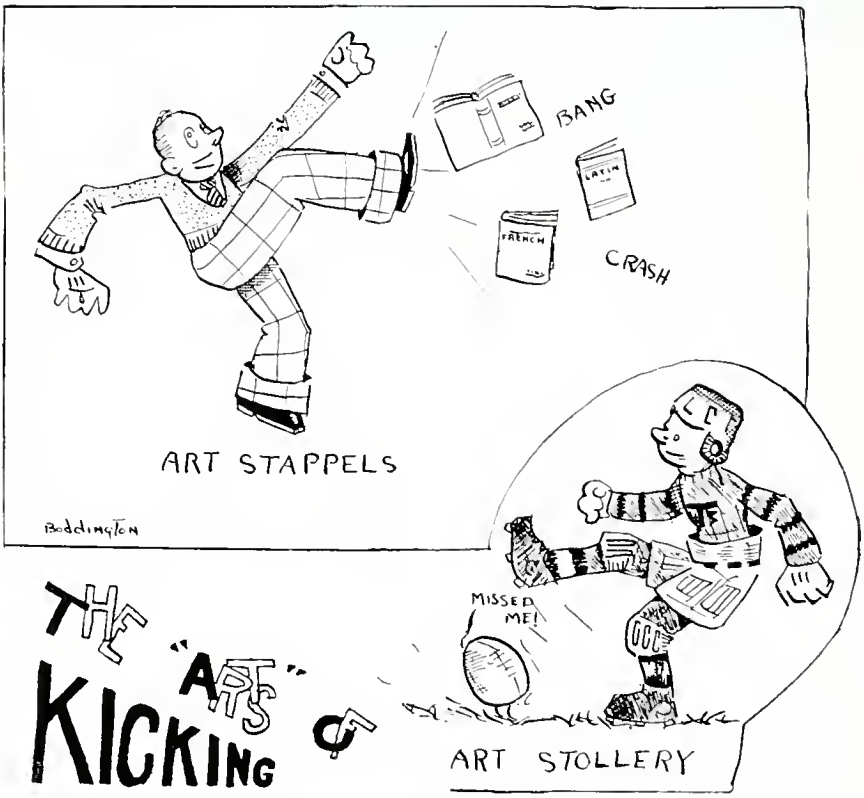
During a French lesson that was being taken up (?) by a student teacher the other day, the said student teacher addressed Rodden like this: "Ce garcon-là voulez-vous fermer la porte s'il vous plaît?" Whereupon Rodden (who is really a brilliant French student but was having an off-day) walks reluctantly up to the waste basket, and tosses in his gum.

Stephens doesn't care if he is at the bottom of the class, because he knows perfectly well that they teach the same things at both ends.

Pocock, whose spelling is conspicuous because his knowledge of it is nil, was writing an essay on King William. One of his sentences ran thus: "King William had a new Forest maid and he punished anyone who killed his dear."

THE TWIG

Stollery thinks that Gibbs is so thin he could shut one eye and pass as a needle.



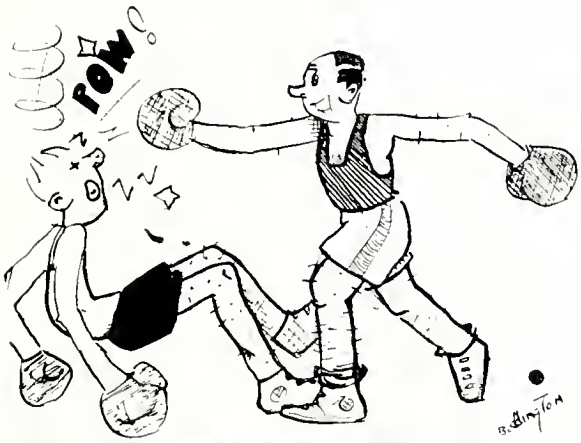
THE IMPOT

(*With apologies to Challes*)

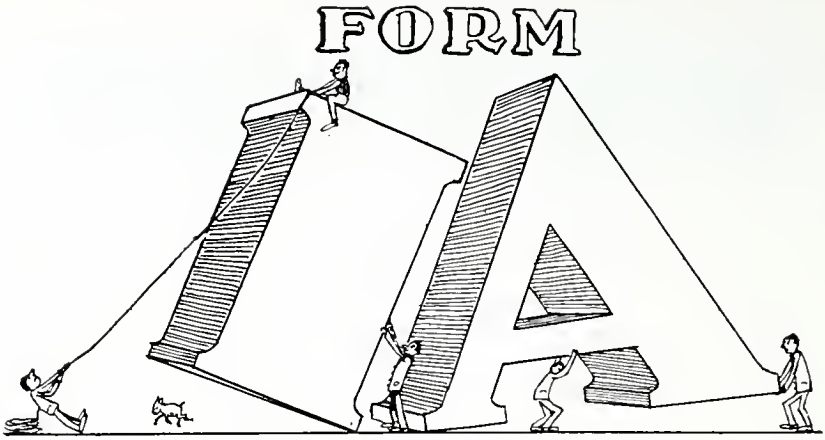
With fingers inky and numb
And a desperate careworn look,
Challes sat in an empty room,
And wrote in an inky book;
    Write, write, write,
    In misery, despondency, grime—
    On a page that bears the inky words:
    The "Ancient Mariner's Rime".

Oh, for one short pause
To get a moment's air;
To open the windows wide, and look
At the rugby game out there.
A little rest would ease his mind,
But every time he stops,
His pen is sure to leak and make
A lot of inky spots.

With fingers inky and numb,
And a desperate careworn look,
Challes sat in an empty room,
And wrote in an inky book;
Write, write, write,
Till the brain is tired and worn,
Write, write, write,
Oh why was Coleridge born?



THE END



The "A1" Form

Here we are of form IA;
  We always do our work each day;
We do our homework every night,
  And what is more we do it right.
We know our Hist'ry and our Lit.,
  Arithmetic, and the rest of it;
In Algebra we do excel,
  And also we know how to spell.
Our French with ease we always do,
  And Latin we look forward to (?)
In short we must admit that we
  Are just as brainy as can be.
It also may be said of us,
  Our classroom's never in a muss—
Oh, no! we seldom throw the chalk,
  And during school we NEVER talk!
But all our time we spend not here
  Amid these sweet surroundings dear—
Nay, nay, we also get our fun
  In rugby, hockey, cross-country run,
Baseball and field day, and we'll just bet
  A IA boy makes the best cadet.
But all this may be told in prose,
  (Read down below—see how it goes).
So W.S. will be called now
  To tell in his best manner how
IA fared in the realm of sport
  (Editor's note: please make it short!)

THE TWIG

As per usual, from IA came the stars of field day. Abbot, Funston, Sublett, May, and Smith were responsible for amassing a great many points. Again Smith and Funston came to the fore in upholding the honour of IA when they won in their respective ages in the cross country run. IA proved to be a large factor in maintaining the existence of the U.T.S. junior weight rugby teams. Miller was the "flashlight" back of the 100-pound team (both light and flashy), Sublett proved to be a very capable outside for the 120's, while Gooderham, McLaren, Lundy, Rogers, Grand, and Pocock aided in upholding our rugby reputation. But these are not the only forms of sport in which members of our class excel; Kilgour is promoting a mammoth indoor golf tournament, to take place after Christmas. Rogers is the most serious threat.

Continuing now without delay,
  The wit and wisdom of IA
Is hereby published so that you
  Can laugh with us, and at us too.

Wesley announces that he has procured a new type of radio set—the railroad—it whistles at every station.

Burgess furnished a student teacher with a new definition of a valley He claims that "it is a mountain turned upside down and hollowed out."

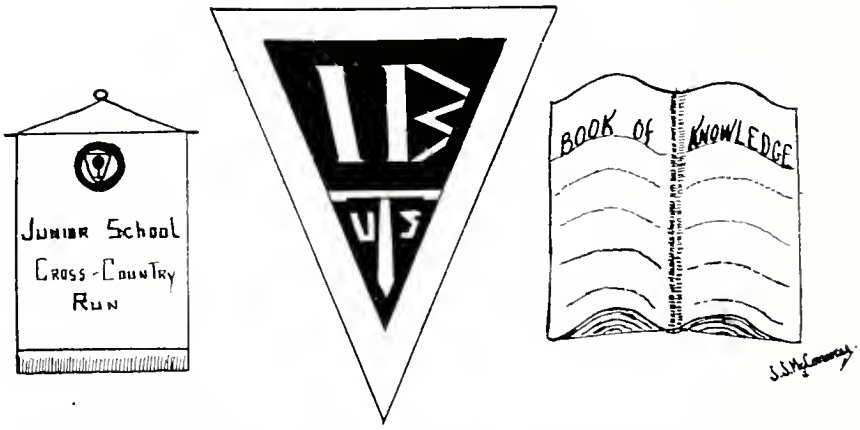
Our form is rather lucky,
  In music we excel,
Although we have no saxaphones,
  At least we have a BELL.

Mr. Scarrow firmly believes in clubs for boys—if kindness fails.

THE TWIG

We have received the information that three enterprising boys from IA are now engaged in writing a book which should prove very useful to many scholars. The title has not yet been definitely chosen, but the contents will take the form of a collection of excuses. This, without doubt, will be the largest collection of its kind. Through an arrangement with the publishers it will be possible to purchase the book at a discount of 6-7 8% to all University students presenting their athletic cards. The authors, whose names have been kept secret for obvious reasons, guarantee many new and original excuses, and that the masters need never complain of "having heard that one before". This book, extremely useful to many, should be the best seller of 1931.

Here ends our happy resumé,
  We hope you have enjoyed it;
But since we can't think of another rhyme,
  We'll just say plain "au revoir".



The IB Forms of U.T.S. have always been renowned for their sporting alacrity, having come to the fore in previous years as a result of their successes in Field Day and the Cross-Country Run. IB of 1930-31 certainly has done its share in upholding this redoubtable reputation. Field Day saw a large percentage of winners as having come from IB. Smith, Hallamore, McIntosh, and Williams were all winners. Smith

won the 440 and the 100 yard sprints. Hallamore came in first best in the 220, while Williams came second to one in the 100 yard dash and elevated himself to the exalted position of first in the running broad jump. We were no less successful in the Cross-Country Run, for the thirty entrants from IB together accumulated fifty-five points, this commanding total winning for us the much-desired Junior School Banner. Harry Smith again came to the fore, by virtue of showing the entire field the way to the tape. Alan Farmer received third honours.

DROLLERY

Mr. Irwin asked Halverson to name the continents, but how could he? Halverson gave the information that they were already named!

One of our budding grammarians is Beatson, who has no difficulty in recognizing an introductory *explosive*

Dr. Porter, while teaching the rudiments of arithmetic to 1B, wanted to emphasize one of his points, so he asked McConvey if it was possible to add five pears, three apples, and six oranges. McConvey replied in the affirmative, and on being requested to give the result, he calmly answered "fruit salad"!

Mullins is so dumb he thinks that the children of the Czar are called Czardines.

Williams has informed us that he will not be able to go to any dances for a while, because there are two factors which keep him from becoming a good dancer—his feet!

Armstrong boasts that his father was a very clever man, and that his intelligence was inherited by the little Armstrongs. Sanderson, after hearing this, is quite sure that there must be a great many little Armstrongs.

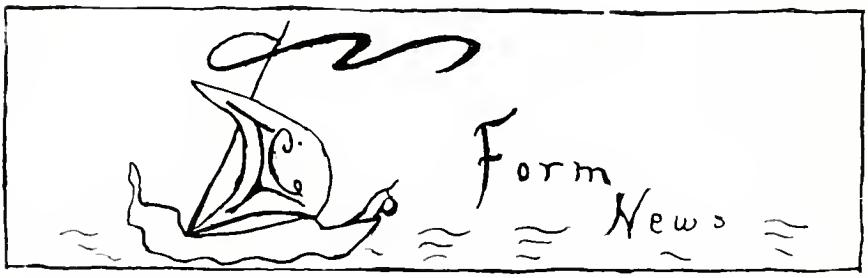
Gundry thinks a bird eats more than any other living creature, because it takes a peck at a time!

THE TWIG

A B LOGIC

A mule has 2 legs on B hind,
And 2 legs on B 4;
U stands B hind B 4 U find
What the 2 B hind B 4.

Major Bramfitt was conducting a singing lesson, and informed the would-be John McCormacks that the next hymn was to be found on page twenty-two. Best announced that page twenty-two had been torn from his book, whereupon he was told to look twice on page eleven!



Form IC can shamelessly take its place with the other forms when it comes to sport. There is always somebody to represent IC in every activity. And in competition we sometimes are successful also. In the cross-country run Armstrong came in second in the Junior Open. And was he puffed up? We never saw anybody puff so hard as when he crossed the tape!

BIRTHDAY SUGGESTIONS FOR WHOM THEY MAY CONCERN

Charlton..... Megaphone
Fisher.....Whitney exerciser
Smith.....Memo pad
Paulin.....A governess
MacLean..... Revised Webster
Muir.....Electric Questioner

THE TWIG

During the recent examinations, Mr. Irwin advised us to pass out when we were finished. A good many passed out as soon as they saw the paper!

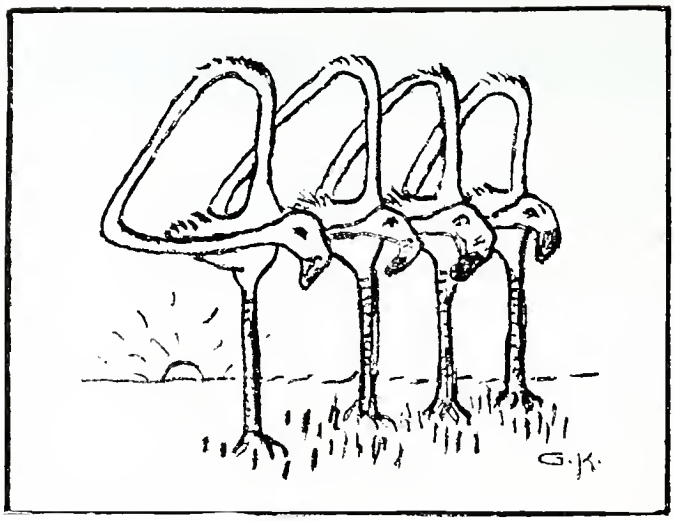
Steiner seemed to have trouble spelling "victories". He insisted on "victorys", but Major Bramfitt informed him that the word was spelled with an "ies"; whereupon Steiner calmly spells it V-I-C-T-O-R-Y-I-E-S.

Mr. Daniher, when he heard that the Humane Society was awarding a medal "for patience with dumb animals", immediately applied for one. He had just finished a history period with IC!

Lany was absent last Monday because (so he claimed) he had concocted a touch of flu. on the week end. Mr. Daniher was so sorry he had a cold in the head!

Policeman, Policeman!
Do your duty—
Here comes Kortwright,
Toronto's beauty.

Wilson is so dumb he thinks people put on bathing suits to keep themselves dry when they are in swimming.



Form IV has taken an active part in sporting activities to date. A good number from this form were members of Junior rugby teams last fall, each honouring the form by doing his best. There were would-be Davis Cup stars from IV who entered the Junior Tennis Tournament, and while no outstanding success was attained by a member of this form, the fun and experience derived from participating in the tournament proved very beneficial.

TRY TO PICTURE:

Shapiro on roller skates.
Laidlaw on a large two-wheeled bicycle.
Kantel singing a solo.
Moor with his hair combed.
Mercer Wilson getting "habeo, habere" wrong.

Clarke thinks that the French language should be revised to suit him. He insists on translating "water" as "l'aqua"!

Mehr came crying home to his father the other day, claiming that Mr. Scarrow gave him a spanking because he (Mehr) was the only one in the class who could answer the teacher's question:

"And what was the question?" father asked.

"Who put this tack on my seat?"

THE TWIG

Conversation between man and waiter:

FUNEM?
SVFM
FUNEX?
SVFX
Ok, MNX

Latin is a language
As dead as dead can be;
It killed the ancient Romans,
And now it's killing me;
All dead who wrote it—
All dead who spoke it—
All dead who learned it—
Lucky dead—they earned it!

SPORT PAGE

3A, although it contains the smallest boys, proved in the fall of 1930 that it was capable of accomplishing many feats. For boys who are handicapped in size and age such as are the boys of our form, our representation in every line was most noticeable.

THE TWIG

The annual Field Day saw many participating from 3A, some being successful, others not, but one and all enjoying the thrill of competing in a large track meet. Boultbee did great credit to himself and to his form, 3A, when he captured the junior championship with a string of firsts. May his success and that of all those who entered be unceasing.

Only two members of our form entered the Junior Tennis Tournament, and "while the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak"; they both lost in the first round, but gained experience.

There were not quite so many entrants from 3A as were expected in the cross-country run, but those who did compete did remarkably well. Quite a few captured first honours in their respective ages, and all who entered from 3A aided in amassing sufficient number of points to be placed second in the Junior School as a form.

A good many from 3A answered the call of the grid-iron last fall, Fred Frewer, having perhaps the greatest success. He was a member of the Champion "Tigers", and gave all he had in the interests of his team. Other players from 3A who did their bit for the teams of which they were members were Brett, Harbinson, Grieve, Hunnisett, Welsh, MacNeil, Campbell, Dunne, and Wright.

At the writing of this article, hockey has not commenced, but we look to find just as much enthusiasm displayed by 3A as was shown in the aforementioned sports.

'Twas 'mid an hour of grammar that this happening occurred,
And everybody roarèd at the sight they saw and heard;
From a lecture based on chewing-gum T.P. had just emerged,
When he spotted Brown's lips moving, so up the aisle he surged;
"What are you eating, Brown my boy?" (He also muttered gr-r-r!)
"I-I'm chewing up a l-lump that's c-come upon my tongue, k-kind sir."
On the face of Dr. Porter then, a little smile it lit,
"My boy, you should be careful that you don't bite off a bit!"

Campbell wishes to inform everybody that he did not have a hair-cut the other day. He had all of them cut.

Merchant of Venice is Successfully Staged

BEVY OF BLUSHING BLONDES AND BRUNETTES BEAUTIFIES BUILDING

University of Toronto Schools. Evening of December 9th. The U.T.S. Dramatic Society presented to-night to a full house Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. The cast was composed of members of Form IVB and was directed by Mr. B. C. Diltz, a master of the school.

As this play is on the Upper School matriculation curriculum for 1930, many students from the secondary schools of the city were present and all acclaimed the presentation.

It was undoubtedly one of the best productions ever given at the school and U.T.S. should be proud of it. The acting although at sometimes amateurish, was forceful throughout, the comedy situations exacting much mirth from the crowd.

Mr. Diltz was presented, at the end of the fourth act, with an edition of Scott, by the members of the cast, as an appreciation of his time and energy expended in the rehersals.

With the entrance of Launcelot Gobbo, the capering "Jew's man", the production became a play. Stanley Aquarone was inimitable in the part. His acting was marked by almost professional poise, he threw himself into the part with an abandon that made the audience really enjoy themselves, but above all he used a naturally clear voice to excellent advantage.

Danial Turner's portrayal of Shylock showed a deep knowledge of the role. It is a great role and a well-known one. Turner deserves credit for so ably carrying it off. His diction and modulation were outstanding: his acting, though rather studied, held the attention.

Harold Copp as Portia, and George Campbell as Nerissa, made two charming female characters. Their acting was sprightly. Copp, the witty, vivacious heroine, was especially good in the courtroom scene.

The whole cast was remarkably well versed in their parts and the prompter had an easy night of it.

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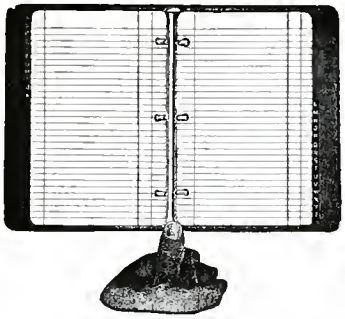

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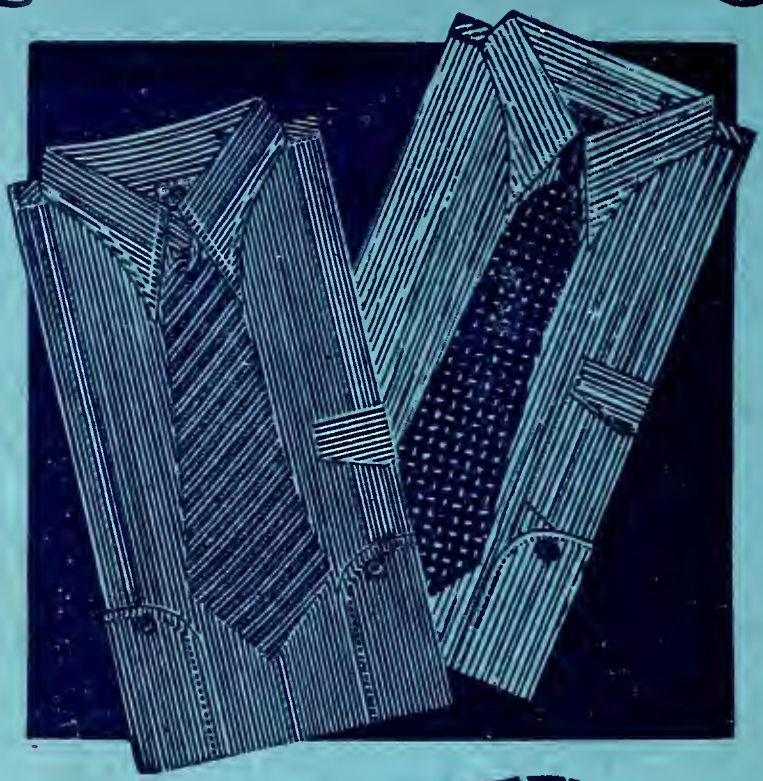

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